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# BOOTH-TUCKER: SADHU AND SAINT

Fakir Singh

*Commissioner Booth-Tucker adopted not only Indian dress and food, but an Indian name in order to come nearer to the people.*

# BOOTH-TUCKER

## SADHU AND SAINT

BY

F. A. MACKENZIE

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

GENERAL E. J. HIGGINS

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# INTRODUCTION

NONE, I think, who knew Frederick Booth-Tucker—Commissioner Fakir Singh as he was known throughout India—will question that some record of his fine life and work should be given to the world. He was a true Knight of the Kingdom of God. From early manhood he dedicated himself to fighting the battles of the most needy and least privileged peoples of India. The remarkable success of the methods he introduced for the evangelization and social uplift of its 'Untouchables' and its hereditary Criminal Tribes received the cordial recognition of the Government of India during his lifetime; and since his death the Simon Commission, in the first volume of its Report, has referred in terms of warm admiration to the Army's work, initiated by him, among the depressed and criminal classes.

Frederick Booth-Tucker was one of the choicest spirits of that elect band of men and women who became the early helpers of the Founder of the Salvation Army. He was not among the very first rank of these in point of time. The Army had already emerged from the obscurity of its East London Mission days and

had gained an often painful notoriety. Frowned on by the Churches, lampooned by the Press, harried by the police, the butt of mobs of hooligans who did not stop at blows and brick-bats, but on occasion resorted to the knife and similar weapons in their attacks, the Salvation Army had few attractions to offer, one would think, to a young man of parts such as Frederick de Lautour Tucker. He had an assured position and brilliant prospects in the higher ranks of the Indian Civil Service. These he surrendered without a qualm, to throw in his lot with the despised Salvationists, and cheerfully placed himself under vows of obedience to a Leader whom the public at large still regarded as a vulgar, self-seeking charlatan !

Frederick Booth-Tucker was that rare phenomenon, a mystic and visionary who is at the same time an intensely keen and able man of affairs. He saw visions and dreamed dreams, but he lived to see most of them take substantial and permanent shape. He combined a singular elevation and serenity of spirit with a flaming ardour of love for God and his fellows that impelled him to throw himself with gay and smiling courage into every fight, no matter what were the odds against him.

His intense sympathy with the outcasts of India and his desire to win them for Christ led him to adopt native dress and to eat native food—which he begged from door to door like any fakir—walking barefoot from village to village and city to city ; yet he maintained to the end the finest traditions and characteristics

of that splendid body of servants of the Empire who have done so much for India, and with whom he was identified in early manhood.

Those who knew him most intimately most highly appraised his character and work. Said one of the most distinguished of his early colleagues in Government service in India, after Commissioner Booth-Tucker's death : ' He came the nearest in spirit and conduct to his divine Lord and Master of any I have known.'

EDWARD J. HIGGINS.

# PREFACE

GREAT as were the things that Frederick Booth-Tucker accomplished in his life, he himself was greater than his work. He inspired others with courage, confidence, and affection. After I came to know him I ceased to wonder that he had succeeded—despite paucity of means and rawness of human material—in blazing the trail for faith and for God throughout a great Empire.

This typical young Anglo-Indian official, steeped in the traditions of his caste, became one of the great missionaries of all ages, in line with St. Francis Xavier, Carey, and Livingstone. Religion was the dominating factor in his life, but his was a religion that revealed itself in work for humanity.

His career was in itself a shining protest against the materialistic view of life. To him, poverty was a small thing when faced for God. He was, perhaps, never so happy as when wandering from village to village in India, barefooted and carrying a beggar's bowl, arguing with Mohammedan *maulvies* and preaching in the open to vast crowds of Hindus. But he never thought that his own voluntary adoption of poverty should stay his hand in striving for

the prosperity and well-being of the community.

His passion to advance the Kingdom of God on earth made him a social reformer, the father of farm colonies for the workless, the creator of new industries, and organizer of some of the most successful land settlements of our age. Arrested and imprisoned at the start of his Indian campaign, he became within comparatively few years the confidant and adviser of Governments.

He was friend to men of every rank. Princes called him brother, and beggars waited for his coming. To prince and beggar he was the same, for he himself had been beggar and had stood in the line of princes. Scholar, idealist, dreamer, and practical man of affairs, he had many sides to his character, but his faith in God pervaded all. The word ' saint ' has largely fallen into disuse, yet if there is one in our time to whom it might rightly be applied, this is the man. A very human saint, but yet—Saint.

My task has been made lighter by the friendly aid of many who knew him, old schoolfellows at Cheltenham, colleagues in the Indian Civil Service, and co-workers in the Salvation Army. Above all, I am indebted to Mrs. Booth-Tucker for guidance and good counsel throughout.

F. A. Mackenzie.

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# I

## THE STOCK FROM WHICH HE SPRANG

FREDERICK ST. GEORGE DE LAUTOUR TUCKER[1] was born at Monghyr in Bengal, on March 21, 1853. His father was in the Bengal Civil Service, member of 'a family famous alike for courage and capacity,' to use the words of Kaye, the distinguished Indian historian; a family that had won high and honourable place by generations of service in the outer marches of the Empire. His mother was a daughter of the Count de Lautour, general in the Grenadier Guards, whose ancestors had been forced from France during the Great Revolution, after paying tribute of their flesh and blood to the guillotine. In her young womanhood she was a famous singer, 'the nightingale of Brussels.'

The lad who has the good fortune to come from stock that for generations has played its part in life with courage, resource, and strength, starts out with assets beyond value. Frederick Tucker was, in the best sense of the word, well-born, for he sprang from a house that for centuries had proved its manhood.

This is not the place to tell the full tale of the long

[1] The name Booth-Tucker was assumed in 1888 on the marriage of Commissioner Tucker to Emma, daughter of General William Booth.

line of Tuckers, knights and esquires, captains and admirals, generals, governors and judges. And yet, to understand Frederick Tucker aright, something must be said of them. For this man, who almost at the beginning of his career abandoned wealth, position, and power to become for a time a beggar and associate of outcasts that he might win some for Christ, was by birth, breeding, and heredity a leader. Men naturally looked to him for direction. Shrewd in counsel, unbending in purpose, strict in discipline, and ready to fight to the end for what he thought right, he proved that in his veins ran the blood of those that had battled at Culloden and at Bunker's Hill, and had faced the headsmen of Marat and fanatical armies of Indian mutineers without sign of fear.

The Tuckers came originally from Devonshire, and trace back their ancestry for over four centuries. The Thomas Tucker who sailed with Sir Francis Drake to Florida and was killed there in 1568 was probably the brother of George Tucker, who, high in favour of Queen Elizabeth, established himself as a country gentleman in Milton in Kent, where the Tucker family vault stands to this day. George's son, Daniel Tucker, was a celebrated Governor of the Bermudas, who ruled with a rod of iron, built Tucker's Town, and left a memory which remains still.

The story of the Tuckers in the eighteenth century is a microcosm of English history. One branch remained in the Bermudas, possessing big estates there. The family properties in England were largely dissipated by a spendthrift heir. Many of the family became soldiers and sailors, and in war after war the Tuckers were at the head of their regiments or commanding the King's ships.

Two Tuckers settled in America, one a physician and the other a lawyer, and both took prominent part in the revolution. In the War of Independence cousin was arrayed against cousin. One was killed at Bunker's Hill fighting on the King's side ; another, who finished as an admiral, was badly hurt when capturing the American frigate *Essex*. One of the American Tuckers married the mother of John Randolph, afterwards American Ambassador in St. Petersburg ; another was for many years Treasurer of the United States.

The outstanding Tucker of this period was Henry St. George, the grandfather of Booth-Tucker, who went East as a midshipman aboard a merchantman at the age of fifteen, and had a career there that reads like a romance. Starting in a small post in the uncovenanted service of the East India Company, he revealed such amazing financial ability that he was before long raised to the covenanted service, and while still a young man was appointed Accountant-General. His qualities attracted the attention of the Marquis of Wellesley, then Governor-General of India, and he became his trusted financial adviser.

He raised public loans, enforced drastic economies, attacked and routed sinecurists and monopolists, and went on special missions to reorganize the finances of distant provinces. When the all-powerful Court of Directors of the East India Company made what he thought excessive demands, he found ways of softening them. When he took over office, high military expenditure was exhausting the land, although the soldiers themselves had been so long unpaid that the authorities did not even know how much was owing them. Tucker promptly set to work to find out what was due and to devise means of meeting it. He

restored state credit, and it was estimated that in a few years he saved the Treasury millions. 'The ablest financier India ever had,' is the verdict of history.

Tucker was just over thirty when, much to the anger of Lord Wellesley, he—largely out of friendship—became senior partner in a leading mercantile house, Cockerell & Co., while still retaining office as Accountant-General, a combination of duties not unusual then, although impossible to-day. The Marquis Wellesley gave him the choice after a time of relinquishing private business or resigning office. He chose the latter. Wellesley issued a long minute acknowledging in high-flown language Tucker's great service to the State, but he removed his name from the dinner list of Government House. He was no longer welcome at the Court, and it was not until the close of the Marquis's rule that a reconciliation was effected between them.

Lord Cornwallis, Wellesley's successor, approached Tucker and invited him to return to office as Finance Minister for India, for the State Exchequer which he had left in flourishing condition was once more in a bad way. It was not, however, until his friend Sir George Barlow became Governor-General, that Tucker, in keeping an old promise, re-entered public life. Still young, he possessed great personal charm and made friends among all classes. He was a man of letters, as his published writings proved.

At this stage unexpected disaster that would have ruined almost any other man fell on him. The wife of a junior official accused Tucker of assaulting her, while on a visit to her house to tiffin, and the case was pushed to trial. In those days a prisoner could not give evidence on his own behalf. All Tucker could do was to plead not guilty, and call friends to testify to his

high moral character. The lady told her tale cleverly, but she had no corroborative evidence. The official Recorder pointed out to the jury that none of the servants in the house at the time had been called to support the charge, and that they had been sent away by their mistress so that they could not be reached. Nevertheless, the jury found Tucker 'Guilty,' and the judge, while dissociating himself from the verdict, passed a sentence of imprisonment.

The case created an enormous stir, and public sympathy was overwhelmingly with the accused. To-day a charge brought on such evidence would be dismissed at the earliest moment. The verdict of India, official and unofficial, outside the jury, was shown by the fact that after his release Tucker resumed his high office and his place in society as though nothing had happened. When he returned to England shortly afterwards, the directors of the East India Company received him with the greatest honour.

He eventually settled in London, made his home in Upper Portland Place, was elected a director of the East India Company, and later became chairman of the Court of the Company, an office of unique power and almost semi-regal authority.

He was seventy-eight years old when he resigned office as chairman, still a man of great vigour, still in good health and in the unimpaired possession of all his faculties, and still an active member of the Court of Directors. He died two years before the birth of his grandson Frederick.

He left a memory for scrupulous rectitude, magnanimity, and generosity. 'He had never any eagerness to confiscate the principalities of our dependents, or to absorb the kingdoms of our enemies. He was the

champion of the weak, the shelter of the prostrate; and he was never more earnest in his utterances than when he was inculcating lessons of mercy and forbearance. There was a generosity, indeed, in his character as a statesman which had something chivalrous and romantic about it. He was continually in an attitude of defence and protection, with a stretched-out arm to shield the oppressed.'[1]

The career of Henry St. George shaped the future of the Tucker family for generations to come. He was a man who impressed all who knew him as greater than any office he could hold. To his children and grandchildren his life and example counted for much. Unostentatiously religious, and supported by a wife—a relative of Boswell, Johnson's biographer—whose gracious kindliness won the hearts of all who knew her, his Marylebone home became a centre of active philanthropy.

He had written his name large in the life of India. Five of his sons became Indian administrators, and his daughter won wide popularity under the initials 'A.L.O.E.' (A Lady of England) as an author of semi-religious fiction. In middle life she went as a missionary to India, where she remained until her death. We will meet her again later on in this narrative.

The Indian Mutiny once more proved the quality of the Tuckers. Robert Tucker, one of Henry's sons, was a judge at Futtehpore when the storm burst. All others fled, but he remained, disdaining to abandon his post as representative of the British Government. When a large body of mutineers stormed his house, he, with no one to support him, put up a brave defence,

[1] 'The Life and Correspondence of Henry St. George Tucker.' London, Richard Bentley, 1854.

and it was not until many had fallen before his gun that the mutineers reached near enough to riddle him with bullets.

Another son, Charlton Tucker, was a captain in the 8th Light Cavalry, which mutinied and shot all its officers except him. He had so won the affection of his men that, mutineers though they were, they suffered him to ride away unharmed.

Henry Carre, the eldest son, was a voluminous author who inherited his father's literary gift and much of his administrative skill. Commissioner in the Punjab Civil Service, his manual of law was an accepted text-book throughout India. A man of much religious activity, he spoke, wrote pamphlets, and used his influence to induce the British Government to become definitely propagandist for the spread of the Christian religion in India.

When the Mutiny began, Benares, where Henry Carre was commissioner, was one of the danger points. Its dense population, fanatical, discontented, and resentful, waited an opportunity to rise up against the British. Religious hatred played its part in this movement, for Benares is the sacred city of Hinduism. In the military cantonment, three miles away, were three native regiments, two thousand men in all, known to be seething with sedition. The whites numbered a few officers, thirty rank and file, a half company of artillery, and a group of civilians, officials, and missionaries, some with their wives and children.

When news came of uprisings in Meerut and Delhi, it seemed impossible that Benares should remain quiet. Some officers strongly recommended an immediate retreat of all the Europeans to a strong fortress, Chumar, eighteen miles away. But Tucker, Colonel

Gordon, and the civilians thought otherwise. A council of war was held, and Henry Carre Tucker was foremost in insisting that they should remain, show no signs of fear, and carry on their work as usual. His civilian colleagues, men like Frederick Gubbins, supported him. If an uprising did come, they would seek refuge in the Mint, and defend themselves there.

Commissioner Tucker went day after day in and out among the people, armed with nothing but a heavy-handled riding whip. He took measures to allay popular discontent caused by the high price of food, kept back all bad news, and circulated all that was good. The news was bad enough, for rebellion was spreading rapidly, and day by day it grew more plain that the native regiments could not be kept in hand much longer. Yet when forty-four fresh white soldiers arrived, Tucker hurried them on to Cawnpore, where the need was even more urgent. 'We do not keep one for ourselves,' he wrote to Lord Canning, the Governor-General. This was folly maybe, but this was the kind of mad heroism that saved India for England.

'Henry Tucker was a Christian gentleman,' wrote J. W. Kaye in his classic history of the Mutiny. 'He went about saying to himself, "The Lord is my rock, in Him will I trust. He is my shield and the horn of my Salvation; my tower and my refuge; my Saviour." And in this abundant, over-flowing confidence and resignation, he seemed to despise all human means of defence and almost to regard defensive efforts—"secondary means"—as a betrayal of want of faith in the Almighty.'

He declared that if the enemy came to attack, he would go out to meet them with a Bible in hand, as

David had gone out to meet Goliath with a pebble and a sling. Afternoon after afternoon he rode forth with his daughter to the most exposed places, a prominent and unmistakable figure. He was willing to risk the lives of his family as well as himself in the issue.

By early in May the situation seemed almost hopeless. But the courage and coolness of Tucker and his colleagues kept the people quiet until June, when succour came. Colonel Neil, a vigorous and determined soldier, arrived with 250 white troops, made for the military cantonments, summoned the native regiments on parade, and ordered them to disarm. They tried to resist, but Neil had his men and guns skilfully placed, and after a short battle the two thousand were put to flight. Benares was saved.

When, years afterwards, the time came for Henry Carre Tucker to return home, the natives declared in their picturesque language that the very dogs howled for sorrow.

Frederick Tucker was born in this atmosphere. Some of his earliest recollections were of the Indian Mutiny. This land and its people were from childhood part of his life, woven into his very being.

## II

### EARLY DAYS

TOWARDS the close of his life Commissioner Booth-Tucker proposed to write his autobiography. The plan went no further than a few rough notes. In these he emphasized how much he owed to his parents and family. 'Heredity and environment are said to count much in life. I owe much to them myself, and in starting my story I should like to pay a heart-felt tribute to those whose words and example made a deep impression upon my boyhood, young days, and after-life. The Tuckers were a godly family, solidly good and quietly religious, excellent examples of the best Church of England fruit. They were loyal to their Church. They loved it and believed in it. In fact, I think my mother would almost have expected the roof to fall in on her if she had attended a meeting in a dissenting place of worship. Not even the wedding of her eldest son would tempt her to depart from this rigid rule.'

Frederick Tucker's earliest recollections were of his home in India. His father was a commissioner, ruler over a considerable district, the representative of the British raj to hundreds of thousands of people, directing public affairs, and administering justice.

The home of the Tuckers was typical of the residences of high Indian officials at that time—bright, cheerful, and animated. Mrs. Tucker was the happiest of mothers with her children, and they loved her dearly. The husband was not, perhaps, a man of outstanding brilliance, like his father and eldest brother, but he was a sound, just, conservative administrator, who won and retained the affection of those immediately under him and the confidence of the community.

There were, of course, in this as in almost all Anglo-Indian homes, servants so numerous that at times the puzzle must have been to know how many there were. First came the butler, then the valet and the cook, the man who brought the water, the 'grass cut,' the groom and his entourage, the punka-wallahs, who pulled the big fans which were supposed to cool the torrid air, the gardener and his men, and the scavenger. Each had his special work which he did, and no more. To ask the washerman to share the task of the water-carrier would have been to attack the tradition of centuries. These servants adored the little Tucker children, three brothers and two sisters, but the one nearest to the little ones was their ayah, Tussea. The children had to leave her when they were six or seven years old, but much more than half a century later her charges would recall her name with delight.

In many ways the conditions of life in homes such as this was very agreeable. There were drawbacks, excessive heat, long absence from Britain, disease, and occasional native unrest. But there need be no anxiety about money, either for then or for the years to come. The father received a high salary, and his position was as secure as position well could be. When he retired, a handsome income would be paid to him

for the rest of his life. In case of his death, the future of his wife and the education of his children would be assured. Dignity, respect, and authority surrounded them.

There was one shadow. In those days, an official and his wife made their home in India not expecting to return to England, even for a short time, for perhaps twenty and even thirty years. The journey home, whether around the Cape or across the Red Sea desert, the real 'Over-land' trip, was long and not to be lightly undertaken. But while adults could remain, for many, many years, children could not. They must be sent home, when six or seven years old, for health and education. It was the knowledge of this that brought the mother, many a night, from her friends and her music, to gaze on her sleeping little ones, restless even while sleeping because of the heat. She knew that soon they must go and she must stay. Their place was in England, hers by her husband's side in India.

Fred Tucker was five years old when the Mutiny broke out. His father had to leave wife and children at home, while he travelled through his district, maintaining order and authority. Day by day fresh tales of trouble came, each more terrible than the last. The Sepoy regiments had mutinied in many places; they had murdered their European officers; white women and children had suffered much. There were those who thought that the white man must be driven from India. It was very difficult to keep these tales of horror from the children, for the reports from the bazaars were whispered from chaprassi[1] to mali[2], from chowkidar[3] to syce[4], and from dhobi[5] to ayah[6].

[1] Messenger. [2] Gardener. [3] Night-watchman. [4] Groom. [5] Washerman. [6] Nurse.

One day the cry was heard, 'The mutineers are coming.' The mother, fearing the fate that might fall on her children, hastily gathered them together. Plans had already been made that if the situation became dangerous, they should go out on a river boat on the Ganges. Here they stayed for some little time. When it was considered safe for them to return, Mrs. Tucker may well have wondered what had happened to her beautiful home. There was no need for anxiety, for nothing had been stolen, and nothing injured. The servants had carefully guarded all.

In due course the Tucker children were taken to England. They were more fortunate than some, for there were relatives waiting to receive them. The paternal grandmother, widow of the chairman of the East India Company, welcomed them at her home at Upper Portland Place. The maternal grandmother had them whenever possible at her beautiful country home, Hexton, near Hitchin, an estate now no more. Fred spent many of his holidays here. 'Many a time,' writes Mrs. Booth-Tucker, 'did he talk of the wonderful beauties of the place and the impression that it made on his young mind. He often attributed some of his first religious impressions to Hexton, where in a special way his mind seems to have imbibed the Spirit of God in Nature. He used to tell me that one of his early memories was of a dream that he was in Heaven, and Heaven was Hexton. He could not imagine anything more beautiful than that old family property. Sometimes he used to look back to what he thought was his first real prayer when, as quite a little boy, he knelt alone under one of the great cedars there and prayed and gave his life definitely to the service of his Master.'

The Tucker children went first to Mr. Blunt, the Vicar of Lytchett, near Poole, in Dorset. Here they had a very happy time. The vicarage was old, ivy-covered and quaint, and the vicar a good-hearted and jolly country parson of the sporting type. There was a pony, Fly-Away, for them to ride on, and a fine countryside to be explored. The vicar encouraged them to study nature, and here the children loved to watch the wild birds and learn their ways. Young Tucker was specially interested in bird life, and this interest remained to the end of his days.

There was an old servant in the vicarage, who often talked to the children of God and the Bible. After the fashion of the time, she worked a book-marker for young Tucker, with the words :

> Behold the Book whose leaves display,
> Jesus the Life, the Truth, the Way.
> Read it with diligence and prayer,
> Search it, and thou shalt find Him there !

This verse sank into Tucker's mind. When, later, his sister gave him the Bible which remained his companion throughout life—it had to be re-bound four times—he wrote the words in it. In his will, he gave a bequest to the British and Foreign Bible Society for the distribution of the Scriptures, with the condition that the words of the book-marker must be printed in each copy.

In 1866, when thirteen years old, Fred Tucker went to Cheltenham College, where he remained until he was twenty, a very unusual age even in those days. He joined first as a day boy, but afterwards became a boarder, in the house of the Rev. W. Boyce. When he entered the school, the Head Master was Dr. Alfred

Barry, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne. He was succeeded by Dr. Jex Blake, who came to Cheltenham from Rugby, where he had been Second Master, and returned later as Head. They were both strong men, who won the confidence and respect of the boys under them. Dr. Jex Blake showed his spirit many years afterwards, in a brief note that he sent to his old pupil, now an officer in the Salvation Army. 'I remember you very well,' he wrote from his peaceful deanery in Wells in Somerset. 'You have shown character in relinquishing the Indian Civil Service for Salvation Army work.'

Fred Tucker was not, at first glance, the type of boy best fitted to enjoy the life of a public school. Very tall for his age, quiet mannered, and a hard worker at his lessons, and at the start not conspicuous at games, he fell under the suspicion of being a 'swot,' one of the kind admired by the masters, and heaped with prizes, but not much good outside. This verdict was soon revised, for once he had absorbed the ways of the place, he proved the contrary. When he left in 1873, he was not only a prefect and one of the Sixth, but he was in the cricket eleven and a prominent member of the college football team, with a reputation as a 'forward' which remains to this day.

Some of his schoolfellows have very kindly recalled their memories of those boyish experiences. 'I was a "Boyceite,"' writes Mr. William Moir, 'that is to say, I was at "Christove," the Rev. W. Boyce's house, from 1868 to 1872. So I knew Fred Tucker, alias the "Long Un," well. House feeling ran very high in those days, in matters of sport, and Tucker, who was decidedly emotional, was a very keen Boyceite. In sport he concentrated on cricket and football. As

Tewkesbury was our nearest place for rowing, and that is more than seven miles from Cheltenham, few of us joined the rowing club, nor did Tucker join the Cadet Corps. Lawn tennis began a year or two after I had left, and was then looked down on as too effeminate for school boys, for whom team games were more appropriate.

'I remember a house cricket match in which things looked bad for Christove. A fortunate bowler did the "hat trick," on which Tucker immediately ran up to him and embraced him, an unheard-of thing to do, but not out of character. I think he was in the college eleven, and perhaps in the football twenty. Cheltenham had its own football rules and a method of scoring peculiar to itself, part of which has been adopted by the Rugby Union of later years. We played twenty a side. The college was divided into Classical, Modern, and Juvenile, up to thirteen years old. As Tucker was to go into the Indian Civil Service he was in the Classical. Classes were divided into First A, First B, and so on to the Tenth. First class was the highest, and most of that class, including Tucker, were prefects, and wore a white star of five points in their college caps, with a magenta centre.

'When the Franco-Prussian War was on, there were fierce encounters between the supporters of the two nations in the yard of Christove—a sort of game without rules, but tactics, strategy, and speed were supposed to combine. Tucker was Prince Frederick Charles on these occasions, which shows he was a boy of light and leading, for no other would have been allowed to arrogate to himself so high a position. I remember so well his loosely-knit figure, and his

impulsive and, for a public school boy, rather affectionate manner.'

'He was two years older than I, so I was not in his set,' writes Mr. E. de S. Hamilton-Browne. 'I got into the football twenty in 1871 and he in 1872. He was a very fine forward player, quite one of the best. He was a very quiet fellow, but popular in his House.' This is the note of more than one other message.

To the end of his days Tucker was a strong defender of the English public school system. He believed in its code of honour, not to 'sneak,' not to spy, and not to 'swank.' He believed that it is good for a boy to fight his own battles, to find his own level, not to complain when he is hurt, and not to boast or behave unseemly when good fortune comes his way. Like his old Head Master, Dr. Jex Blake, he regarded 'character' as the main thing to be developed in youth, and he thought the public school system a proved way of making men.

Nearly sixty years after he left Cheltenham, he re-visited it, and it was a proud moment in his life when he found that his old school held his record in esteem, that it had placed his name on the wall of honour, and ranked him among its sons who had worthily maintained its name.

From the first Tucker was intended for the Indian Civil Service. Family tradition and family pride indicated this as his life's career. If he 'swotted' at school, there was good reason, for the only road to the covenanted service was by a competitive examination which attracted the best brains of the Universities, men preparing diligently for it for years. Usually about four hundred candidates, the cream of the

intellectual youth of the land, made the attempt; between thirty and forty passed.

Early in 1875 Tucker went up for his ordeal. He did not succeed, so he put himself for a time under a 'crammer,' a professional coach, whose special business it is to prepare students for tests such as this. Again he submitted himself, and this time had better fortune. Thirty-four passed, and the nineteenth name on the list was 'F. St. G. de L. Tucker.'

But a development had come in Tucker's life which made success in the examination of minor interest to him. All Britain was being swept at this time by a remarkable religious campaign conducted by two American evangelists, Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Moody was originally a young business man in Chicago, and had abandoned trade to manage a mission in the worst quarter of the city. The mission had grown, and he had grown with it, but not yet to the point that marked him as a great leader. A man of solidity rather than brilliance, he was noted for commonsense more than for oratorical ability. His sermons revealed no special genius, and hundreds of ministers would have been easy to find who could surpass him in the beauty of their utterances.

Moody and his colleague, Sankey, a tuneful singer of a new type of religious song who accompanied himself on a small American organ, were invited to conduct some services in England. They arrived unknown and unheralded; the first arrangements for their meetings went awry; and even their closest associates expected little. Then suddenly they became the leaders and outstanding figures of one of the most remarkable revivals of modern times.

No halls could be found large enough to hold the

crowds that flocked to hear them. At the close of each meeting, large numbers would rise and go into the inquiry rooms, seeking God. The world first sneered, and then wondered. Among Moody's converts were found people in high society, great business men, and leaders in national enterprises, and these set about re-adjusting their lives and affairs to their new faith. Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos* became more popular than the best-known secular songs, and in a few months won a place in the heart of the British people which they have retained to this day.

Moody's mission in London was unique. He had his own methods. While placing in the forefront of his preaching conversion and salvation through Jesus Christ, he aimed at convincing his hearers, not merely conquering them by temporary emotion. To him, conversion that did not lead to subsequent right living was a delusion and a sham. He discouraged faddists and fanatics, sometimes with a heavy hand. 'From long-haired men and short-haired women, good Lord, deliver us,' he once prayed. Religious men advanced the explanation that God had chosen this man as his instrument for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The sceptics who sneered at this were unable to give a better.

The Moody campaign in London was planned on a very elaborate scale, the leaders of all the Evangelical Churches uniting. In some quarters large temporary halls were built; elsewhere, existing buildings were adapted.

Tucker attended the meetings at the Agricultural Hall with a friend from Cheltenham. All his life he had been essentially religious, and surrounded in his family circle by a religious atmosphere. While

listening to Moody, God spoke to his soul, and called him to serve Him. When the invitation was given for all convicted of sin to go into the inquiry room, Tucker for the moment hesitated. What would his friend, sitting by his side, think? he wondered. Then, summoning up his courage, he rose and made the great surrender.

This is not the place—for this is a biography and not a theological treatise—to discuss the doctrine of conversion. Those who doubt its reality can find, if they search, many, within easy reach of them, to whom conversion has meant the complete transformation of their lives; drunkards who have become sober men, wastrels who have become responsible members of society, evil livers who have abandoned their evil ways. Tucker was a young man of strict principles before conversion. The change that came to him was of another kind. The barriers that shut his soul out from God had been broken down, and he realized that he had been specially called to serve God.

The old ambitions disappeared. He would have abandoned the Indian Civil Service for definitely religious work, but for the indignant protests of his family and friends. He and another of the successful candidates in the examination of 1876, F. A. Robertson, started prayer meetings to which they invited their fellow cadets. 'As you may imagine, we were not very easy to manage,' another of the cadets, who has since won fame and high rank in the service of the Empire, told me. 'We were inclined perhaps to be supercilious, and were more than a little intellectually arrogant, for had we not just won our way through the most difficult of all examinations? But if we

went to Robertson's and Tucker's prayer meetings to scoff, our scoffing did not last long. These fellows were so transparently sincere that they won our respect, almost in spite of ourselves.'

After passing the entrance examination, the successful candidates were given two years of study in England, receiving a small salary during that time. They were, in those days, allowed to choose where and how they would learn, the only condition being that they must pass periodical examinations. Tucker studied law in London. During these years of probation he stayed for a time on holiday at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, where he met Miss Louisa Mary Bode, who, with her sisters was engaged in an active temperance campaign among the soldiers stationed nearby. Miss Bode was a lady of strong character, unceasing in good works, firm in maintaining her own point of view, and ready to rebuke those doing what she considered wrong. In many ways her disposition and that of Tucker were the direct opposite, and possibly it was this that drew them to one another.

There was another reason that led Tucker to the lady—fear of himself. He knew that he was susceptible to the appeal of beauty, charm, and youthful grace. What if he fell in love with some one in his own circle, whose influence would help to make his faith in God grow dim, or his Christian service grow less? If Miss Bode consented to be his wife, she would stimulate his devotion to God, not damp it.

The fact that Miss Bode was eighteen years his senior did not seem to matter, for while Tucker had a sincere affection and respect for his lady, earthly love was quite a secondary consideration. He was in the early twenties; she was nearly forty. He brushed

this fact aside, as one of minor import, and made a formal offer of marriage. To Miss Bode it must have seemed that youth had stepped from Heaven itself to be her help-meet. Little wonder that she accepted him.

When the Tucker family heard the news, they were seriously perturbed. Miss Bode was not in their Anglo-Indian circle, and it is in no way a reflection on the lady that they did not think her a suitable wife. Tucker's mother pleaded with him, urging that he was making a mistake that might well prove the cause of unhappiness for both Miss Bode and himself. She dwelt upon the disparity in years, and the difficulties that would arise in days ahead.

All argument was in vain. Tucker would not yield. There was nothing to do but to accept the inevitable, and it was arranged that the wedding should be delayed for a year, and that she should then go to him in India.

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The following from the Cheltenham College records has been very kindly sent to me by Commissioner Booth-Tucker's old schoolfellow, Colonel T. R. Filgate:

Tucker, Frederick St. George de Lautour (afterwards Booth-Tucker), son of William Thornhill Tucker, Esq., born March 21, 1853, Whitmore and Christone. Left Easter, 1873.

Football XX, 1872. I.C.S., 1874. Served in Punjab, 1876-1881. Assistant Commissioner, 1877-1881. Resigned, 1881. Joined the Salvation Army, where he commanded in India and also in U.S.A. Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal, 1913. Inaugurated Silk and Weaving Schools and reformative work among Indian criminals and released prisoners. Travelling Commissioner of

Salvation Army. Author of 'Catherine Booth,' and of 'Emma Booth-Tucker,' and other works.

*Scholastic.*

1871 Classical Prefect.
1872 English Essay: H. A. Phillips 1st.
F. Tucker 2nd.
1873 English Literature Prize: F. Tucker.
1874 Passed I.C.S.

## III

### OFFICIAL LIFE

Those who knew Frederick Tucker in the days when he first returned to India describe his outstanding quality as great animation. Tall, thin, and with a long handsome face, he was intensely alive. Smiling and cheerful, ever thoughtful for the well-being of others, alert to all new things, easy in conversation, and with a marked gift for making friends, he was generally popular. His decided and unconcealed religious views were excused by his non-religious friends as the amiable eccentricity of a promising young man. All who knew him foretold that he would go high in the career now before him.

Twenty-three years old, his unusual pallor gave at first glance a false suggestion of delicacy. His pale face and slight frame concealed a constitution of steel, and he possessed stamina that could, as the coming years were to show, withstand physical tests that would have overwhelmed most of his fellows. He was a man of the open, rarely so happy as when on horseback, or when following on the trail of some budor afoot, gun in hand.

A tremendous worker and a rapid learner, he settled down to his official duties and studies in a way

that won him the golden opinions of his immediate superiors, and was to stand him in good purpose in the troubled months to come. He had acquired and never lost the habit of early rising, and of working when other men slept : 4 a.m. was his usual hour to start the new day. Each morning began with an hour of prayer and devotion. It is impossible to understand this man's life without realizing that his foremost and continuous purpose was to walk with God and to serve Him.

The Civil Service in the Punjab was in some ways different from other parts of India. When Dalhousie annexed the province, the directors of the East India Company were fearful lest it should prove a drain on their resources, and Dalhousie accordingly had to arrange his administration in the simplest and most economical fashion.

Tucker's first appointment was at Amritsar, where he was assistant-commissioner with Colonel Hall, deputy-commissioner, as his immediate Chief. His salary and allowances at this time were between £400 and £500 a year, with a practical certainty of rising to £1,000 in a few years and to double that amount in due course, with glistening prizes ahead and a comfortable life pension when he retired. £450 a year was a considerable income in the Punjab, and it was possible, and necessary, for the young official to live with dignity, to keep his two or three riding horses, and to show himself as the representative of the great Queen Empress should.

His work necessitated exact legal knowledge and training. He had extraordinary gifts as a linguist. His Greek Testament was as familiar to him as his English version, and many of his notes were in Greek.

Hindustani and Urdu were essential, and he mastered Sanscrit to obtain a knowledge of the founts and foundations of Hindu philosophy. Learning new languages was almost a recreation, and when he spent a few weeks among a new people, his first effort was to master their speech. This characteristic remained with him to the end. A few weeks before his death he visited Finland on an evangelistic campaign. Within an hour of his arrival he began to study the language, jotting down words and phrases in a note-book, and within a fortnight had picked up more of the tongue than many who had lived at Helsingfors for years. Finnish is, as all who have attempted to learn it are aware, one of the most difficult languages in the world. It has moods and cases so varied that even Russian is comparatively easy beside it. The very complexity of the language intrigued Tucker, and aroused his ambition.

His ways were a mass of contradictions. An orderly scholar, he was the least orderly of men in his personal affairs. Exact in performing definite duties, his mind was ever playing with new ideas, some fantastic, some seemingly absurd, which proved to have a very practical foundation, and others whose value was quickly apparent. 'I never met a man who was such a combination of idealist, dreamer, and realist,' was the remark of more than one closely associated with him.

Another outstanding quality was his meticulous honesty. Most men are honest to a degree, but occasionally find opportunity of compromising with conscience when no wrong is done to others. But to Tucker the idea of compromise was intensely repugnant. If he was given false credit in some report

for a thing done by another he would take great trouble—even though the thing was quite insignificant —to have the truth known. He demanded that any trustee should carry out his duties not only in the letter but in the spirit of those who appointed him. For a man to be faithless to his pledge was one of the things that he found it the hardest to forgive. The fact that any form of religion seemed to encourage deception, even self-deception, was to him its severest condemnation. He was, for example, unsparing in his criticism of those faith-healers who encourage their disciples to declare themselves healed, while still suffering.

Anglo-Indian society was prepared to welcome him warmly, for his old family connexions made him a member of the inner circle of Indian civilians. One at least of the chief officials at Amritsar owed his original appointment to Tucker's grandfather, and had never forgotten it, while others were friends of his family.

The European community in a city like Amritsar lived in those days in a little, intimate circle of its own. There was much hospitality, many parties, and amateur sports, and entertainments of various kinds. The young civilian was expected as a matter of course to take part in these.

But Tucker's mind was full of other things. His colleagues, knowing his strong religious stand, did not expect him to go to dances, but did expect him to join in their tennis and badminton. Tucker frankly admitted that he was not interested and asked to be excused. 'If you continue to act in such a disagreeable manner, Mr. Tucker,' one lady warned him, 'you will find yourself sent to some lonely out-of-the-

way district, where you will be lost to sight and mind, and promotion will pass you by.' The warning was in vain.

Tucker threw himself into his work with zeal. He had an acute knowledge of the Indian mind, having mixed with Indian people since his childhood, and he was careful and thorough in fulfilling his official duties. The only trouble from the official point of view was that he began an active campaign to convert the people to Christianity. This led to murmurs, to complaints, and to some newspaper attacks. Fortunately, Tucker found in his chief, Colonel Hall, a real champion and friend.

Tucker himself told the story of this time in his book, *Muktifauj*:

> Colonel Hall had always shown me great kindness as a young civilian. He made no profession of religion, but he was a strong man, and more than once championed my cause when a newspaper correspondent, who was in the station, wrote to the papers to complain that I was holding religious meetings and endeavouring to make converts to Christianity. When in the station, my bungalow was a centre for prayer meetings and other religious activities, and when touring among the villages I usually devoted the evenings, after my work for the day was concluded, to lantern lectures with pictures of the life of Christ, or Bible stories from the Old Testament.
>
> Complaints in a newspaper regarding the conduct of any official always resulted in an immediate letter of inquiry from the Punjab Government. Colonel Hall, through whom such inquiries came, was always ready to take my part, saying that he looked upon me as a zealous and efficient young officer, and popular with the people. He considered that I had a right to spend my spare time as I might wish, and assured Government that no undue

FREDERICK ST. GEORGE DE LAUTOUR TUCKER
*Assistant Commissioner (Indian Civil Service) in the Punjab*

official influence was brought to bear on the people. My own position was that, as a Covenanted Citizen, there had been no pledge on my part that I would abstain from holding religious services, and that I was certainly not prepared to make any such pledge, be the consequences what they might.

From Amritsar he went to Simla, the summer headquarters of the Indian Government. Then he was appointed to a very delightful hill station, Dharmsala, in the Kangra valley, one of the most lovely spots in the Himalayas, as assistant-commissioner and assistant-magistrate. His district was divided into five or six sub-districts, each in charge of an Indian official, acting under Tucker's direction. He himself had judicial powers broadly equivalent to those of a County Court judge in financial affairs, and of the chairman of the Quarter Sessions in England in criminal cases.

The office of assistant-magistrate is one calling for great tact and knowledge of human nature. He is, in a very real sense, the dispenser of justice and the father of the people under him. He has to deal with corruption that is often difficult to meet, corruption that sometimes touches his own native court officials, and frequently affects the police. He is daily face to face with perjury, often on a wholesale scale. His duties are more difficult because of the factors of religious strife and caste division that come into many of his cases. Tucker's administration gave general satisfaction to the authorities, except for his religious activities.

He was unceasing in his religious work, not only among the Indians, but also among the British troops. A revival began among the soldiers and a large number

of men were soundly converted. Official uneasiness increased at the young assistant-commissioner's activities. Fortunately for Tucker, his chief was his very loyal friend, and when the Lieutenant-Governor made particular inquiries as to whether his meetings did not interfere with his work, his chief defended him in the warmest possible manner.

Tucker declared afterwards that only once was he placed under an official, a professional Christian and a regular church-goer, who maintained a position of steady hostility towards his meetings and announced his intention of stopping his attempt to evangelize the Indians. 'We went on just the same as usual,' Tucker said, 'and before he had time to interfere with us the Lord moved him to another station, leaving us under an ungodly officer who allowed us the most thorough liberty of action.'

After his appointment to Dharmsala, news reached the authorities in Simla that he was now actively evangelizing the natives. The Government Secretariat heard that this young assistant-magistrate was going out to the cross roads, followed by his clerk, who carried a box, which Tucker mounted to preach in the open air to the people.

To the official mind such conduct was impossible in a magistrate. It was essential, in a land where religious strife between the myriad sects plays so large a part, that the dispenser of justice should be absolutely beyond any suspicion of partiality. Accordingly, the Simla authorities wrote a severe letter to him, pointing out that this must cease. Tucker replied once more protesting that he had the right to make what use he pleased of his leisure, provided that it did not interfere with his official duties.

There is no need to picture the Indian Government officials as harsh, inconsiderate, or, from their point of view, unreasonable. Before the Mutiny a number of senior British officers and civilians had actively attempted to convert the Indians with whom they came in contact. They were horrified, and with reason, at the lot of many Hindu girl-wives, and at the fate of widows. Hindu propagandists had seized on their attempts at reform to stir up discontent. They declared that Government intended to prohibit their most sacred customs, to destroy caste, and forcibly to convert the people.

It was now only a little over twenty years since the Mutiny had ended, and the memories of it were still vivid. The social conditions of Hindu life still appalled all who knew the real lot of the women under it; the systematic licentiousness of the priests and their acolytes, and the degrading fate of the young women called to temple service aroused horror and disgust. But the official policy was to leave the native institutions alone, to allow time and education to work an improvement, and to avoid anything that could lend colour to any suspicion that might help to create another crisis. To some of the higher rulers, men like Tucker occupying official posts and working actively to promote religion, were a menace to national peace. Yet Tucker always believed that he could have kept on had he wished, despite official uneasiness.

While he was at Amritsar, Miss Bode came out as arranged, and the marriage took place there. The bride, unfamiliar with conditions of Anglo-Indian life, was amazed and not altogether pleased at the conditions she found confronting her. Her young husband had prepared a home on the same scale as those of

other officials. There were fifteen servants, a number that seemed to a woman knowing little of Indian conventions and caste limitations ridiculously excessive. She took the earliest opportunity of getting rid of most of them. It was not selfishness or meanness that impelled her. She had a passion for giving. To her, position and authority counted mainly as an opportunity to advance religion among the people. The distress that she saw among many of the Indians wounded her heart, and she gave with both hands. She sought opportunity, in railway carriages, in chance encounters, and when she accompanied her husband on his official journeys, to urge sinners to repentance. She held religious services herself, and had the reputation of being an eloquent preacher. She wrote hymns, and later published a volume of them.

Tucker's zeal for the evangelization of the people was eating him up. The vision of capturing India's 300 millions for Christ had entered his mind. How was it to be accomplished? He had much to do with missionary churches, but it did not seem to him that they could conquer India. The average missionary, living under European conditions, was regarded by the people as a sahib, one of the ruling classes, the preacher of a foreign faith, the faith of India's conquerors.

Was it not possible, Tucker asked himself, to preach Christianity to the Indian people as an Indian gospel? Christ was a Man of the East, not of the West. Why interpret the Christ of Palestine to India in English fashion? About this time he came across a little life of St. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary hero, who, when seeking to convert the Indian people, lived among them as one of themselves, reaping a

harvest which endures to this day. Tucker obtained here his first glimpses of the road to victory.

While the correspondence with the Simla authorities was proceeding in the leisurely way usual in official controversy, Tucker read an account, in a London religious paper, of a new organization, the Salvation Army, which adopted extraordinary methods of evangelization. The account appealed to him so much that he sent a donation to the Army and, with the receipt that was sent back, there arrived a copy of the Christmas number of the organ of the Salvation Army, *The War Cry*. To Tucker, this Christmas number, four pages in size, price one halfpenny, came as manna from heaven. It told of a fighting religion.

> This poor Army is despised for going about its work in the proper way, viz. with its sleeves tucked up, doing its work on its knees, stooping to conquer, going out and fetching the people in ; enticing curiosity to get at them, making themselves fools for Christ's sake, yes, actually objects of ridicule, anything, anything to get the people in, but more than this, laying their backs bare for the stripes and buffetings of a cruel world.
>
> Can you expect the members and hypocrites belonging to the firm of Messrs. Respectability, Self-Conceit, Kid Glove & Co., to admire the dusty, dirty, scavenging work of the Army ?

An article by General Booth seemed specially written for this young Anglo-Indian. Taking the case of Nathan, the General urged Christian men to speak out, regardless of consequences.

'IF YOU HAVE ANY CARE FOR YOURSELF YOU MUST DEAL STRAIGHT WITH THE PEOPLE. If you do not they will perish and then you will hear of it again. An account of your stewardship will have

to be rendered. The eyes you look into now will confront you again, and those lips that are now silent while you speak will have an opportunity of speaking to you then. Oh, shall they reproach you with the bitter, never-to-be-forgotten reproach, of not having dealt faithfully with them, not having told them the truth?'

Tucker was stirred to the depths. 'Here are the people I have been seeking,' he said to himself. He applied for leave and travelled home to see something of this new Movement. In London he attended a meeting led by General Booth, a meeting totally different from any religious gathering that he had seen before. There were Bandsmen in scarlet jerseys in place of a solemn organ, and songs of faith and glory were sung with the lilt of music-hall favourites. Men and women prayed and sang and pleaded as though God Himself were in their midst. William Booth, tall and outstanding, with flashing eyes and resolute speech, dominated the assembly.

At the close of the meeting Tucker sought out the General. 'I want to join you,' he said. The General asked him who he was, where he had come from, and what he had seen of the Movement. Tucker was obliged to confess that this was the first Salvation Army meeting that he had attended. 'You have not seen enough of us to know what we are,' said the General. 'Go among my people and find the dark side as well as the bright. Discover everything about us for yourself, and then——!'

The General's eyes twinkled. 'And then? Well, you know, you are one of the dangerous classes, but we will see.'

Soon afterwards Tucker was at a great gathering

in Bristol, led by a young man named Captain Isaac Unsworth, whose sturdy frame and muscular arm often came in useful among the rough crowds that flocked to hear him. Tucker must have looked a strange figure amid this audience.

Afterwards he went up to the Captain. 'I am going to be a Soldier in your Army,' said he; 'so give me a badge that I may wear it.' In those days, Salvation Army uniforms were still scarce, but they found him a strip of red ribbon bearing the words 'Salvation Army.' This he fastened round his hat and next day, on arriving in London, he visited his friends, still wearing the ribbon, and told them that he was going to resign his post in the Indian Civil Service and become a Salvationist. His friends were amazed and dismayed at the news, for the Salvation Army was then a suspected and despised body. Mrs. Tucker made no secret of her opposition. Willing as she had proved herself to give her goods freely in charity, it seemed to her that in resigning his official position, her husband was throwing away a career of great opportunity and influence for a chimera. She pleaded and reasoned with him, but in vain. She was not attracted to the Salvation Army as he was, yet when she found him immovable, she resolved to do her best to adapt her life to this new prospect. But she did so with a heavy heart.

When Tucker's father and mother heard his decision, they were disappointed and hurt beyond measure. They thought his action to be little better than madness, and Mr. Tucker clearly intimated that if he persisted, he would cut him out of his life and out of any share of the family fortune that would otherwise have come to him.

## IV

### REALITY AND THE RED JERSEY

In volunteering for service in the Salvation Army, Frederick Tucker embraced a life of poverty and discipline, under a rule as strict as that of Franciscan brother or Benedictine monk. It would be no compliment to him to place the sacrifice of abundant means foremost. Thousands of men and women have, in all ages, voluntarily surrendered worldly wealth for the sake of spiritual gain. To those who regard material profit as the greatest good, and this life as the limit of our existence, such action must seem folly. Yet many have testified that they found in renunciation gain unspeakable.

Had Tucker remained in the service he might well have anticipated in due course high promotion, possibly even the governorship of a province and a period of semi-regal honour. In the Salvation Army his life would be circumscribed by limited means. Earthly honours, ease, wealth must be ignored. When he died his total estate was valued at less than £200.

He reckoned what he had abandoned of small moment, and what he had gained of value beyond computation. 'It was no cross but a happiness for me to give up my all, and cast in my lot with them, "for better, for worse,"' he declared, years after.

To become an Officer in the Salvation Army involved more than monetary sacrifice. It meant that Tucker henceforth placed his life under the direction of another, to whom he pledged his obedience. The first lesson learned by a soldier is to obey. What is true of secular armies was equally true of the Soldiers serving under the spiritual banner of William Booth. He was a General, not in name only, but a leader who expected his Soldiers to follow where he led, to go where he sent them, and to endure hardship as Soldiers should.

Tucker knew this, and contemplated his new life with eyes wide open. He regarded obedience to his leader, not as the surrender of his conscience and right of judgment to another, but as a voluntary submission to one who had proved himself best fitted to direct a campaign to which he had devoted himself—the campaign to bring the world to God.

On one occasion he defined his position :

> The principle of obedience is universally adopted by the Armies and Navies of the world. Upon it their success depends. Without it they become a rope of sand. It is so in the world. It is so in the Salvation Army. So important is it considered to be, that worldly armies enforce it with the penalty of death. It means a sacrifice of individual liberty for the public good. When we come into the Salvation Army, and so long as we stay in it, we accept this principle. The door is always open for us to step out, but while we remain in it, we necessarily accept the principle, and promise to ' obey the lawful orders ' of whoever may happen to be set over us. That is why we are called an Army. That is how we are able to make such rapid advances all over the world.

He was careful to define in his own mind, and for others, the limits of obedience. ' The order we receive

must be a lawful order. It must not conflict with the laws of God. It must not conflict with the lawful order of our Government. It must not injure others to benefit ourselves.'

The Salvation Army did not occupy the same place in world esteem in the early eighties that it does to-day. It is now universally recognized as one of the great religious and philanthropic forces of our age. The sincerity of its leaders, the self-sacrifice of its Soldiers, and the splendid purpose and rich variety of its work are known to all.

It is far and away the largest agency for the relief of poverty and the upraising of the poor in existence. In the slums of London, among the homeless in Paris, and in the fetid tenements of the back-blocks of American cities, its angels of mercy are found. Its work among degenerates extends to the Criminal Tribes of India and the life exiles on Devil's Island. In its campaigns for the betterment of women it helped to revolutionize the conditions of British rescue work; it led the campaign that loosened the chains of virtual slavery from the victims of the Japanese yoshiwara, and its agents will be found probing the stews of South American cities, and stretching a helping hand in the rapidly disappearing licensed houses of Continental Europe. It is one of the largest organizations for settling young people from over-crowded Europe on the newly-opened lands of the Empire. When world disaster comes, be it great or small, a San Francisco fire, a Tokyo earthquake, or the flooding of the low-placed cottages of an English cathedral town, we take it for granted that the Salvation Army will be in the foremost flight of the agents of relief.

It has succeeded in linking up spiritual zeal and

efficient business methods to a remarkable degree, and yet has retained compassion, gentleness, and sympathy.

Kings, Presidents, soldiers, and statesmen praise it now. King George testified how he has watched with deep interest for years the work of the Army, 'carried on with great ability, and with much self-sacrifice and unselfish zeal.' When the American Army returned from the Great War, it gave the Salvation Army the most remarkable testimonial any organization of mercy has received for many scores of years, because of the practical and untiring work of its lassies immediately behind the trenches. 'It will never be forgotten,' said President von Hindenburg, when thanking the General for the Army's aid to stricken Germany. 'An asset to the world,' M. Fallières, the French Minister for Labour, called it.

But in 1881 bouquets were scarce, and brick-bats plentiful. In the minds of many the only question was whether the Soldiers of the Army were villains or fanatics, or fanatics led by villains. Some hinted that this was a subtle scheme by the Church of Rome to turn England from Protestantism. Many believed that it was a clever notion by a shrewd advertiser devised for his own personal gain. Many good people, unable and unwilling to believe such things, were yet repulsed by the novelty of its methods, the violence of its language, and the crudities of many of its followers. The Army was ridiculed, attacked, and abused. Ignorant magistrates imprisoned its Soldiers on minor pretexts, and to most it was a thing of scorn.

*Punch*, which in those early days joined the ranks of the scoffers, has since made *amende honorable* in language worthy of a great paper :

The scorn with which the Salvation Army was treated

in its earlier stages has long since passed away, but it is natural that remembrance of that long period, when taunts abounded, should have remained with those who were in the front of the battle. Quite truly we are told that at one time any caricaturist who dressed up a prominent man in a Salvation Army jersey was on sure ground. Such gibes seem terribly cheap to-day, but at the same time they were explicable, if not excusable. The blatant methods used in this great campaign against evil were a real shock to some of us, and without a thought of the future we gibed and jeered. It is the splendid achievement of the Salvationists that they have turned scorn into admiration, and have convinced the world that their methods were justifiable.

The Army had to face two-fold opposition. The drink trade, which adopted much more crude methods then than to-day, helped to organize Skeleton Armies, bands of roughs which paraded the streets, carrying banners inscribed with skulls and cross-bones. When they met the Salvationists, they attacked them, often inflicting serious injuries on them. This was the more easy because many of the Salvationist processions were mainly of women, led by women.

Some magistrates and chiefs of police became alarmed, and even Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, lost his head. Here was something new which disturbed the even tenor of life; so away with it. In various places the Salvation Soldiers were ordered to cease their outdoor demonstrations. They kept on and were then charged with obstruction and fined, going to prison because they refused to pay the fines. Happy Salvationists! To go to prison with honour and emerge in triumph is no great hardship, and every man or woman sent to prison did more to advance the cause than if they had been free to remain

without. The Children of Darkness are not always wiser than the Children of Light!

At the head of the movement, William Booth was already emerging as a prophet and a great world leader. Tempestuous, tender, now stern, now gentle, a man of moods, of amazing vitality and driving force, a shrewd saint, all who knew him loved him even if in their love there was more than a dash of wholesome fear. Mrs. Booth, the equal of her husband in courage and resolution, had proved herself, in the intervals between bringing up her large family, a preacher of rare gifts, who could attract and hold great audiences of rich and cultured or poor and simple alike. Mrs. Booth did much in influencing her husband to give woman full opportunity in the ranks of the Army. He was forty years ahead of his time on the woman question. The eldest son, Bramwell, then a heavily-bearded young man, was his father's right hand, combining high organizing and administrative skill with an intense spirituality which influenced all who came in contact with him. William Booth's other children were already demonstrating their gifts. Catherine, the Marèchale, was pioneering in France, Emma had stepped into the place of the 'Mother' of all women Army Officers, and Ballington, Herbert, and Evangeline were holding responsible office.

A band of stalwarts had gathered around William Booth and his family, drawn mainly from the working class, but with a sprinkling from other ranks. Foremost among them was George Scott Railton, whom Tucker himself described as 'a latter-day George Fox.' As a young man Railton learned Spanish, and set out for Morocco to convert the Riffs, unbacked by funds or friends. Later, he joined William Booth,

invited martyrdom and death by his extravagant labours, and helped to kindle and keep alive a white flame of spiritual enthusiasm. He boldly attacked evil where it was strongest, and then gladly endured the full force of the counter-attack, defying the Devil and all his minions.

With him were others of like mind. Elijah Cadman gloried in the fact that he was a converted chimney sweep, and attracted great crowds everywhere as he carried out his purpose of 'going about the country and thrashing the Devil.' Dowdle, a bluff and boisterous man, a converted railway guard, proved an amazingly successful winner of souls. William Ridsdel—in 1930, when this is written, the oldest living Officer in the Army—was proving himself a giant in the land. A young man of means, Henry Edmonds, was planting the Flag in Scotland.

The Army owed much to its women. Some of these were of gentle birth. But the most surprising development of the women's work was the success, as preachers and teachers, of girls drawn from the factory, the servants' hall, and the slums. A shop-girl of yesterday would take command in a town, face the 'Skeletons' unafraid, and lead the biggest roughs in the place to Christ. 'Happy Eliza' and 'Happy Jenny' were the subject of ribald songs; 'Mother' Higgs led the way in the invasion of public-houses; Kate Sheppard, little more than a girl in years, became leader of a mighty revival in Rhondda Valley. Those were the days when women were supposed to be silent in public assembly, and to leave the serious business of life to the men. The 'Hallelujah Lassies' claimed the right to speak and to prophesy, and to face the facts of life fully and unafraid.

Tucker had perhaps expected that when he offered himself to General Booth he would be accepted enthusiastically and with open arms. The General was well aware of his potential value. 'Praise the Lord for sending us some brains, as well as hearts,' he wrote to Mrs. Booth. But he had seen too many people rushing forward under an emotional impulse, only to cool when they realized the hardships that had to be endured. The man whose hot fit to-day was followed by a cold fit to-morrow was of little use to him. Let this young man reflect!

For six months Tucker studied the Army. 'A closer and more personal inspection of the work convinced me that it was of God,' he said later. 'A personal acquaintance with the General and his staff convinced me that they were called of God to take the lead of this movement.' He discovered that Officership in the Army was regarded by the men at the head of it as a high privilege, not to be lightly undertaken or bestowed. The demands made on a Candidate were exacting, and from them there could be no deviation.

1. He must give his whole time to his work, and have no other occupation. If, as part of his work in the Army, he engaged in other business of profit, as, for instance, writing books, or newspaper articles, the profit that ensued would belong to the Army and not to him.

2. He would have no permament home, but would be moved from place to place, and from country to country, as the necessity of the Work demanded.

3. He must obey orders. Salvationists must surrender themselves to the guidance of 'the most capable, devoted, and best-trained persons among

them.' He must 'place himself in the leader's hands, and willingly obey his commands.'

4. He must unquestionably accept the religious basis of the Army, which may be summarized as the strictly orthodox Evangelical position. He must be a total abstainer from drink and drugs, live simply, avoid worldly attire and amusements.

5. He must devote not less than nine hours a day to the active service of the Army.

What would he receive in return? The Army did not guarantee him any income, but would, as far as it could, see that he received a sufficiency; but he was warned beforehand that he might experience periods of great strain and hardship. Under any circumstances, his salary would be small—the minimum necessary to maintain himself and his family decently in the circumstances under which they were placed. He would have unequalled opportunity to wage war against sin and the Devil. The Candidates must sacrifice their 'all.' The fact that in Tucker's case this meant the abandonment of a large income and brilliant prospects, while in the case of some others it may have been one pound a week and an uncertain outlook, was really a minor point. The man who has least often finds its abandonment hardest.

The Army, as Tucker saw it during his months of inspection, was small as compared with to-day, although growing in amazing fashion. The twenty-six stations of a few years before had expanded to nearly three hundred Corps. Miss Booth had raised the Army Flag in Paris; George Railton had departed, with the new title of Commissioner, to spread the Army in America, and another Officer had gone

to Australia, to consolidate a Corps already formed by Salvationist emigrants in Sydney.

The Headquarters of the Army were being transferred from Whitechapel to Queen Victoria Street, 'a fitting accompaniment of the development of the Army from an East-end mission to an International Organization,' and a big orphanage had been bought at Clapton to provide for the training of thousands of Young People who were offering themselves for the Work.

While the storm of abuse still continued, more and more voices were being heard on the other side. A group of influential Evangelical laymen, including Sir Arthur Blackwood, Secretary to the Post Office, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., Mr. T. A. Denny, whose bacon had brought him wealth, and Mr. John Cory, the Cardiff coal king, had long defended the Movement. Lord Cairns, ex-Lord Chancellor of England, now spoke for it, the Lord Mayor of London praised it, and the Churches began to take favourable notice.

Perhaps the most notable sign of change was the more cordial attitude of the Press. *The Times,* whose good will General Booth specially desired, began to praise moderately and cautiously and with many safeguards. But for thirty years yet to come *The Times* would only print General Booth's title within inverted commas. The *Daily Telegraph* hailed General Booth as a moral and religious force in the land, while the *Saturday Review* proved itself the friend of righteousness. It held up to scorn the roughs of the 'Skeleton Armies' who, being expert in 'kicking any inoffensive strangers they met with clogged boots,' practised their art on the Army's women-officers and privates. 'The Salvation Army is assailed

chiefly because it is pacific, and will not return evil for evil.'

Tucker was not the only young man of quality who studied the Salvation Army as a possible future life work. Among others, Alfred Harmsworth was later on attracted by it, and seriously contemplated donning the red jersey. He turned away, however, to periodical publishing, with a result known to all the world.

At the end of six months Tucker returned to the General and told him that he was still of the same mind. 'I won't give you any advice,' the General now said. 'But if you resign from the Civil Service, I will accept you as an Officer.' And so, in August, 1881, Frederick Tucker enlisted under the Banner of the Salvation Army.

He was first drafted into the Legal Department of the Army, in the new Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, where he spent his days in office routine. General Booth was carefully watching him, and soon the General and Mrs. Booth came to love him as a son. 'He is so transparently sincere,' wrote Mrs. Booth. Between the new recruit and the General's eldest son, Bramwell, there sprang up a close friendship which lasted for many years, though it cooled towards the end.

## V

### THE CALL OF INDIA

One hundred and one Queen Victoria Street was buzzing with life. Some of the merchant princes who had their offices nearby were shocked to find this home of big business invaded by heavily-bearded, red-jerseyed men, and strangely dressed women who sometimes questioned passers-by about their souls, and who showed no interest in the Stock Exchange or the triumphs of commerce.

One manufacturer wrote indignantly to *The Times* denouncing the extravagance of these people, who spent money raised for religion on the high rent demanded in one of the most costly office districts in London. General Booth cheerfully replied by asking why, if it was profitable for the manufacturer to pay such rent for the distribution of the article of universal consumption which he produced, it should not be profitable for others to do the same to distribute religion.

The City generally welcomed the General and his Army. The Lord Mayor and the Commissioner of City Police were cordial, and even those whose sole god was Success had to admit that this Movement had won their respect by succeeding.

Major Tucker—to give him his new title—found plenty to do in the Legal Department, for the rapid developments now proceeding had to be carefully planned and guarded. Tucker had to change his style of living. He and his wife had no great reserve of funds to fall back on, for they had spent their all in charity as they received it. His salary was now small, but all his colleagues were living on small salaries, and it is doubtful if Tucker gave the changed circumstances more than passing thought.

He was already planning a life compared with which his present circumstances would seem luxury itself. His heart was in India, and he wanted to conquer it for Christ through the Salvation Army. He realized that, to make any marked advance, he must evolve a new method, one that would involve hardship and suffering.

He discussed the matter, time after time, with General Booth and his eldest son. There were many obvious difficulties in the way of launching the first Salvation Army Mission to heathen lands, and not the least of these was finance. The central organization of the Army was poor, despite its offices in Queen Victoria Street and its world-wide fame. Its total income for 1881, apart from special funds, was under £11,000, money derived from the gifts of its own people, profits from the sale of *The War Cry* and other literature, and donations from outside friends.

Out of this all the central organization of the Army had to be supported, grants made to over two hundred Corps, new endeavours launched, the new offices equipped, and all miscellaneous expenses met. The most significant item in the balance sheet for

that year was for salaries of the Staff Officers attached to Headquarters, of whom Tucker was one. These salaries came altogether to £408 16s. 10d. !

From many sides demands were pouring in for the extension of the Army's work. To assume responsibility for a new burden, a missionary campaign in India would seem to most prudent business men absurd. But William Booth was not a prudent business man. He was a fiery evangelist, who had ventured on daring and impossible things before, and would do so again and yet again.

Tucker urged his case. India was, he maintained, the most wonderful missionary field in the world. The hand of God had there entrusted one-third of the non-Christian nations of the world to England's care, and the door had been flung open for the Gospel. It was the duty of every Christian Englishman, and of the Salvation Army in particular, to take advantage of this opportunity.

He had thought out a new plan of attack, different from those of existing organizations, a plan that would, partly, at least, solve the difficulty of finance. He did not go out of his way to condemn existing methods. He had known missionary work from childhood, and his own flesh and blood were engaged in it. But he felt that there was room for supplementary effort, moving from another direction towards the same goal.

Let us attempt to realize the problem of India that Tucker and his Chief had to face.

Here was a land, thirteen times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, embracing within its borders between one-sixth and one-seventh of the human race. Its people were not one nation, but many, and spoke



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not one tongue, but hundreds of diverse languages. Could there be a greater contrast than between the sturdy fighting men of Nepal—warriors resembling the Japanese in build and temper—and the mild souled peasantry of Bengal? The variety of languages helped to make any general plan of propaganda more difficult. Hindu and Urdu, Bengali, Telugu and Marathi, Tamil and Punjabi, were only a few—although the most important—of the forms of speech in use.

India revealed, too, great contrasts in wealth. Many of the rulers of the native states, Maharajahs and Nizam, Nawab, Kan and Mir, lived in sumptuous magnificence which few European monarchs could rival. But among the people as a whole poverty was the rule rather than the exception. India's greatest statistician, Sir William Hunter, declared that fifty millions lived in a state of destitution. Many millions scarcely knew what it was, from year's end to year's end to have a satisfying meal.

Tucker himself divided the nation into five classes.

1. The wealthy and aristocratic, enjoying an income of one hundred rupees and upwards (nominally £10) a month—not more than 40,000,000.

2. The well-to-do middle classes, earning twenty rupees and upwards monthly—70,000,000.

3. The fairly well-off labouring classes, earning five rupees and upwards. At most 100,000,000.

4. The poverty-stricken labouring classes, earning less than five rupees monthly, per family. At least 25,000,000.

5. The destitute and unemployed poor. At least 25,000,000.

Large masses of people lived on the very poorest

food, and dressed in the cheapest clothing. 'Pick out your coarsest, cheapest grains, and weigh them to the last fraction of an ounce. Rigidly exclude from the poor man's bill of fare any of the relishes which he so much esteems, and the cost of which is so insignificant as to be scarcely worth mentioning, and yet you will find legions of gaunt, hungry men, women, and children who would greedily accept your offered regimen to-morrow, if you could only discover the wherewithal for obtaining the same, and who would gladly pay for it with the hardest and most disagreeable description of labour.'

Poor food, endemic diseases like malaria, and the hot climate had destroyed the energy of large numbers of the agriculturalists. They were content to live feebly, performing the minimum of work necessary to gather the minimum of food to support life.

Caste was yet another problem, dividing the people into over a thousand sections, shut apart from each other by almost impassable, even though invisible, barriers. At the top was the Brahmin, so exclusive that where he had sufficient influence others dared not even be on the road when he passed. At the bottom were the Outcastes, the 'untouchables,' sixty millions in number, living apart in the utmost squalor and poverty, unpermitted even to let their shadow pollute the food of others, condemned to the lowest and most disagreeable work for the poorest wages, and forbidden by tradition to use the common wells, to send their children to school, or to share in any common life, abject slaves, even if no formal, legal bonds bound them.

Another issue which would have to be faced at every turn was the position of woman, and this was

and is closely bound up with religion. Hinduism combines the loftiest philosophy with gross sensualism. The Devadasis, the courtesans, the dancing girls, and the attendants of the temples, are the common property of the priests, and are at the command of all who can pay for them. The decoration of many of the chief temples is to Western minds unspeakably vile. The system of religion which places primary importance on the birth of a son to ensure his father's safe passage at the end to Paradise, has brought in its train evils untold. A son is wanted and prayed for, and a daughter is a curse rather than a blessing. From childhood she is made to realize her subservient position. Child marriages and immature motherhood have been a blight on the land; the wife of the poor man is doomed to a life of almost unceasing hard work to help and support her lord, and the wife of the man able to afford it has long been kept in seclusion behind the purdah. The widow—and with child marriages widows were common—was a thing of scorn, forbidden to re-marry and made in a thousand ways to regret the passing of the days when she was allowed to burn herself on her husband's grave.

For hundreds of years Christianity has sought to conquer India. The annals of the early Catholic missionaries are among the most glorious in the history of Christendom. The English missionary attack had been launched, nearly ninety years before Tucker planned his campaign, by William Carey, the shoemaker, preacher, scholar of Northamptonshire. It had since been maintained at great cost of men and effort. Its chief triumphs had been won, not so much in the number of converts, as in the way it had affected Indian life for good. It had brought

education and enlightenment to large sections of the most influential people.

Important as this was, it was not the purpose for which the missionaries had set out. They had gone forth, not to create a reformed Hinduism, but to win India for Christ. Tucker believed that their influence was weakened by the fact that they went to India as white men, maintaining their European life, dress, and ways. In the minds of the Indian people they represented the ruling race.

The idea dominating Tucker's mind was that he and his colleagues should approach the Indians, not as Europeans, but from the Indian standpoint, and should preach an Indian Christ. It was not the business of the missionary, he maintained, to attempt to Europeanize the Indians. To approach them in their own way, it would be necessary for the Salvationists to abandon European habits and to live as the people did, in homes like theirs, eating food such as they ate, and dressing like them.

Tucker had been greatly impressed by the lives of the earlier Catholic missionaries. I have already told of the influence St. Francis Xavier had on him. He was also particularly struck by the work of Breschi, a scholar who settled among the Tamils, took a native name, dressed in native clothes, lived as a Brahmin, and won multitudes to Christ. Tucker gave copies of a little life of St. Francis, issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates, to his friends, and urged them to study it.

This method of living as a native would largely solve the monetary difficulty. A group of men and women could live in native style for much less than one missionary living in European fashion must spend. They would travel to India in the cheapest

way, as deck passengers; their converts would help to support them, and the burden on London would be reduced to a minimum, or disappear altogether. This was his case, and he pleaded it with his Leader time after time.

General Booth was won over. It did not take much to win him, for he was captivated by the boldness and simplicity of the plan. He was not repulsed by the fact that it would involve suffering and hardship for his people. He was equally willing to suffer himself, or to demand endurance from his followers. A high Government official once remonstrated with him against allowing his women-Officers to run risks. 'You will never be a great general,' the Leader replied, 'if you fear to spend your soldiers to win victory.' 'It is the business of a leader to take risks,' his son Bramwell once declared.

Once the decision was made Tucker looked around for others to accompany him. He must in particular have a right-hand-man, his aide-de-camp, active, dependable, and resourceful. One day he visited the office of the Editor of *The War Cry* in Queen Victoria Street. On the wall was pasted an announcement of a meeting at Grantham, where men would take part who had been as savage as lions, ferocious as tigers, stubborn as bears, and so on. This bill had been drawn up by Captain Bullard, the Officer in charge there, in imitation of a streamer circulated by a circus and wild beast show which had recently passed through the town.

Tucker was much interested, and asked about the Captain. The Editor already knew that he was seeking for a colleague. 'There is your man,' he said, pointing to Bullard's name.

An evening or two after, returning from a Meeting to his modest lodging, Captain Henry Bullard found a letter awaiting him from Major Tucker, telling of the proposed Indian campaign, describing in the frankest fashion the hardships those sharing in it must be prepared to endure, and asking him to join as second in command. One recalls young General Bonaparte's message to his soldiers inviting them to endure the hardships of the Alpine passes on the road to victory in Italy.

Young Captain Bullard prayed over the letter, rose to his feet, wrote an acceptance, and posted it immediately. This was typical of the man, prompt in deciding, quick to act, and firm in his purpose. Tucker could not have made a happier choice, as the years that followed were to prove abundantly. 'A more energetic, capable, and devoted helper I could never desire to have,' wrote Booth-Tucker more than forty years later.

Up to now, Major Tucker's experiences of the Field Work of the Army had been as a spectator or minor participant. In a big organization, such as this was rapidly becoming, a certain amount of routine has to be learned and observed to keep the machinery running without friction. To master this routine Tucker was appointed with Captain Bullard to the command of a new Corps in Camberwell. A big, galvanized iron hall, seating over 2,000 people, built for the Moody and Sankey Mission, had been acquired by the Army. Camberwell was not then, as it is now, within easy reach of the heart of town. Slow, lumbering and occasional services of horse buses were its main public link with the City, the Strand, and Westminster, the prosperous business men living to

the south driving to their offices in their own dog carts and carriages. Southwards and westwards lay, beyond Brixton, the beautiful rural districts of Herne Hill, Forest Hill, Dulwich, and Sydenham. Stretching towards the Elephant and Castle were slums, inhabited by many of the roughest folk in London, labourers, costermongers, and gentlemen of indeterminate callings. There were bird markets around, the delight of the 'fancy,' and there were more than suspicions that one or two licensed houses in the neighbourhood witnessed occasional rat fights. The public-houses were open all day long, and the scenes in some of the streets at night would have seemed appalling to those not accustomed to them. To the north-east, especially, the armies of ill-shod and neglected children, the shabby houses in the gas-lit streets, and the flourishing gin palaces; full to the doors, made a bizarre picture.

Tucker flung himself into this work. There was no difficulty in drawing crowds, for all the world was curious about this new Movement. The hall was crowded on Sundays, with congregations that would have shocked many preachers into silence. Some brought their dogs and their pigeons with them, and when the dogs began fighting and the pigeons were set free, order for the moment disappeared. The people had their favourites among the speakers and singers, and were loud-voiced in their choice, and free with their expressions of approval or dissent. There was no Camberwell Band in those days, although Bullard could play on the cornet; but there was a drummer who wielded his sticks with such vigour that, if noise would have done it, there would have been no need for any other musician.

Out of these denizens of slums and shabby back streets many Converts were won. Some of them were characters well known in every police court from Greenwich to Brixton. Boisterous, vivid, and full-blooded, they made splendid saints, as they had made notorious sinners. The parades of the Salvationists down the streets grew in strength, and their public welcome in cordiality.

But Camberwell was only an interlude. The plans for the Indian attack were rapidly maturing. Tucker, in the midst of his slum visiting and Meetings, was busy preparing a Hindustani hymn book, and in designing the uniform they were to wear, turbans and yellow European-style suits for the men and yellow dresses and shawls for the women, with European boots.

If the first official Indian Army uniforms did nothing else, they served to attract large crowds, when the pioneers toured the country, holding Meetings in many centres. An ' Indian Monday ' was arranged for August, when all-day Meetings, presided over by Mrs. Booth, were held in St. James's Hall, a fine building long since gone, then the most popular and fashionable place for big assemblies and concerts in the West End. Although the contingent was present, India occupied a very small part of that day. Mrs. Booth preached two long and eloquent sermons, there was a strenuous Holiness campaign, and, almost incidentally, the Indian missionaries were blessed and sent off.

A few days later Major and Mrs. Tucker and their helpers set out as fo'c'sle passengers on the P. and O. liner, *Ancona*, for Bombay. As soon as they recovered from the upheavals of the Bay of Biscay, they

set about attempting to convert their fellow passengers. The passengers did not appreciate their efforts, and complained to the captain that the unending Meetings of these strange travellers were disturbing the peace of the ship. At the captain's suggestion they agreed to a compromise, limiting the Meetings to two daily, morning and evening. A notice was posted on the board in the companion-way telling of the new arrangement, 'for the convenience of those who wish to attend, and the information of those who do not wish to attend.'

The *Ancona* stopped for a few hours at Gibraltar, where the Salvationists went ashore, and marched to the central square, where they started a Meeting, Captain Bullard leading the singing with his cornet. A picket of soldiers came running up, with fixed bayonets, surrounded them, and marched them off to the port police station. The officer in command listened as the N.C.O. in charge of the picket told his tale, and then asked the prisoners what they had to say. Tucker explained that they were only holding a religious service while their ship was in port. The officer informed them, quite kindly, that Gibraltar was under military law and meetings were forbidden in the open air there, because of the danger of strife between men of different nations and creeds. He advised the little party to return to their ship, which they did.

At Port Said one of the women-officers was recalled to London, and Mrs. Tucker accompanied her home. There were four left—Major Tucker, his A.D.C., Captain Bullard, Lieutenant Norman, carrying a cornet that was to become historic, and Lieutenant Thompson, a young lady whose tambourine was soon

to be the talk of all India. In those days, when Salvation Army Bands had not reached the high state of musical efficiency that many of them have since attained, the tambourine was used by the women-Officers and Soldiers much more than now. These daughters of Miriam made a joyful noise to the Lord with their pulsatile instruments, like the daughters of the tribes thousands of years before.

## VI

## 'IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY!'

THE news that the Salvation Army was to invade India reached there by cable, long before the Tucker group arrived at Bombay. It aroused considerable uneasiness and some anger, more especially in official circles. It was felt that for British people to live in India as Indians eating native food, staying in the native quarter, and wearing native clothes, would degrade the prestige of the white man. This view was strongly held by Sir James Ferguson, the Governor of the province, and not by him alone. Newspapers suggested that it might be possible to stop the landing of these eccentric folk, or to deport them after their arrival. 'The latest fanaticism of Mussulmen and Hindus now gives us no trouble,' declared one journal. 'It would be as well not to permit fools to put a torch to gunpowder.'

In missionary circles the news was received with mixed feelings. Many were eager to give the newcomers a cordial welcome, and one missionary was already preparing to join them. But others feared what might come of this new thing. Some of these doubting ones called special prayer meetings, to beg God to keep the Salvationists away. 'I am dreading the Army coming to India,' one very pious lady wrote

to a London religious paper, 'and I am sure that many more here agree with me.'

The party reached Bombay on September 19, 1882, and on stepping ashore at Apollo Bandar, the landing stage, they were met by the clergyman, Mr. Gladwin, who had resolved to join them, and by other missionaries. The Salvationists noted without much interest that a number of police were waiting nearby, never imagining that they were there to attend to them. The superintendent of police hurried up to Major Tucker and demanded where the rest of the Army were. 'There are no more,' replied the Major, pointing to his three companions. 'We expected you to be a thousand strong!' exclaimed the astounded superintendent. The little crowds that had gathered, in anticipation of the pomp and ceremony of the landing of a strong force, scarcely recognized the four pioneers.

Major Tucker at once tackled the crowd, offering the Hindustani hymn books for sale, and disposing of several. Then he and his party placed their kits on bullock carts, formed in procession and marched to the Quarters already provided for them, at Tenth Lane, Khetwady, singing and playing as they went. Europeans and Indians poured out on their balconies to see this little band, and Miss Thompson's tambourine which she wielded vigorously, was specially noted. The yellow coats and dresses, the turbans and shawls and English boots of the new-comers were scathingly ridiculed by superior folk. One newspaper declared that the Indians took the Salvationists for circus people, and another suggested that the natives probably mistook the party for a gratuitous pageant arranged by the Government in commemoration of the recently won victory in Egypt over Arabi Pasha.

But the official mind did not take the matter lightly. For an Englishman, member of a famous Anglo-Indian family, to sell little books in the street like a beggar, for an English girl to beat the tambourine in the street, and an Englishman to play the cornet like a member of a circus, roused official wrath to fever heat. It was feared that these 'fanatics' would not only bring Englishmen into ridicule, but would stir up native rioting and strife. This view was forcibly expressed by the Indian correspondent of *The Times* in a telegram from Calcutta:

> There is considerable danger that these objective and aggressive religious demonstrations may excite native susceptibilities and cause disturbances. The recent riots at Salem, and the rancorous feeling existing there, are the best evidence of the acute condition of native sensitiveness on all questions affecting religious difference.
>
> It is generally felt by those here most experienced in the special characteristics of Indian thought, that the attempt, however honest in intention, to proselytize the natives of India by clothing the solemn tenets of Christianity in an unseemly surrounding of vulgar buffoonery can but end in defeating its own object, as it will disgust the feeling of grave reverence almost universally experienced by the natives for all religious subjects, and will tend in their eyes to degrade the solemn character of Christianity, and so render the labour of missionaries still more difficult, by making ridiculous the religious doctrines which they are endeavouring to induce the natives to accept.

Next day Major Tucker was ready to open his campaign in earnest. He had named the bullock carts 'War Chariots,' and marshalled them as a prominent feature of the procession. Missionary friends were pressed into service, to make the Open-Air demonstra-

tion as imposing as possible. At 7 a.m. the new-comers were bombarding their native neighbours, but before the time for the procession to start, Tucker was summoned to the presence of the commissioner of police, who informed him that processions out of doors were not allowed, and that they must confine their gatherings to tents or halls. Tucker, who was as familiar with Indian Criminal Law as the commissioner, told him bluntly that he had no power to make such a regulation. Mohammedans and Hindus held musical processions without let or hindrance, playing their tom-toms at will, and they as Christians claimed the same right. The Commissioner replied brusquely, 'You won't go.' 'We will,' replied Tucker frankly. To threats of arrest the Major replied that he and his Soldiers were prepared to suffer the consequences of their actions.

The Salvationists started out bravely. They passed several Hindu processions, with tom-toms being beaten and trumpets blown, in honour of the god 'Gunpati.' They announced their intention of holding a Meeting in one of the big squares, but on arrival there found the place blocked with carriages and with thousands of people afoot who had come out to see them. Lieutenant Norman was playing his cornet when a policeman stepped up and arrested him, taking him off to the lock-up. The party, after passing through the native city, reached the Esplanade, where a service was held, before returning home. Next day Norman was fined twenty rupees. This was the first move in a battle that was to have far-reaching results for the cause of religious freedom in India.

Sir Frank Soutar, the Commissioner of Police, was

by no means easy in the part that he had to play. Had he been free to do so, he would have left the Salvationists alone, for it was immediately obvious that there was no danger of Indian uprisings because of them. On the contrary, the Indians were showing a friendliness which they rarely extended to missionaries. But Sir James Ferguson was imperative. This thing must be stopped.

For a day or two Tucker paused, considering the best plan of action and seeking to win over the authorities. Meetings were being held in a tent, near the Crawford Market, and in the Hindu Theatre, in Grant Road. The difficulty was not to attract, but to accommodate the crowds. Never in the history of Indian missions had evangelistic meetings been attended by such throngs. Special services were announced for the Esplanade Theatre on Sunday, and police permission to hold a procession was asked. The police refused, whereupon Tucker resolved to put the matter to a test.

About five o'clock on Sunday afternoon Tucker, Lieutenant Norman, and Miss Thompson set out in procession from the Army Headquarters, the Major carrying a Salvation Army Banner with what was then considered the startling inscription, 'Blood and Fire.' As they stepped from the house a force of police appeared on the scene, headed by Mr. Smith, the deputy commissioner, and Mr. Brewer, the superintendent, and supported by European and native constables, horse and foot. A considerable crowd followed. As the procession reached the junction of five roads, in Obelisk Road, the deputy commissioner advanced in front of the valiant three. 'In the name of Her Majesty, Queen of England and

Empress of India, I order you to disperse,' he called in a commanding voice.

'In the name of His Majesty, King of kings and Lord of lords, I command you to stand aside,' Tucker replied.

The police ordered the crowd to disperse, under pain of arrest, and Tucker and his two companions were taken to the police court, where they were charged with forming an assembly likely to lead to a breach of the peace, contrary to Section 151 of the Indian Code. They were told to find bail, or to enter into their own recognizances to appear before the magistrate in the morning. They refused to do so, and thereupon Tucker and Norman were placed in the European lock-up, while Miss Thompson was given room in the quarters of a married police officer above the court. The police treated them with every consideration; Tucker and Norman spent a large part of the evening singing hymns, and their friends joined them and shared their songs.

What was happening meanwhile at the Esplanade Theatre? Captain Bullard was in command here. The story of the Meeting, as given in a Bombay journal next day, is well worth reproducing:

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, large crowds of natives began to assemble in the Esplanade Theatre and in an open space on the Esplanade to the south of it. At the latter place, half a dozen *moulvies*, clad in white garments and standing on a bench, so as to be distinguished from the throng of listeners that surrounded them, were preaching the doctrine of Islamism. The assembly, composed chiefly of Mussulmans, was quite orderly, and formed a ring which enclosed a large number of Moslems squatting on the bare ground. The other assembly in the Esplanade

Theatre was of more varied description, consisting of European and Eurasian ladies and gentlemen, Parsees, Hindus, Mussulmans, and representatives of other sections of the Indian community. The theatre was filled in every part, and yet numbers pressed on the doors demanding admittance, which had to be refused for want of room. Those who were thus left out contented themselves with forming, as it were, a besieging army round the theatre and its environments. About 5.30 p.m. Captain Bullard, a member of the Indian contingent of the Salvation Army, appeared with a number of Christian ladies and gentlemen upon the stage of the theatre, and was received with a volley of cheers, which echoed through the building. He said he was sorry he was there alone to commence the proceedings of the evening, but he hoped the Army would be with him in a short time. Hymns and prayers then followed in equal procession, with frequent interruptions, the cheers and noise of the audience being echoed lustily by the crowd outside the premises. About that time Captain and Mrs. Gladwyn, who arrived at the theatre, were the bearers of most unwelcome tidings to Captain Bullard and his friends.

Captain Bullard, addressing the audience, said they would be surprised to hear from him why he was alone, and why his colleagues were not there. It was known that one of their members was arrested the other day for blowing a cornet in the street. Not only was that considered an offence, but the police told them, 'You shall now neither march nor sing in the streets.' That day being Sunday, they had no wish or intention of playing music in the streets, and in the morning Major Tucker sent a letter to the superintendent of police, asking if he would allow the Army that afternoon to march from their Headquarters to the theatre, singing on their way to it. Instead of sending a reply, the superintendent came to their Headquarters, and told them they would not be allowed to march and sing. Major Tucker expostulated, contending that pro-

cessions of the Indians were common in the streets of Bombay, and asking for a similar indulgence. The police officer was unrelenting, and Major Tucker said they would march out that afternoon, be the consequences what they might. In the afternoon he, Captain Bullard, came alone to the theatre, and on the way he passed by two processions of natives, each of which was protected by policemen. He was informed that after the Army left the Headquarters, and were on their way, the members were arrested by the police, and so at that moment Major Tucker, Lieutenant Thompson, and Lieutenant Norman were in the lock-up for marching and singing in the streets. That was the reason, Captain Bullard said, why he was alone there to address them. The proceedings in the evening were wound up by Captain Bullard about 6.30 p.m., with an address in English on the joys of Salvation and Eternity, which, for its earnestness, was very generally commended by those who understood him.

Next morning the three prisoners were taken before the local magistrate, Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee, who fined them one hundred rupees. 'In the course of a careful and lengthy judgment,' said *The Times* in its report of the case, 'the magistrate said there was evidence on record that since the arrival of the Salvationists, and from what had come to his knowledge, he was of opinion that processions of this description were calculated to cause a disturbance of the public peace. The conditions of society in England and India were quite different. In England the people professed one religion, and efforts like those of the Salvationists to reclaim the fallen would meet with universal sympathy; but when they came to India to convert people from one faith to another they must avoid noisy and peculiar demonstrations. The British Government in India has been justly esteemed for

its strict neutrality towards all classes of its subject races. If the Salvationists desired to preach Christianity they would be allowed to do so with perfect freedom, provided they selected some unobjectionable place, but they would not be allowed to parade the streets in such a manner as would be calculated to excite the religious feelings of other sects, and so bring the people of different creeds into collision.'

Tucker and his Soldiers refused to pay their fine, whereupon an order was issued distraining the goods of the Salvation Army. Few things touched Tucker more than the action of the superintendent of police, who bought the goods for one hundred rupees, and then presented them back to the Army. Altogether, the Bombay police did not come badly out of the affair.

Had Sir James Ferguson aimed to help the Army, it would have been impossible for him to do better. The fact that Tucker's arrival was given the best possible advertisement throughout India was the least benefit. Beyond that there came a general wave of sympathy for the Officers. Missionaries who had been inclined to look on them askance discovered that they were fighting for Christian liberty. To the Indian people themselves they seemed champions of freedom against autocracy. Possibly to Tucker's surprise, he found himself suddenly elevated to the place of friend and champion of India. Even the Indian Jewish Press joined in the protests and appreciation.

Missionaries went to see what was really happening, and found that underneath the strange uniform and provoking phraseology, old-fashioned Christianity

was being preached, and old-fashioned morality promoted. This was strikingly expressed in an article sent by a missionary to *The Christian* (London):

These Meetings are attended as no evangelistic meetings were ever before attended in Bombay, to the best of our knowledge. Thousands of natives crowd to them and constitute by far the largest part of the audience looking and listening from beginning to end with all the interest that could be desired. The Band consists of a drum, a cornet, and some tambourines. The hymns that are sung are mostly in Hindustani, sung to animated and stirring tunes. Some of these catch the ears of the people surprisingly, and already multitudes in all parts of Bombay may be heard repeating fragments of them.

The Gospel is simply, faithfully, and lovingly set forth in these Meetings. Earnest efforts are made to induce the hearers to recognize their need of the Salvation of Christ, and to test the invitations and promises of the Gospel, by coming forward as seekers to be prayed with and instructed. The speakers freely relate their own experiences, tell what they once were, and how through simple reception of Christ they found pardon, peace, and joy, and by abiding in faith, obtained power to keep from sin.

We have long been aware, and have often remarked, that the people of this country very naturally fall into the idea that missionaries claim to speak to them from a superior position, looking down upon them as very great sinners, very ignorant and the like. Quite unwittingly the missionary produces this effect. We have often felt that this is one of the chief difficulties he has to encounter. Their pride is wounded and they interpret his words, meant to have a simple truth of man's sinfulness and need, as dictated by pride and disdain. When the missionary becomes aware of this, he feels it necessary to guard in every way against this impression, and show them that he is not influenced, as they suppose, by the caste feeling or the

feeling of his own superiority. It seems to us that the Salvationists are less likely than others to encounter this feeling. The fact that they wear a native dress may help in this direction. The fact that they make collections in all their Meetings, and cheerfully receive the pice contributed by the poorer natives will also help to guard against the impression spoken of.

The Indian vernacular Press spoke out in no uncertain tone. 'Why should not the members of this new Christian sect have their own processions in the streets of Bombay, with music, when Hindus are allowed their gunpati, Mohammedans their taboot, and Banians their marriage processions, with great beating of tom-toms?' asked one. A meeting of protest was summoned by the Indians themselves in Calcutta, and was thronged long before the hour of opening. Babu Keshab Chandar Sen, the famous leader of Brahmo Somaj, reformed Hinduism, led the proceedings. 'You have been most unkindly and unjustly persecuted,' the Indian leader declared, 'because your love for God and Christ exceeds the limits of conventionalism.'

But the battle was far from over. Meanwhile, Tucker actively proceeded with his campaign. One of his greatest hindrances was that his subordinates knew little or no Hindustani, therefore language study, which had begun before they left England, was pressed on as an urgent Christian duty.

An Indian *War Cry* was published, at the price of one pice (about one farthing) a copy, and it soon reached a circulation of sixty thousand. The first issue waxed great fun at the authorities. 'The discovery of a second Gunpowder Plot, or a secret attempt to blow up Government House with dynamite,

could scarcely have caused more alarm in official circles than the news that the Indian detachment of the Salvation Army had actually arrived in Bombay,' it declared. 'Official wires were pulled, backstairs climbed, red tape consumed, orders dispatched. The arm of the law was made bare—its sleeves tucked up to its very shoulders—to allow the utmost display of its muscular terror to the rash invaders.'

'We were never more happy in our lives,' declared Tucker, 'never more determined to press forward to rescue the perishing world, never more confident of the protecting care of our God. And now, whilst eager in the future, as we have been in the past, to work in harmony with our rulers, we dare not return our sword to its scabbard. At last the ear of India's millions has been unstopped in a way that we ourselves little anticipated—its eyes are turned upon us. We see and gladly seize the most magnificent opportunity for spreading Salvation that has ever been offered to any human beings, and so long as we have breath to draw, we shall "go and speak to this people the words of this life."'

## VII

### PRISON AND VICTORY

MAJOR TUCKER had enough difficulties to face apart from repeated arrest. The success of the campaign had been so immediate and overwhelming that the little band of Salvationists was almost submerged by the rush of inquirers. Indians came to them all day long in their tens and hundreds; halls could not contain the congregations eager to listen; demands poured in for the extension of the Work to other cities, especially Calcutta and Madras, and there was scarcely time to eat or to sleep.

The problem of finance was serious. Headquarters in London had provided £100 for the launching of the Work, a miserably inadequate sum, but all that could be spared. The Indian audiences on which the Salvationists must depend mainly for their support, were mostly made up of very poor people, to whom a pice in the collection often meant real sacrifice. British and American friends living in the city rallied round the Major and helped him as far as they could, but the income during the first year averaged not much more than £100 a month.

Tucker and his assistants spent almost nothing on themselves. They enthusiastically adopted Indian

diet and tried to stay their hunger on chapatis, the biscuits of unleavened flour which the poorest Indians find sufficient. But the Bengalis had been hardened by use from childhood to an inadequate diet, and to them it seemed natural to finish the day hungry. To the Europeans, the sapping of strength from insufficient food was a factor that could not be ignored.

Some of the good people of Bombay began to express their alarm at the severe lives which the Salvationists were forced by circumstances to adopt.

'They are in danger of crippling their own work by undertaking more than the Master calls them to,' wrote one sympathetic observer. 'They have three Meetings a day, and at each Meeting lay themselves out without restraint for the awakening and conversion of sinners. They are engaged in bringing out the weekly *War Cry* in three different languages; and as though this were little, they individually traverse the streets in the burning sun to get the papers into circulation, and have to spend much of the time between Meetings in conversing with inquirers. They have strength, no doubt, according to their day, and if they are sure the Master would have them do all this, they may be sure that He will strengthen them. It is just possible, however, that their ardour may lead them beyond the Lord's requirements.'

Official persecution grew. Sir James Ferguson, Governor of Bombay, made up his mind that, so far as he was able, he would suppress this new Movement. He had many seemingly good reasons in favour of his course. There had been considerable disturbances not long before, over attempts by the authorities to enforce various sanitary measures on the native population. The Medical Department insisted that when plague, or other violent epidemic,

broke out in a village, its population should be made to live some little distance away, while their old homes were cleansed, fumigated and, if necessary, destroyed. The people did not like this. Plague was an infliction of the gods; why then seek to deal with it by harassing simple and harmless folk! Let Government leave them alone. There was a good deal of unrest, which might easily take the form of attacks upon Europeans.

If white men and women went into the native quarters, dressed as natives, holding processions in Indian fashion, preaching in the bazaars and the like, a very troublesome situation might arise, leading to riots and even murders. This would mean much trouble, both in India and at home, questions in Parliament and rebukes from Downing Street.

There was still another reason. The Salvation Army was attempting to break down the barrier existing between the British and the Indian peoples, and the officials were afraid that in doing so they might injure the prestige of the white man. In the days of the East India Company, the administrators spent their lives in the land and developed close social relations with their native neighbours, being regarded in many cases as their patriarchial chiefs. Equally in the Indian Civil Service, many commissioners had won the esteem and regard of the communities under them, and were held in the greatest honour. That holds true to this day. The Indian Civil Service has won the admiration of the world and the confidence of all independent observers by its impartiality, capacity, and high sense of duty. Tucker would have been the last to suggest that his little trouble in Bombay meant otherwise, for, to his dying day, he

was the warmest admirer of the British raj. 'In my opinion,' he declared on one occasion, 'the British Government in India is the best Government India ever had, or is likely to have. It is honest, impartial, and free.'

But between this regard and intimate social intercourse there was much difference, for which the British were by no means wholly to blame. Responsible Indians emphasized the pride and reserve of the British official, and irked at the fact that the ablest and most highly-placed Indian was excluded from clubs to which the youngest cadet from England was admitted. But it must be remembered that the Indian was equally firm in his exclusion. He shut out his womenfolk wholly from social intercourse.

The notion that British and Indians should meet on terms of equality and should walk together as equals in public service, was generally regarded as fatal to British dominion.

This belief continued for many years to come, and it was not until the Duke of Connaught, and later, the King-Emperor himself, set the example, that reform came. King George, in his different visits to India, both as Prince of Wales and as supreme head, did everything that he could by speech and example to end this unhappy state of affairs. 'Nothing could be more in harmony with the wishes and statements of her to whom you have raised this statue than this comradeship and fellow-feeling,' said King George when as Prince of Wales he unveiled the Victoria Memorial statue at Bangalore, a statue erected by the Maharajah and his people in co-operation with the British there.

In seeking to sweep away racial barriers in India, Tucker was a quarter of a century before his time, and, as is the usual fate of pioneers, he had to pay the price of his prescience. On October 20, 1882, he and five of his Officers were again arrested on the usual charge under Section 151 of the Indian Penal Code and brought before Mr. Webb, the chief presidency magistrate. This section provides that whoever knowingly takes part in a gathering of five or more people likely to cause a disturbance of the public peace, shall be liable to six months' imprisonment and a fine, if he does not leave when lawfully commanded.

The Major undertook the defence of himself and his colleagues, and based it on the fact that there was no reasonable likelihood of their assembly causing a disturbance of the public peace. There was no disturbance at the time of their arrest. So far from the people of India being hostile to them they had, through twenty newspapers, protested against their prosecution. The circumstances now were very different from those of the previous case in Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee's court.

When we first came to the country, there might have been some reason to fear that the people would misunderstand our motives and oppose us; but we have now been in the country more than a month, and they know very well what we are. The Indians have fathomed us, and they know that there is no reasonable excuse for our being interfered with now, as we admit there may have been when we first arrived. The question now is, not whether the organization or methods of the Salvation Army are peculiarly calculated to arouse the hostile feelings of the people, but whether the singing of Christian hymns and the preaching of Christain truths might be undesirable to a certain part

of the inhabitants, is a sufficient reason to justify the police in withholding their protection.

Tucker appealed to the Proclamation of Queen Victoria :

'We declare it to be our Royal Will and Pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested, or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the Law ; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.'

'We feel above all that precious souls are at stake,' declared the Major, 'and we dare not hold back for the sake of a little personal suffering.'

The speech made a very deep impression on all who heard it. The public prosecutor was forced, when stating his case, to rely largely on the extract from *The Times* quoted in the previous chapter. Mr. Webb adjourned the case for a week and then discharged the accused, pointing out to them the necessity of complying as far as possible with the orders of the police.

It was hoped that this might end the matter, for Tucker was by no means unbending in his stand. He offered for himself and his colleagues to refrain, if the authorities wished, from the use of flags and the blowing of trumpets when parading in Bombay, but open-air processions they must have. In other cities visited by them, no restrictions were imposed and no difficulties arose. Nevertheless, in the following February, the Major was again arrested with three Officers and eighteen rank and file of the Army,

and the Officers and a private soldier in the Queen's Army were once again brought before Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee. It was no longer necessary for Tucker to defend his case, for a well-known barrister of Allahabad, Mr. T. Lewis Ingram, when he heard of what was happening, hurried to Bombay and placed his services freely at the disposal of the Army. Mr. Ingram and his wife and family proved themselves from then onwards among the most faithful and constant of the Army's helpers.

It was shown in court, by the production of an official telegram, that the Commissioner of Police had acted, not on his own initiative, but on the direct instructions of the Government of Bombay. The accused refused through their counsel to ask for mercy or to promise obedience, and declared that when this case was ended, they would go out again into the highways and by-ways to preach the Gospel to every creature, not in a spirit of defiance of the law, but purely as a matter of conscience. Mr. Framjee sent the Queen's soldier back to barracks and sentenced Major Tucker, who he described as the 'head and fount of the whole offending' to simple imprisonment for one month, and three of the others to a fine of twenty-five rupees each, or simple imprisonment for a week. The three refused to pay their fines, and the whole four were taken to the Bombay jail. An appeal was entered and was heard by the High Court after Tucker had been in prison for a fortnight. One of the judges said to Tucker in a friendly fashion that they were prepared to release him if he would promise not to do the same again. 'My lord,' he replied, 'if I had a rope round my neck and were going to be hanged the next minute, I would not make

such a promise.' The appeal was rejected and he went back to prison.

To Tucker, there was honour and not disgrace in his imprisonment, and the hardships did not affect his spirits. It is probable that the enforced quiet saved him from a breakdown, for he had been shockingly overworking himself. The judges rejected his appeal on his thirtieth birthday. 'I have ever since looked upon it with unmingled joy and satisfaction,' he wrote afterwards. 'My stay in jail was a time of rich spiritual refreshment. I seemed to hear the Saviour saying "Come ye yourself apart into a desert place, and rest awhile, for there are many coming and going"' (Mark vi. 31).

Yet the life in prison was anything but pleasant. He had to sleep without a mosquito curtain, and the food was as little attractive as food could be.

While the Major was confined to Bombay jail, there was a great agitation, not only in India, but in Great Britain. The Salvation Army was not without influential friends, and strong representations were immediately made to the Government at home against this persecution. The Government communicated with Calcutta and Calcutta with Bombay, until even the mighty Governor of the Province was made to feel that he was treading on dangerous ground. The immediate result was that when Captain Bullard, the second in command, and two women-Officers were arrested for singing in the street, the public prosecutor declared that he did not wish to press the charge and they were promptly released. The magistrate demanded why they were arrested and declared that he knew of no law empowering the police to stop persons singing in the street.

The month in prison ended, Major Tucker found on his release a great crowd of sympathizers awaiting him as he stepped out of jail. They held a thanksgiving service on a piece of ground near by, formed in procession and marched back to the Salvation Army Headquarters, singing hymns, the police making no effort to interfere with them. Nevertheless, three days later ten more Salvationists were arrested.

Tucker conducted their defence. The authorities were now very anxious to end the whole business. The chief presidency magistrate, Mr. Cooper, and the Commissioner of Police, Sir Frank Soutar, asked the Major to confer with them before the case opened. A settlement was quickly reached. Tucker said that he would be willing to agree that the Salvation Army should not hold processions with singing in the strictly Mohammedan quarter of the city, while the police considered it dangerous, provided that such processions were allowed in non-Mohammedan streets, unless some special emergency should arise. This was accepted by both the magistrate and the Commissioner of Police. The case against the Salvationists was dismissed and the right of all Christian communities to have street processions with singing and music vindicated. The series of prosecutions, painful and disturbing though it was, had launched the work of the Army in India in a way which could hardly have been accomplished otherwise. A host of sympathizers had sprung up. Princes joined with the poorest in their welcome and congratulations. When Major Tucker set out on a journey from Bombay to Calcutta, holding Meetings in the principal towns, his progress was a series of triumphs. In Delhi, one of the princes welcomed him and gave him the use of buildings to

hold Meetings. At Calcutta £400 was raised to buy a hall. Mohammedans joined with Hindus in their sympathy. 'If the Salvation Army cannot do anything for India, nobody can,' said one Mohammedan leader. In one city, the people, before the Major arrived, had formed a Corps of their own, and were ready to greet him. The fears and suspicions of some of the Churches had vanished, and they offered the Army their chapels. 'The tidings from India are like a romance,' declared General Booth, who sent still more Officers to India to extend the Work.

Mrs. Tucker came out from home and was of great service, her preaching being greatly appreciated by members of the older missions. By the end of the first year the Headquarters' Staff at Bombay numbered twelve. A men's and women's Training Home had been opened, and there were stations at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras I and II, Poona, Lahore, and Colombo, besides two village Outposts. The Indian *War Cry* was issued weekly in English and monthly in Marathi and Gujerati. A number of Soldiers had been enrolled, and the great crowds still attended the Meetings.

But Tucker and his helpers were very, very far from satisfied. They had come to India to reach the non-Christian peoples. The non-Christian peoples had flocked to their Meetings and had shown them much sympathy, but all their Soldiers so far had been drawn from nominal Christians.

Tucker refused to shut his eyes to the facts. It was evident that more was still wanted. What could it be? The little band in the Headquarters prayed and agonized in soul. Then it was that a great idea came to him. Tucker reviewed the efforts of some

of the earlier Catholic missionaries and resolved to go still further than they had done. He and his Officers would set out among the Indians as fakirs, religious beggars, wandering on foot in the dress of fakirs from place to place, barefooted and carrying beggars' bowls, living on the scraps given to them. They thus hoped to bring their message home to the Indian people.

## VIII

### SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

THIRTY years old, eager and intense, Tucker was now fully launched on his great work. Absolutely devoid of self-consciousness, he mixed with equal ease among all classes. When he met his former colleagues in the Indian Civil Service, now rapidly rising in rank and power, he greeted them as old companions and urged them to come with him in the great work waiting to be done. He was equally at home in dealing with a beggar in the street.

Young men and women often enough came to him in considerable awe of their Commissioner—to give him the name he now bore—but their fears quickly vanished. He would talk to them as an older brother, pray with them, watch over them, care for their health if necessary, and do anything to help them. The present Chief of Staff, Commissioner Mapp, who was one of Tucker's trophies, still recalls the day when, as a young Cadet in India, he met the Commissioner in a post office. Tucker greeted him, told him that he had appointed him Lieutenant at a distant station and that he must leave that night, prayed with him there and then in the post office, and sent him off with a warm sense of comradeship which never ceased.

'When I was a very junior Officer,' another tells me, 'I accompanied the Commissioner on a visit to a very great man. I naturally kept myself in the background, but the Commissioner called me forward, introduced me to the celebrity, told him about me and what I had done, and gave me an opportunity to talk with him alone.'

'Some years ago,' writes Mrs. Major Galley, 'my husband, Major J. G. Galley, was travelling by train with Commissioner Booth-Tucker. When the time came to retire, the Commissioner and Major knelt in prayer, and the Commissioner commended them both to the care and keeping of God. Good-nights were said, and they went to their separate berths.

'My husband had just fallen into a light sleep, when he was awakened by some one who seemed to be tugging at the bed-clothes. A little alarmed, he asked who was there. Then he heard a gentle voice say, "It's all right, Major; I just came to tuck you in, for I was afraid you might be cold." It was the voice and kind act of a man who sacrificed himself for others, and who esteemed others more highly than himself.'

There is an old street-sweeper in the North of London in whom Booth-Tucker in his last years took a special interest. Whenever the Commissioner passed his way he would stop, talk with him, help him, and then pray in the street with him. The sight of the two men together, Booth-Tucker tall, upright, and trim, and the sweeper, with paralysed arm and shabby garments, standing together in the roadway hand in hand, while Booth-Tucker prayed, is one which those who witnessed it will never forget.

His courtesy was old-fashioned in its exactitude.

Even when he had reached the mid-seventies, he would never sit down in a tram or bus if any woman, young or old—even a girl of ten—was standing. 'In all the twenty-five years of our married life,' says Mrs. Booth-Tucker, 'he never once walked out of a room in front of me.' If some new dish was served which he did not much care for, the most that he would say about it was, 'It is a very interesting experiment.'

Some of his mottoes have become everyday maxims of people in scores of lands, particularly a triple group :

HASTE WITHOUT HURRY.
FIGHT WITHOUT FLURRY.
WORK WITHOUT WORRY.

His intense activity amazed all who came in contact with him. He started the day at dawn, or before, and seemed tireless. No journey was too long, no effort too great, to advance his cause. As the work grew, his direct administrative responsibilities became more and more considerable, but to this routine business he added much more, interviews innumerable and Meetings on every possible occasion. Writing was not a work to him but a delight ; he was an omnivorous reader and a tireless student. His Greek Testament was his daily companion.

But above all, men who came in contact with him felt that here was one sent of God. He seemed to carry the knowledge of the presence of God within him. A famous Anglo-Indian administrator was describing to me Tucker as he knew him in those days. Suddenly the statesman paused and his voice broke. 'I never knew a man so much like Jesus Christ,' he

said in a low voice, when he had recovered himself. 'He was the nearest in spirit and in conduct to his Divine Lord and Master of any man I have met in the world,' wrote another old Indian civilian, Sir Frederick Cunningham. Religion was to him not so much a thing to live for as life itself. I have searched his writings, not merely his public works, but his private records, for any signs of intellectual doubt. Scepticism left him unmoved, because he knew God.

He realized with no false modesty that he was sent by God with a special message to his generation. It was his mission to preach an Indian Christ to the Indians, and to help to sweep away the idea of the Christian's God as a respectable Deity in silk hat and frock coat. Here, his knowledge from childhood of the Indian people and his studies of the Indian philosophy enabled him to put himself in the mental attitude of the Hindu. He agreed with Babu Keshab Chandar Sen, when he once declared that India would accept Christ when He took off His hat and trousers and boots. He delighted to tell the story of the Indian leader, Sadr Amin, who presided at a Salvation Army Meeting and was afterwards asked by the English district magistrate why he, a strict Hindu, had done so. 'Had I seen Christianity before like this,' came the reply, 'I should myself have been a Christian.'

Thanks to this method of approach, many of the warmest friends of the Salvation Army were found among the Hindu and Mohammedan peoples. Its chief appeal was to the poor, men of low caste and of no caste; but men of position and authority also welcomed it, asked Tucker to speak before them, and invited their friends to hear him. The one caste that

remained untouched was the Brahmins, and every effort to reach them seemed for long in vain.

His vision of capturing all India for Christ was not allowed to shut out the immediate practical aim of making all the individual Converts that he could by his own personal efforts. Year by year he kept a diary, in a little volume issued by the Salvation Army for the use of its Officers. At the end of this volume is, as is customary with diaries, a cash balance page. Tucker's cash balance page was filled, in every volume that I have seen, with an analysis of the number of people who had come seeking God at the Meetings that he had led, or through his own individual efforts. The total was often hundreds in a month, thousands in a year. The average of each month was compared with other months and with the similar month in previous years, with the precision of an actuary preparing a balance sheet. When the figures were lower, Tucker openly mourned and secretly resolved in soul to discover the reason why. When the figure was high, it meant that he had reached a fresh standard to which he was ever in future to aim. 'Souls! God give me souls!' was the cry of his heart day by day.

He was alive to his finger-tips. If he had times of deep depression, he seldom showed them. He seemed to rejoice in hard problems, and the greater the difficulties, the more fertile were his schemes to overcome them.

Commissioner Brengle, who served under him for some time in the United States, sends me an anecdote which may well come here, because it reveals the outstanding characteristics of the man, both in India and America.

'On one occasion,' writes Commissioner Brengle, 'during his absence in the far West, vicious and demoralizing attacks were made upon the Army. Discouragement sat on every face, but he returned with his infectious smile and cleared the ground for action and rallied every one with a jest. He said we reminded him of the commander who had met the enemy and been defeated. He wired Great H.Q.: "We have engaged the enemy and are now retreating in splendid order, while he follows in great confusion." And then he threw back his head and gave one of his hearty, chuckling laughs, while we all laughed with him and were ready for attack once more.'

As told earlier, he had two apparently opposite qualities. He was at once a dreamer and a capable and alert man of affairs.

He planned great schemes of land settlement, the creation of new industries for the poor, and the like, with far-sighted exactitude. In his latter years, the heads of governments constantly sought his advice and counsel in dealing with great social issues. He advised in the establishment of new Indian industries and advised wisely. In the expansion of the Salvation Army in India he saw ahead, laid down lines of progress stretching far into the future and carefully guarded against possible difficulties. For example, one of his instructions to his assistants when seeking new barracks for the Army work, was to be careful to obtain buildings which, if necessary, could be used for other purposes when no longer wanted by the Army, if such eventuality should arise.

He encouraged the growth of eucalyptus trees in order to clear up swampy land and destroy the breeding places of the malaria-spreading mosquito. He introduced the cassava plant, with its prolific growth of

tubers, in the hot sands of India, a plant that could be ground into flour to meet famine. He obtained the thornless cactus from Luther Burbank for cattle fodder to provide much-needed cattle food.

He knew that he was the leader of a great enterprise, aiming to change the life of the people of a mighty Empire. He realized that this could only be done by great efforts, great sacrifices, and far-reaching plans. He did not hesitate to sacrifice everything himself, nor did he hesitate to call upon his helpers to do the same. He believed that he and they must sacrifice to the utmost possible limit, and he would sometimes say that the only way to discover what that limit was, was to go beyond it.

But on the other hand, he was a dreamer. His quick mind saw numerous aspects of every question. Every day would bring some fresh aspects of life to him, which he would debate freely with all his colleagues. Some of these dreams developed into very substantial actualities, as, for instance, his dream of recreating a silk industry. Others did not. Of the notions that proved impracticable, one of the most novel was the idea of fighting the plague in India by importing cats. Medical research had proved that the chief means of spreading the plague in India is the rat. There are no cats in India, so Tucker resolved to import a number of cats to devour the rats. Alas ! in the end, the rats ate the cats !

## IX

### LIVING ON LITTLE

TUCKER and his associates started out with the avowed purpose of living as like the poorer Indian people as was possible. The maximum allowance for maintenance that any Officer was expected to draw was—apart from rent—the equivalent of 3s. 6d. a week. Vegetarianism was made after a time compulsory for all. Europeans and Indians were treated as nearly alike as was possible.

It must not be imagined that the leaders forced self-denial on their followers. The Officers themselves, in many cases, suggested plans for further simplifying their lives. The danger was lest many of them should push their self-denial to such extremes as to ruin their health and make them unfit for the work.

When Tucker first landed in Bombay, the European boots of his little band aroused general ridicule, for they were quite out of keeping with Indian costume. They tried to mend matters by wearing Indian shoes on stockinged feet, but this proved impossible. Then Tucker resolved to abandon boots and foot covering altogether and to go about barefooted like the poorest of the Indian coolies and beggars. This involved very great suffering. The fierce heat of the Indian soil

at midday burns the foot of the European almost as though he were treading over hot plates. To harden the feet so that a man could walk unshod through the sands meant a long and trying process.

In his early experiments Tucker was incapacitated for weeks as the result of one short walk. Men could apparently receive sunstroke on the feet as they did on the head. Yet, when Tucker led, his helpers followed, and for a time the Salvationists were seen regularly barefooted in the streets of the cities and in the country.

The dress was changed to make it more in keeping with real Indian costume. Blankets were abandoned for sacking, as being both simpler and more economical. The Salvationists not only lived in the native quarters and on the native food, but learnt to eat with their fingers in place of knives and forks. General Booth had told them to get into the skin of the Indian people and to become as far as possible Indian in thought and mind. They took Indian names. They wore Indian caste marks on their foreheads, the special mark of the Salvation Army, yellow, red, and blue. A few even married Indian wives. Here, however, common sense intervened. There was a strong feeling against this step and it received no support from Tucker himself. It was no purpose of the Salvation Army to be the parent of a new race of Eurasians.

What was the effect of all this on the Indian people themselves? This question was well answered in an article in a native paper, the *Sind Times*:

> We doubt whether since the days of St. Xavier there ever landed in India a more enthusiastic and devoted Christian band than the Salvationists who have renounced their home, their country, their nationality, their dress,

their food, their modes and manner of life, their worldly prospects and enjoyments, their all in all, to serve the Saviour who saved them, and to save the heathen from the clutches of sin. This is a spectacle which can command honour, respect and admiration from any one. Is it any humiliation to Englishmen that a number of their countrymen, fired with an admirable zeal to save themselves and to save others from the meshes of sin, abandoning their homes and relations, have come to India and adopted native ways of living, acting, moving and preaching? If anything, the Salvationists are destined to inspire in the Indian mind love and respect for Englishmen, and to bring India and England into closer bonds of union. . . . The Salvationists have humbled themselves; they are trying to win a way to the native heart by piety, by love, and by compromise; they have thrown their heart and soul into their work, and they have the consuming fire of enthusiasm which alone is very contagious.

Undoubtedly, the lot of many of the Officers who came out from Europe to assist in the evangelization of India was very hard. They had to abandon all the comforts of civilization which even the humblest man can command at home. The fierce heat, the native food, and the tumult of life in the quarters of the poor, tried them hard. They were exposed to serious tropical diseases unknown at home, and they lacked all the protection that the ordinary European has in India against physical ill.

Language was a great problem. Most of the Army Officers who arrived in India had had little or no experience in language study, and they were called upon to master some of the most difficult tongues in the world.

There are in India five distinct root languages with hundreds of variants. These five, Hindustani,

Gujerati, Cingalese, Hindee, and Tamil, are totally unlike one another. Even their script differs, and the Indian people are without the common form of writing by which the hundreds of millions of eastern Asia, Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans, can exchange ideas by writing, even when they cannot speak to one another. Hindustani has Persian characters; Hindee has Sanskrit; the others have their own, and the very variety of these characters adds enormously to the difficulty of understanding.

The Salvation Army carried on its work in all the five root languages, and published Song Books and *War Crys* in them. But it was found necessary as a rule to confine European Officers to some one country and one language. From the moment they were assigned to India the duty of learning one of the languages was constantly urged upon them and every facility given to learn. On shipboard going out they had constant lessons. When they arrived they were urged to speak as far as possible only to natives. Even if they had intimate friends among the English population, they were discouraged from visiting them. They must live among the people, talk only with the people, think in their way and, if possible, think in the language which they were learning.

The lessons were taught with chalk upon a blackboard and were made as simple as possible. They began with prayer, and sometimes, when things were specially difficult, the learners fell on their knees and prayed to God for help.

'I well remember,' said Tucker on one occasion, 'an illiterate lad, the son of drunken parents in England, but very devout and fervent. After a language lesson he almost lost heart; but dropping on his

knees, he cried out, "O Lord, Thou knowest that I know nothing of grammar and the language is very difficult. One thing I know: Thou canst teach me if Thou wilt." In less than five months I had the pleasure of hearing the lad fluently address a large native congregation in their own language.'

The majority of Officers were able to lead Meetings within three months, give short addresses within six months, and to carry on their work generally with reasonable accuracy and fluency within a year.

Tucker made light of difficulties and would not adopt the martyr pose for himself or for his followers. In a little statement which he drew up, *All About the Salvation Army in India*, he pointed out that the very things which Europeans criticized most severely in the methods of The Army were part and parcel of the religious practices of India and were regarded as natural by Indian audiences.

Often have we to defend Europeans for attacking the Army, or rather to explain why so many Europeans dislike and oppose the Army. They cannot at all understand why the drum should be objected to, and still more strange does it appear that any one should dislike noise in religion. Their own worship is so much connected with incessant tom-toming, enthusiasm and noise, that they do not understand the advocates of quiet religion. Reality and sincerity of heart are to them intimately connected with a more or less loud and demonstrative confession with the lips; as for uniforms, does not every Hindu mark his forehead with the special brand of his favourite god, while scarce a devotee renounces the world without assuming the ascetic's robes. To tell an Indian that the Salvation Army disgraces the religion of the ruling class, by adopting a native dress, begging for food, and going barefoot, is of course, sheer nonsense. In the eyes of an Indian religion

means self-denial. To connect it with self-indulgence and then dress it up in a foreign garb, is to him simply disgusting.

He argued in favour of giving up English clothes on many grounds. Financially, it was a great saving, the Indian dress costing not more than one-tenth; it was suitable to the climate, for the clothes usually worn by Europeans are awkward and cumbersome, and it was also acceptable to the people. 'What huntsman would care to wear a dress that would be certain to frighten away the game he was after? If we were after the Europeans, we should try to please them in all things lawful, and, similarly, as we are after the natives, we find it necessary to become such in order to reach their hearts.' It made self-support possible. Success proved that they were right and, spiritually, it did the Officers good to come down to the level of ordinary natives.

'You object that the native food looks so nasty? Have you ever tried it? If not, how can you give an opinion? Of course, it is simply a matter of getting accustomed to it. We do not think it nasty, we enjoy it, especially when we are hungry. We find we can work just as hard upon it as we could upon English food.

'The doctors say that natives die so quick, when they are ill, and that they have got no stamina about them. This is ascribed to the food they eat.

'It may be partly true of the worst sort of food eaten by the very lowest class, but it is not true of the good food eaten by an ordinary native. As for dying quick, it would be hard for natives to die quicker than many Europeans do in India, and as for want of stamina, you don't see much of it in the strongest Englishman, when he is "down" with fever. For ourselves, we can usually get the better sort of food, and yet live ever so much

cheaper than we should as Europeans. We have got Officers who have lived on it for years and are enjoying even better health than many who have eaten English food all the time.

'Does it not lower you in the eyes of the people to beg for food; and would not this weaken your influence, especially amongst your Soldiers?'

'By no means. The religious medicant is everywhere respected and well received. In many places he is actually worshipped. You see, natives are intensely religious, and they are accustomed in this particular way to support their own religious teachers. It is the easiest and least burdensome way to do it. And after all, what is the difference between this and ordinary church collections, the one being taken in cash, and the other in kind? It is no use to ask the people for money, but food they have all got and willingly give. In this way self-support becomes not only possible, but easy, and natural.'

'But surely it is not scriptural! Does not David say, that he had been young and was then old, and yet he had never seen the righteous begging their bread?'

'Then what about beggar Lazarus, who was laid daily at the rich man's gate? Besides, if you want to find scriptural authority for it, you must try to find the same for church offerings, collecting cards and boxes. They are quite as unscriptural as in this sense begging. The fact is, there is no rule laid down on the matter. We have no right to burden the people for our support, and yet we must get it from them. Hence, if anything, it would at least be more sinful to take money than food from them, because it would be more burdensome to those among whom we labour, many of whom seldom have got such a thing as money in their possession, while all have got food.

'Is it true that you live in common mud huts, just like the natives?'

'Yes, and we find them much more suitable for our purposes, than the bungalows in which Europeans live.

You see, if you have a bungalow, then you must pay a good rent for it, and you can't have it empty, so you must buy a good lot of expensive furniture to fit it up. Then you must, of course, have several servants to look after it. In this way expenses run up. At this rate, it would cost us at least Rs. 100 to Rs. 150 a month for each pair of Officers. Besides, the common people will not come to these bungalows. We should be quite as cut off from the natives as we see other Europeans to be.'

'But I am sure it must be very unhealthy for you?'

'Why more so than a bungalow? The climate affects Europeans to a certain degree wherever they may be, but we do not find, as a matter of experience, that it affects us more in our huts than it does others in their fine houses. Quite the contrary. One thing that kills many Europeans in India is simply worry, and that we are free from.'

'But I should think you would be sure to catch infectious diseases going about so much among the natives?'

'Of course we have to incur a certain amount of risk, but not so much as is met daily by doctors and nurses in hospital. Surely we ought to be ready to do as much. Besides, God is able to take care of us, and has done so in a wonderful way.'

'But the natives are so dirty. I once caught my cook straining the soup in a filthy pocket handkerchief! (some say stocking).'

'You must not judge all the natives by this particular individual. I am sure I could find some dirtier specimens of Englishmen in some of the London slums. What would you say if I took such a one as a specimen of your nation and said, "The English people are so dirty!"? As a rule, the natives are very clean. You will find the floors of the poorest nicely cow-dunged and swept, while all round the house and yard everything is kept neat. Their clothes and bodies are constantly washed, and the brass cooking vessels glitter in the sun, without a speck of dirt upon them.'

'But they seem to have such a lot of vermin about them. I have actually seen them sitting outside their houses picking the lice from one another's heads.'

'This applies only to the very poorest classes, who answer to your English lodging-house frequenters. Don't you know how such people and places swarm with vermin? Would you not be indignant if we were to describe the whole English nation as being infested with vermin because these are? You know that nobody likes vermin, and you easily make excuses for those who, in your country, live in such places that they cannot possibly escape from them. Instead of blaming them, you blame Government and the rich for allowing them to live in such places, and call out for such reforms as will remove these abuses.'

'I can understand your making it a rule for your native Officers to live in such a way, but it seems to me to be unreasonable to expect it of Europeans.'

'You see, it is impossible to make any such distinctions. If our English Officers lived in the ordinary European style, the natives would feel it very hard that they could not do the same. It is well known that a very bitter feeling exists in many missions for this very reason. In some cases, the natives have succeeded in getting their salaries raised almost to a level with the Europeans.'

General Booth himself well understood the serious difficulties of the task. He was as keen to avoid Europeanism as was Tucker himself, but he was equally desirous of keeping the self-sacrificing zeal of the Officers within bounds. He aimed to go out to India and see things for himself, and, meanwhile, he sent messages of encouragement, of warning, and of fatherly advice. He told the pioneers that they must not be discouraged if success did not come to them as quickly as they hoped. He bade them, when feeling oppressed and wellnigh overwhelmed by a

sense of separation from their comrades, to remember that, with constant love and eagerness, hundreds of thousands of others were watching for the news of every soul saved and every Soldier enlisted in India :

We cannot expect that your success should be so rapid as in countries where the people are without religion, and can easily be attacked on the ground of common conviction.

We know that even when you have become thoroughly familiar with the languages, it may in some cases be years before you can understand the people as fully as you have understood your own countrymen, and without a thorough understanding of what the people think and feel, it must be impossible for you to know how best to appeal to their hearts. You have, in fact, to lay siege to India with no previous experience, except it be that of the prophets and apostles to assist you in the great task of turning the people from ' dumb idols to serve the living God.'

You will, therefore, above all things, have need of a great and patient faith. God has sent you. He has assisted you so far, many of you already, to a wonderful extent, and by clinging to Him there can be but one result. He means to subdue the nations under us. Let us expect nothing less, and above all let us be content and resolved faithfully to persevere and do our part, whatever we may or may not see, until the grand result is attained.

## X

### THE BEGGAR'S BOWL

FAKIRISM was a step still further. It meant that Tucker and his followers were to set out barefooted, clad as the poorest native beggar, toiling through the hot roads and the sandy desert without means and with nothing but a beggar's bowl by which they were to ask their food, as they preached the Gospel. It is true that a multitude of native fakirs lived in this fashion, but they had been hardened to the life from infancy and had experienced no better.

Tucker led the way. 'I must cross the line to find where the line is,' he answered people who taxed him with going too far. 'But I never ask others to do what I myself have not already done.' He set out, sometimes with a companion, sometimes by himself, wandering from village to village and from town to town, preaching Christ. For bedding, he had sacking; for clothing, the turban and the dhoty of the native; and for provision, the bowl in which he asked his food. Over some parts he and his companion travelled in the third class on the train, crowded, odorous, alive. Even tramping through the villages and lying down under the palm trees was preferable to this.

THE WHITE FAKIR

*'While he slept, the people of the village . . . felt his feet to see if they were hard and horny like their own.'* (*Page* 104)

They talked with people by the way, explained their aims and purpose, and sought to win them. To the Hindu fakirs they came as fakirs. In some villages the leading men asked them into their homes. In others, they received the hospitality of the poorest. They were not now sahibs, but men of the people, and it could no longer be said of them that they preached an English Christ, for they talked in Indian idioms. Tucker in particular absorbed the Indian mentality and style of speech. He fell into the habit of thinking in pictures and speaking in parables, in order to reach the untutored minds of the low caste and outcast people among whom he now found himself.

In one journey he came across a Mohammedan *maulvi* and they discussed religion together. 'I do not understand,' said the Mohammedan severely, 'why, if you people profess to believe in your religion, you do not obey its commands. God forbade His people to eat the unclean beast (the pig), and yet you Christians eat it.' This, it may be noted, is a point frequently raised.

'If it is any help to you,' said Tucker, 'I will never touch the flesh of the unclean beast again.' And he never did! In keeping with his promise, pork and bacon were cut out of his diet for the rest of his life.

Some time afterwards he visited Ceylon, where a wonderful work had sprung up under the Army Banner. He had only enough money to pay his fare and nothing left for food during the six days' journey by sea. Immediately before his departure he met one of his Officers who had two dozen biscuits. These he shared equally with Tucker, and the Commissioner went aboard as a deck passenger with no other food.

Some of the Mohammedan firemen invited him to come and talk to them, and he went gladly. They began to ask him about how he was living, for they had noticed that he was not going to any meals.

'You Mohammedams have your fast days,' said Tucker, 'why should I not have fast days, too?'

But the firemen were not to be put off. They insisted that the Commissioner should stay with them as their guest while on the voyage, live with them, and share their meals. They told him that they had a holy man, a *maulvi*, on board who was serving as postmaster and who was a great teacher, and they took him to his office. There he found that the *maulvi* was the same Mohammedan teacher who had raised the question of eating the flesh of the unclean beast.

The *maulvi* greeted him like a long-lost brother. 'I cannot argue with him,' he told the firemen. 'He is a man of God. He lives for God.' Then he turned to Tucker. 'You remember your promise,' he said, 'that you would never eat the unclean beast again?' 'Yes,' replied Tucker, 'and I have not.'

Mohammedans are the most difficult of all men to evangelize. Approached by ordinary means, they seem untouchable and wholly unresponsive. But Tucker first won the confidence, affection, and goodwill of the Mohammedan workers before trying to win them to his faith, thus paving the way to a better comprehension of the Christian's God.

Sometimes people turned against him. There were rare villages where every door was closed and where even drinking water was refused—the most terrible of hardships. Once, in Gujerat, Tucker and Colonel Weerasooriya were practically expelled from a village when they reached it, the people saying that they

did not want to hear them, or know anything about them.

Tired and footsore, they rested under the shade of a tree and fell asleep. The villagers began to feel remorseful, for the Indians are naturally hospitable and kindly folk. Some of the elders remarked on the harshness of expelling holy men in this way, and they went outside the village to see what had happened to them. They noticed that the two strangers were asleep, and called one another's attention to the fact that one of them, although a European, was yet going barefooted. They knew that for a European to travel without boots was the very height of self-sacrifice.

'We will feel his feet to see if they are soft like a European's or hard like an Indian's,' they whispered, and bending down quietly they satisfied themselves that the feet were soft and badly blistered through long walking in the hot sand.

They turned reproachfully to one another. 'This man has sacrificed for us and we have turned him away without food or drink.'

Then they withdrew, and Tucker woke up and started reading his Bible. 'In accordance with Indian custom,' writes Commissioner Bullard, 'instead of at once approaching them, the villagers sat down without words, about a dozen yards from them, watching them silently.

'The Major, ignorant of what had happened, and seeing them apparently curious and interested, invited them near and entered into conversation with them. They listened to what he had to say, and asked a few questions, and then finished by inviting them to have food in their village and to preach to them.

'That evening, after the villagers had all returned from the fields, the sun was set, the evening meal cooked and eaten, the men and many of the women gathered round in the bright moonlight and listened, and drank in the message of God's love and Salvation in word and song.

'At the close of the Meeting several came to the front as seekers. This started a great spiritual awakening in the district, in connexion with which several thousand people professed Salvation. The Major sent to Bombay for more helpers and the revival spread.'

'So I preached the best sermon I have ever given when I was asleep!' Tucker said afterwards, when recalling the occasion.

The incident proved a turning point in the work in Gujerat and to-day, in the district where the two Salvationists were thus turned away, there are 25,000 members of the Salvation Army.

The price demanded for fakirism was heavy. Many of the Europeans broke down in health; some died. Those who could not stand the life were transferred to other lands. The barefooted problem was solved by the adoption of sandals, which were found to be comfortable under all circumstances and sufficiently in keeping with Indian conditions not to arouse remark. The severe strain of the climate on European Officers was modified in time by providing better accommodation, still of the very simplest nature, but more possible for people not hardened to the conditions of this land. Rest houses in the hills and similar provisions for the maintenance of health were initiated.

But the great effort had done its work. Fakirism was like the desperate frontal attack of an army in war on an apparently impregnable enemy position.

The enemy position was stormed. The splendid and costly self-sacrifice of these early Salvationists conquered the heart of the Indian people, and all the magnificent accomplishments of subsequent years have been built upon it. Indians have been taught for generations untold to look upon self-sacrifice as the essential element in real religion. Buddha's self-sacrifice, when he abandoned wife and home in his search for faith, dominates the Eastern mind. Gandhi's great appeal to this day is that he has given up all for his cause.

Now came conversions among the non-Christian population, first in units, then in scores and then in great numbers. From a hundred points in the Punjab, in Bengal, and in Ceylon, Hindus and Mohammedans began to flock to Christ.

Tucker himself was called on to pay the price of victory. Mrs. Tucker, living in the native quarter of Bombay, gladly endured hardship. She did much to win and consolidate the good opinion of the missionary churches there to the Army, and her power as a preacher was widely recognized. Her energy and enthusiasm amazed all who came in contact with her. She squandered her strength in the fight, but, much older in years than her husband, she suffered more than most. She and the Commissioner were, of necessity, much apart, for he was spending most of his time travelling throughout the land. As the Army grew in strength it became evident that he would in future remain more and more in Bombay to organize and control the growing Staff there. Both of them greatly looked forward to this time when they could be more together, but it was not to be.

Word came to Tucker, when he was in Ceylon, that his wife was ill. He set out at once to reach her, but he had only got to Raichore when news arrived of her death. He was too late even for the funeral, which, as is usual in India, had to take place quickly. She died on the Sunday at midnight, her last words being 'Jesus is present, I am ready,' and she was buried next day. 'She laid down her life for India,' men testified.

## XI

### GROWTH

THE Indian division was now growing rapidly. Tucker, with the rank of Commissioner, found the work of directing its varied activities more and more exacting. But he was never a man to allow routine business to absorb his life. He left the lesser things, affairs of details, as far as possible to his assistants, and concentrated on the big tasks, the planning of new campaigns, visiting stations, and inspiring enthusiasm.

Some things which others might have thought of little importance, loomed large to him. For example, before the death of Mrs. Tucker he was concerned over the question of increasing the circulation of *The War Cry*, so one day husband and wife went out into the streets of Madras and sold between six and seven hundred copies, their example stimulating effort throughout the Army.

He devoted much time to a study of the men under him, analysing their qualities, their strength, and their weaknesses. These he carefully recorded and constantly revised. Their sincerity, their facility for learning languages, their fervour in winning souls, and their common-sense avoidance of unnecessary trouble, were all dissected.

Here are some of his notes:

A. Health has been very bad for the past two months through reckless exposure and carelessness. Has suffered from dysentery and fever and has been a long time in hospital. Is a splendid young fellow, and though slow at the language will make us a fine young D.O. (Divisional Officer) in the future. Is much loved by the people and looks well after them.

B. Also sick, brought on in the same way. One of the best at the language and much loved by the people. A first-rate Officer, very able and devoted, much tried by sickness.

C. A thoroughly good fellow and getting on well with the language, though not so successfully as some others. A valuable Officer. Health never better in his life.

D. Good, patient, hard-working, but rather slow. Is liked by the natives, but has not sufficient dash and go.

E. Thoroughly good, but rather slow and heavy.

F. Very slow at the language, but made good progress lately, and can talk freely to the people now. Likely to make us a valuable Officer. Much liked by the people.

G. Good at the language, but rather slow and heavy. Unsuccessful at stations. Still, is godly and very reliable.

Tucker liked his people to be practical, and expected their religious enthusiasm to be guided by common sense. He did not like silliness, flirtatiousness, or empty emotionalism. When a man launched out in extravagant speech, he asked if it was true; when some came along with high, self-stated spiritual claims, he could, if he doubted their reality, deal with them with the incisiveness of the traditional Anglo-Indian official. If a thing was not sincere, it was of

no account. If a thing was not true, it was wrong, however well it might sound. Religion, honour, honesty, and common sense seemed to him necessarily joined together. In administering Army affairs he almost unconsciously employed the standard of English public school life. He had no room for sneaks or tale-tellers. He expected those working with him to do their tasks without whimpering or shirking. It was his business to do all that he could for their welfare, and he did it ; but they, on their side, must show courage and must not shrink back from a thing merely because it was hard or unpleasant.

Under the constitution of the Salvation Army, the General is in supreme direction of the Work all over the world. The Commissioner in charge of a Territory operates under the General's directions and instructions. As far as possible he has a free hand, subject to the doctrines, the rules and regulations, and established procedure of the Army. If the Territory is not self-supporting and has to receive subsidies and grants from the central funds, a strict control is exercised over its extra-ordinary expenditure. Travelling Commissioners, representing International Headquarters, visit different countries, stirring up spiritual zeal, examining methods of organization, and advising on fresh developments.

In the late eighties the tendency was to make the central control somewhat rigid ; in recent times the tendency has been to give the different Territories increased autonomy within the lines of the Army's principles and methods.

To the young and struggling Indian Division the London control was of great value, even though it may have proved at times somewhat irksome. The

little band in India realized that it was not an isolated group working on its own, but part of a great and growing world Organization. General Booth watched over its every step, advising, inspiring, and sometimes admonishing. He held the Indian effort up as a model and example to Soldiers of the Army throughout the world. As London was able, it gave increased financial aid, and sent out still more Officers.

One task which Tucker could not well leave to any one else was the final supervision of the books and papers issued in English and in the different vernaculars. The ways of the native printers were weird and wonderful, and some of their errors difficult to check. Here is a typical note from him to his representative at Headquarters, a note written under a palm tree in a little village in Ceylon :

> The last *War Cry* is an immense improvement, so far as matter and arrangement go. It is really the best *War Cry* we have had for more than a year past, and I am sure the General will be very pleased with it. However, it is full of clerical errors, mistakes, and wrong punctuation. I could not help laughing at a bit in the third paragraph of 'Write'—'We *while* manage the spelling.' There is also a horrible mistake in 'Deborah.' Instead of 'The wells where once the women met,' you have got, 'She wi'lls where once the women met,' which is, of course, pure nonsense. Could you not get Colonel —— to help you with this part of the matter? It will be so much labour for you to cover it all yourself, and yet it does require to be attended to.

The first work of the Army had been mainly in the cities. Here, the great difficulty was that when Converts were made among the Indian population, they mostly disappeared, for their families smuggled

them away or kept them away by force if need be. The Hindus were willing to listen, but the moment a man or woman declared his or her intention of abandoning the ancient faith and becoming a Christian, caste and family opposition became exceedingly active. The Convert was ill-treated, often being physically assaulted. If he persisted, he was thrown out of his family and abandoned by his caste. It was this that made Tucker resolve to look more and more away from the great towns to the villages and to seek to convert them.

In planning this, he was aided by a very remarkable young Cingalese Convert, whose name has already been mentioned, Arnolis Weerasooriya, the son of a heathen mother and a Christian father. His father had gone through all the experiences of persecution when he became a Christian, wife and family forsaking him, and only being won back after considerable effort. Arnolis, a nominal Christian, was a student at Trinity College, Kandy, and after graduating became a teacher there. At college he had remarkably vivid spiritual experiences, and developed into an active, devout Christian. One day he attended a Meeting of the Salvation Army at Kandy and listened to Captain Gladwin, dressed in native clothes, preaching Christ.

The fact that a man of the West should sacrifice his Western dress and adopt Eastern costume better to reach the people of the East, went straight to Weerasooriya's heart.

'Here,' said he, 'is some one who loves Christ better than myself.' He made up his mind there and then that he would join the Salvation Army. When his family heard it they did everything they could

to dissuade him, even keeping him a prisoner in his room for two weeks. In the end his resolution conquered, and he was one of the first Cadets in the new Army Training Home for Officers in Madras.

His personality impressed every one. Tucker saw him and perceived that here was a prize indeed. 'During a brief visit that I paid to Madras,' he said, 'I realized that our newly-arrived Cadet possessed remarkable natural gifts, as well as a special baptism of the Holy Ghost, which would make him extremely valuable for the Salvation of India. I felt that God had sent us the kind of man who would help to unlock India's heart for the Saviour, whom he so passionately loved himself—a prophet, and more than a prophet. I was not disappointed.'

It was with Weerasooriya as his assistant that Tucker started his campaign for capturing the villages, launching a campaign in the Gujarat villages which marked a new step forward. The early suspicion of the Army among the British element was now rapidly dying away. In some places magistrates and police were inclined to be troublesome, but, as a rule, the official authorities were exceedingly friendly. The Press was adopting a different tone. It had noticed that these workers were sincere, and contact had dissipated the first fears of charlatanism. One great Calcutta daily revealed this in its comments.

If the Salvation Army can prove that Christianity is really the religion of the poor; that it can doff lavender coloured breeches and Christy's patent helmets to put on the mendicant's ochre garb, that it can dance, shout, and march with the ordinary proletarian poor human nature from the mill, mine, and workshop; if the Salvation Army can prove that, it will have done enough service towards

the future evangelization of India. It has, after all, the sympathy between man and man that is of the utmost value. A popular movement like the Salvation Army is calculated to evoke that sympathy; and hence we do not wish to see it discouraged.

We have had enough, more than enough, of the cold nationalizing civilization of India. Let us by all means now see a little of the fire of English popular religious agitation.

Travel occupied a very great deal of the Commissioner's time. Travel in India for European officials or well-to-do business men is a very comfortable, almost luxurious affair. The railways cater for the first-class passengers sumptuously, and everything is done that can be to minimize the annoyance of heat, insects, and crowds. But for Tucker and his assistants, moving from place to place was a very difficult matter. The discomforts of third class, in the crowded native compartments, have already been mentioned. In those days there were none of the admirable motor services on the roads that now play so large a part in linking India, outside the railways. The one great means of getting from point to point was by the heavy, high-wheeled ox cart, drawn by two bullocks, springless, trying, and tiring.

Tucker would set out at night to avoid the great heat of the day, and would think himself fortunate if he had a layer of straw or of grass to break the bumpings caused when the solid cart knocked against great rocks in the roadway, or dipped suddenly into deep ruts. In some districts the journey would be made by buggy, known sometimes as a 'tick gharri,' 'yak,' or 'tonga.' Sometimes the 'ekka,' a light cart mainly of bamboo with a small seat a little

higher than the wheels would be the vehicle. There were parts where the camel was mostly in use. Tucker counted himself very fortunate where he was able to have a pony or horse, for he was a born horseman, and even the stumbling and occasionally bad-tempered beasts of the hills could not get the better of him.

News of his coming was usually circulated beforehand. The people would gather in the open air in the cool of the day to listen to him, for his visit was a flash of colour in the monotonous lives of the country folk. They were curious to see this white man who had adopted their ways, and the fact that he came to them in Indian guise created a wave of goodwill. He travelled so much that the newspapers occasionally admitted their inability to keep pace with him. 'Colonel Tucker of the Salvation Army moves about so much and so rapidly, that he is reported from two or three parts of India at the same time,' said the *Indian Witness*. In 1886 Tucker travelled 24,500 miles. Like St. Paul he was 'in journeys oft.'

What did Tucker teach the people? If one were to sum it up in three words, it would be Repentance, Restitution, and Righteousness. On one occasion an Indian wrote to him expressing his desire to get saved, but saying that he was afraid of openly confessing Christ, as he feared persecution from his mates. Would the Commissioner send him some instruction in writing? The instruction was sent back in the form of a little catechism:

1. What is Salvation?
   (*a*) The forgiveness of past sins.
   (*b*) The cleansing of the heart from indwelling sins, such as anger, pride, etc.

2. How am I to get saved ?

   (*a*) Repent of your past sins, and give them up.

   (*b*) Believe on Jesus with all your heart as your Saviour, and ask Him to forgive your sins.

   (*c*) Believe that He does do it just now.

   (*d*) Let every one around you know that He has done it.

3. But won't it be enough for me to believe on Him in my heart without confessing Him openly ?

No. If you are ashamed of Him before men, He will be ashamed of you before the angels. If you confess Him now, He will confess you then.

The work of the individual Officers going from village to village was good, but not good enough. All the time Tucker bore in mind the necessity of striking the imagination of the people. The Salvation Army was an 'Army'; therefore as an Army it must come in force. To do this, expeditions were arranged known as 'boom marches,' when a picked force of Salvationists would sweep through a section of the country, marching from village to village, holding Meetings, winning Converts and arousing universal interest. They would then march on elsewhere, leaving an Officer in charge to consolidate the work. These 'boom marches' were a great success.

The year 1886 witnessed some great advances. Late in the previous autumn Tucker was called to London for a conference with the General and the Chief of Staff, about the development of Indian work. There were many problems to face and many difficulties to overcome. One important result of this conference was the appointment of Colonel Weerasooriya as Chief of Staff, second in command of the Indian Army.

To place a native over a number of Officers who were mainly European, was thought at the time to be a very daring and even dangerous move, but one of the fundamental ideas of the Army in India was, and is, that there shall be no colour bar, merely because of colour. Where a man of Indian birth proves his capacity, he is given the same opportunity as an Englishman. Colonel Weerasooriya had shown such wonderful qualities as a spiritual leader, as an organizer, and as a man of God, that he seemed marked out for this place. The experiment splendidly justified itself. Weerasooriya proved himself a mighty second in command, and in the few years that intervened before he died what was almost a martyr's death, he accomplished great things that endure to this day. He demonstrated, as men like Commissioner Yamamuro in Japan have since demonstrated, the ability to reach the hearts of their own people in their own way, with a message of Christ, as no foreigner can. To-day, most of the leaders and nine-tenths of the Officers of the Indian Army are Indians.

In the summer of 1886 Tucker, Weerasooriya, and a group of Indian Officers attended the International Congress of the Salvation Army in London. This great Council of the Church, when the leaders from all over the world met together, was an affair of tremendous significance. It gave Tucker and his Indian helpers the opportunity of emphasizing the claims of the East on the people of England. When they returned they were accompanied by forty British Officers, selected from nearly four times as many who had volunteered for service in Asia. Of these forty, thirty-five were going out for the first time.

They travelled from England to Ceylon in a ship, the *Clan Ogilvy*, of which the entire passenger accommodation was reserved for them. Surely, never had there been such a sea journey before. Day by day the Officers spent their time in prayer, lectures, and language study. They organized a band, and every one was able to play at least one instrument before Colombo was reached. When they arrived in Ceylon, where they were all to be stationed, a triumphal arch was erected to welcome them, and a big step forward in the Cingalese work was at once taken.

## XII

### TUCKER BECOMES BOOTH-TUCKER

THE advance of the Army in India was hampered by severe poverty. There was very little money available, despite the fact that every possible expense had been reduced to a minimum. The War Chest, as the treasury of the Army was called, was chronically bare.

The total income of the Headquarters of the Indian Territory in 1885 was considerably under £3,000. A little over one-third of this was a grant from London; the remainder had been raised by the most persistent and often heart-breaking efforts. Friends and sympathizers were enlisted as Auxiliaries; appeals were sent out broadcast, and Tucker had to plead his cause in person to all kinds of men. This gathering-in of funds was in many ways the most heart-breaking work of all that fell to him, and nothing but dire necessity drove the Commissioner to it. On all sides opportunities were passing that could not be seized because of lack of means.

There was so much to be done with the money. The fares of the party that had gone to the Congress in London had to be met, and the passages of outcoming Officers paid. There was a Training Home to support,

rent for Headquarters to be met, printers to be fed, sick Officers to be tended, Divisional Staffs in Gujerat, Madras, and Ceylon to be maintained, and poor Corps aided.

When the finances of the Indian Territory were at their most desperate point, the annual week of Self-Denial came round, the time when the Soldiers, by still greater effort and self-sacrifice, raise a large part of the funds that keep the administrative and missionary work of the Army going. The Indian Territory had raised £10 the previous year; this time, it set its target at £100, and reached it.

What was to be done with this—to them—great sum? The Officers in charge of the Indian finances strongly urged that it should be kept for use there. Their War Chest was bare, and they did not know where to turn for cash. Tucker decided otherwise. 'We must send it all to London,' he declared, and to London it went.

Almost at the same time as the £100 reached England, Tucker was one morning opening his mail when out of an envelope there came a draft for £5,000, and with it a letter from Mr. C. T. Studd, the well-known lay missionary then in China, but since then for many years in mid-Africa, saying that God had impelled him to send this to help on the Army's work in India, although he had to sell out some of his capital to do so.

Is there any need to tell who the Studds are? Mr. Edward Studd, a country gentleman of the finest type, was one of Moody's converts during his first evangelistic campaign in England. Mr. Studd's sons were charged with their father's religious and philanthropic enthusiasm. C. T. Studd, a famous University

cricketer, was one of 'the Cambridge seven,' whose departure as missionaries to China aroused so much interest in the eighties. One Studd was the right-hand man of Quintin Hogg in his wonderful work for the young men of London at the Regent Street Polytechnic, and not long since served as Lord Mayor of London. He, like his brother, has long been a warm friend of the Salvation Army.

Tucker saw the hand of God in this gift. He often said afterwards that C. T. Studd's £5,000 was the foundation, humanly speaking, of the Salvation Army in India. With it, the Bombay Headquarters were purchased, and advances in all directions made possible.

It was decided to enlarge the bounds of the Work on a scale hitherto unknown in missionary annals. This was the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria, when emperors and kings, princes and rulers from all over the world came to join in the celebration of her fifty years' reign. The Salvation Army would have its jubilee celebration, General Booth resolved, by sending fifty Officers to India.

While, under Salvation Army regulations, every Officer is supposed to be ready to go anywhere when commanded, the Officers are not, unless under very exceptional circumstances, sent to new countries unless they are willing. In the case of India, in particular, where conditions were so hard, it was felt that none must go except of his or her own free will. No secret was made of the conditions they would have to face and the hardships they must endure, and the appeal was made in a way that would ensure only the best coming forward.

One hundred and fifty volunteered, and there came

the task of selecting from among this number the fifty most suitable. General Booth sent for Tucker to return to London in order to help in the work.

In London Tucker came constantly in contact with General Booth's second daughter, Emma. Tucker and the General's family had, from the time of his first joining the Army, established and maintained close personal relations. As was told in an earlier chapter, the General and Mrs. Booth looked on him almost as a son. He was welcomed in their home and shared in their personal affairs to a degree permitted perhaps to no other Officer.

There are some women who are essentially mothers. Their lot in life is to cherish, to succour, and to protect. Emma Booth was one of these. From childhood she had been the protector of the weak. Her health was far from good, but her spirit had triumphed over illness. Above all, she was a woman with a great heart. Her father and mother were already beginning to look on her as the daughter who specially cared for their needs.

At the age of nineteen she was made Principal of the first Training Home for women-Officers, a college of Salvation that grew until, before many years, there were 300 Cadets in it each Session. To all of these Cadets she was 'Mother,' and remained 'Mother' until her death. She mothered them in a very real sense, and became the intimate friend, confidante, and adviser of them all. These Cadets were drawn from very varied social circles, some from the poorest of homes, some from homes of wealth, but one and all came to adore her.

The accommodation was, of necessity, of none too elaborate a character. Food was very simple and

the surroundings plain, but Emma Booth pervaded the place with the spirit of kindness. Every Cadet felt that she had a personal interest in her, was watching over her, and guarding her. If a Cadet fell ill, the 'Mother' herself would go to her bedside, make tea for her, give her medicines, and cheer her up. Absolutely selfless and full of compassion, she won her proud title of 'Mother' by her service.

When the Cadets became Officers and left for different parts of the Field, the 'Mother' still kept in touch with them. They wrote personal letters to her, telling her their most secret troubles and pouring out their souls to her. She wrote back to them in her own handwriting, personal, intimate replies, often of great length, that are treasured by many to this day. How, amid all her other work, she kept up this constant correspondence, was a wonder to all who knew her.

Tucker noticed and admired Emma Booth in her work. Keen, practical, kindly, and direct, she went straight to the heart of things, made prompt decisions and saw that her orders were executed. There was a humanity and sympathy about her which won his heart. She was equally attracted. To her, he stood out as the most wonderful man she had ever met, a hero and a great leader.

There came a day when the Commissioner could no longer keep back his feelings. He wrote a little note, 'I love you: Can you love me?' and slipped it into her hand.

They discovered that they were of one mind, heart, and purpose. But the way before them was not altogether straight. Both the General and Mrs. Booth warmly approved of Tucker as a possible son-in-law, but the prospect of their daughter going to India

EMMA MOSS BOOTH
(Afterwards Consul Booth-Tucker)

was not wholly attractive. She was needed at home, especially since her mother's health was declining, and it was difficult to see who could replace her as Principal of the women's Training Home. But in the end all difficulties were overcome.

The Salvation Army has very definite regulations about the marriage of its Officers—rules which every one, from the highest to the lowest, must obey.

The Officer is expected to choose his partner from among Officers. He must obtain the consent of Headquarters, and he is urged to consider the subject of courtship with the utmost earnestness and prayer. He should feel that an engagement to marry is a transaction next in importance to the giving of himself to God. He should enter upon such a course as much in the spirit of Jesus Christ as he enters upon the most solemn of his duties and obligations, remembering that the great need of his life is to do the will of God and fill that position where he can best promote God's glory. His partner must be godly and a Salvationist, one adapted to the position of an Officer, capable of keeping the home and training a family to serve God and help in the fight. She should be, in disposition, adapted to make him happy, and to become a true companion, counsellor, and friend. She should have good health and her age should be suitable. All of these qualities, except good health, were found in Emma Booth.

Tucker's relations with his own family had improved. His father had become openly more reconciled to his abandonment of the Indian Civil Service, although in his heart he still disapproved of it, and gave him no financial aid. Tucker's mother, after the way of mothers, forgave her son the dis-

appointment that he had caused her, and established very cordial relations with her future daughter-in-law. His sisters were always friendly and helpful, and would have done anything to end the difficulties created by their father's resentment.

There could be no doubt to any who met them that here was a genuine love match. Each thought the other the most wonderful being in the world, and each was full of his or her unworthiness to have such a partner. This is as courtships should be.

'O Fred, you will be patient with me,' wrote Emma, when emphasizing her own shortcomings. 'Tell me what I am not, as well as what you fancy and believe I am.'

'It was a wonderful courtship that followed,' Tucker himself wrote afterwards, 'a courtship that lasted till the very end of our married life.'

They became engaged in the summer of 1887. They had only a brief time together then, for it was necessary for the Commissioner to conduct his Jubilee Fifty Officers to India. It was arranged that he should return in the following spring.

The wedding ceremony on April 10, 1888, was worthy of the occasion. It is the established rule of the Salvation Army to turn the great events of life to use. To celebrate this marriage, a special fund of £5,000 was raised as a wedding gift, for the work in India, and a fresh force of fifty volunteers was summoned for service there.

The Congress Hall, holding 5,000, was crammed to the doors, large numbers remaining outside, unable to obtain entry. General Booth presided, Mrs. Booth supporting him. The bride was dressed in Salvation Army uniform relieved by a white sash, and Tucker

himself came to the ceremony dressed as a barefooted Indian beggar. There were many on whom the sight of his bare feet in the hall and in the muddy roadway made a deeper impression than a hundred sermons could have done.

The wedding was a triumphant Salvation Army celebration. The General, forceful, dominating, and persuasive, welcomed the fact that here were others who would take up the weapons of his warfare when he was compelled to lay them down, and who would go forward to seek to spread Divine love and brotherhood of mankind.

The bride and bridegroom stood, the bride on the left, the bridegroom on the right, while the General read the Articles of Marriage to them :

' We do solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby ; but because we believe that the union will enable us better to please and serve God, and more earnestly and successfully to fight and work in the Salvation Army.

' We here promise that we will not allow our marriage in any way to lessen our devotion to God, our affection for our comrades, or our faithfulness in the Army.

' We each individually promise that we will never do anything likely to prevent the other's doing, or giving, or suffering, anything that is in his or her power to do, give, or suffer, in order to assist the Army ; believing that in so doing we shall best promote the glory of God and the Salvation of souls.

' We promise that we will use all our influence with each other to promote our constant and entire self-sacrifice in fighting in the ranks of the Army for the Salvation of the world.

' We promise always to regard our home in every way

as a Salvation Army Officer's Quarters, and to arrange it accordingly, and to train all in it, who may be under our influence and authority, for faithful and efficient service in the Army.

'We promise, whether together or apart, always to do our utmost as true Soldiers of Jesus Christ, to carry on and sustain the War, and never to allow the Army to be injured or hindered in any of its interests without doing our utmost to prevent it.

'Should either of us, from sickness, death, or any other cause, cease to be efficient Soldiers, we engage that the remaining one shall continue to the best of his or her ability to fulfil all these promises.'

The General asked them if they wished to be married upon these terms, and upon their assenting the Army Colours were held over them, and the ceremony continued.

In many ways, the most touching address that day was by Mrs. Booth, mother of the bride. It had for some weeks been clear that her health was rapidly failing, and she had cabled to her future son-in-law to return to England earlier than first arranged, for she was anxious to be present at the wedding before she died. There was a note of deep solemnity in her words:

I feel sure, dear friends, that you are not expecting me to say much this morning. The few words I do say, I should like to be as the first words I think I said twenty-five years ago, when I opened my public commission. I should like them to tend to the same result; that they should reach your hearts, and inspire every father and mother here present, so to present their children to God, that they may live to see consummated their wishes and desires in the experience of their children as I have lived to see mine fulfilled in the experience of mine.

As I listened to these Articles of Marriage of the Salvation Army, and remembered, as I did, that some persons thought them rather too strict—too severe—I looked back upon my own wedding day. I am very sorry that there was no marriage service to voice the desires, and purposes, and aspirations of my soul on that occasion, as those desires and aspirations have been voiced this morning; for God is my witness that these have not one whit exceeded those which swelled in my own heart that day, though I had no outward method of expressing them. For, before I was fifteen years of age, God had, in an especial manner, taught me what I consider the first and fundamental and all-comprehensive principle of Christ's Salvation: that every act of our lives, every relationship into which we enter, every object at which we aim, every purpose that inspires our souls, should be centred in and bounded by God and His glory, and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do—whether we marry or are given in marriage, do business, or become Salvation Army Officers—we should do all to the glory of God. . . .

When the contemplation of this union was first put before me, I confess I found more of the *mother* left in me than I had imagined. I thought the mother was almost swallowed up in the *Soldier*. I found, however, that there was much of the mother left. There was a great deal of that natural clinging to my precious child, who has been to me more than a daughter; who, in time of sickness, and in the absence of her beloved father, and in seasons of family affliction, has been to me as a husband and friend. When this marriage came before me, and I saw at a glance what it involved, and as I thought of her value to the War in this country, and especially to those who are so dear to me and to my principles—our female Officers all over the world—I staggered. The first impulse was to resist and say, 'No, it cannot be.' Then I remembered: 'But she is not yours; you gave her at her birth, and you have given her ever since. You have kept her on the altar, and

now God wants to go a step in advance of your notions of what you think will be for her physical well-being. Are you going to draw back?' I looked up to heaven and said: 'No, Lord; she in Thine. Whatever it may cost, Thou shalt have her for this particular service, if Thou dost want her.'

I want you all to do the same, not only for your children, but for yourselves. Oh, may God help you! Pray for them, for they will need your prayers very much.

Then, as is usual at Army weddings, the bride and bridegroom spoke.

It is never an easy thing for a man to make a sensible speech on his wedding day. The Commissioner, however, struck the right note and greatly delighted the big audience with his frank talk.

I should feel it was very difficult to get along if I could not reckon on God, if I could not say as my personal experience this morning, 'I count, dear Lord, upon Thee.'

I feel very happy this morning, that such an occasion should have taken place on the General's birthday; and I feel it must be an event which is being watched with interest from many portions of the world. We have a telegram from India this morning, sending their congratulations; another from America, another from Canada, sending not only congratulations, but something more substantial in the shape of a promise of twenty Officers for India; another from Holland, and others from different friends and places.

Therefore I feel that we are borne up this morning—I and my dear wife—upon the wings of the prayers of tens of thousands of God's best-beloved people, and that we can reckon upon God more than ever to support us in our new circumstances, to enable us to face our new duties, and to enable us to fulfil the vows which we have this morning made before you.

I realize that it has been a solemn thing to pledge myself in the way I have done ; but I also feel that I can do it joyfully and cheerfully, and that so far from these promises being too strict, and these conditions which have been read in your hearing too hard, that God can only ask of me my all, and that I can only offer Him the same. I feel that I cannot offer Him less, and I am glad that God does not ask of me more, but He does desire my all.

I feel glad for another reason, and that is because this month is the seventh birthday of my joining the Salvation Army. I was speaking to a gentleman who has been to our Meetings, and looked into the Work a great deal for himself. He said to me, 'Ask the Lord to guide me.' He had been, I suppose, some three or four months reading our books and looking into our Work. I said to him, 'Look here, the very first time I went into the Salvation Army, I heard the voice of God saying, 'These are to be your people.' I said at the same Meeting, 'This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God.'

I have been seven years in the Salvation Army. I am glad I settled the question that very first day. I went straight up to the General at the end of the Meeting, as I hope some of you are going to do here, and joined right away, or rather offered to join. The General did not take me at once, but asked me what I had seen of the Salvation Army. I said that it was the first Army Meeting that I had been to. He wanted to know something about who I was. I told him I had come from India, and that I had been engaged there in Her Majesty's Indian Civil Service for some four and a half years. Whilst there, I felt that God had a still more honourable calling, though I had been taught as a child to look upon that as the greatest and best calling that could possibly be had in the world.

Though I had enjoyed many earthly blessings by means of it, I felt while I was there God was calling me to a grander, nobler calling—that of winning souls for His Kingdom. I am glad that, at that very day, the first opportunity I

had, I resigned the Indian Civil Service to another, a Heavenly Civil Service, or rather a heavenly military service. I was transferred from the civil to the military right away.

Though I have come here rather on a robbing expedition, yet I feel you don't bear me a grudge, do you? I am happy on your own account, not only on my own. You ought to be awfully happy yourselves, because it is said that, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' So if I am happy this morning, I don't know how happy you should be.

There is a place in India—it is almost exactly the centre of that Empire, it is a spot where two of the greatest rivers of India unite—that has been looked upon by all the people of India as particularly sacred. Thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims flock there yearly to get their sins washed away. At that point they have founded a city, which they call 'Allahabad,' the city of God.

From that point the two rivers unite and flow through the beautiful valleys of Bengal, fertilizing the whole country. On their banks many other noble cities have been founded, and they support something like forty or fifty millions of people. At last they empty their waters into the ocean.

So, I trust this morning, it may be that the Lord has united the two streams of our lives, and that this may be a sacred spot, at which sin shall be washed away; that at this place we may be able to found a spiritual city of God, so that our united streams as we flow through the world, may be the means of Salvation to millions of people—especially being made the means of blessing that country which God has so peculiarly laid upon our hearts. I trust that, at last, when we have emptied our lives into the ocean of Salvation, we may be able to look back and see founded, all along their course, noble souls, to be monuments of our lives—people who shall worship God and serve Him, and have their sins washed away. That is the only sort of monument we want to our lives.

I am sure you will unite your prayers with ours, that it may be so, and that we may be made more than ever a blessing to mankind and the Salvation Army here upon earth.

'I cannot say very much, but I feel a great deal,' said the bride, who on this occasion did not show her usual eloquence. 'I feel that there is so much to praise God for, that I could not possibly enumerate it all this morning.'

It was announced that Commissioner Tucker was changing his name by deed poll to Booth-Tucker. In this he followed the example of General Booth's other son-in-law.

Arrangements had been made for the newly-married couple to remain in England during the summer, selecting the fresh fifty Officers and supervising their training. They were then to return to India in the autumn, the most suitable time for those not accustomed to the climate. But within a month of the marriage word came that Colonel Weerasooriya had died of cholera, caught while nursing a European Officer. There was nothing to be done but for the Commissioner to hasten back, his bride planning to follow him in the autumn.

## XIII

### THE BOOTH-TUCKER METHOD

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. Booth-Tucker joined her husband in India, and became co-Commissioner with him, taking the Indian name of Raheeman. She left home with a heavy heart, for it was now known that her mother was suffering from the most dread, and at that time the most incurable, of all diseases, cancer.

This is not the place to review stage by stage the progress of the Salvation Army in India. That has already been done in Commissioner Booth-Tucker's own book, *Muktifauj: Forty Years with The Salvation Army in India*, a book that should remain for many generations a classic in missionary literature. This is a biography and not a history of an institution. But we may ask how far was the Booth-Tucker method of evangelizing India a success, and how far did the actual accomplishments realize the dreams of the pioneer?

In the first place, what was the Booth-Tucker method? Primarily, he had as his European colleagues men and women, chosen, not for their scholarship, but for their religious zeal. The European Officers of the Salvation Army in India were drawn from

every class. Some were like Booth-Tucker himself, from old Anglo-Indian families, and a few others were professional men. But the overwhelming majority were working class, or lower middle class folk. Few had received more than an elementary school education. Some of the women-Officers had been servants; some had worked behind the counter; some had kept small homes. The men were mainly drawn from the shop, the City office, and the bench (the manual, not the judicial). The great criterion in selecting them had been their spiritual life and their success in dealing with men.

It is true that in preparing for their Indian work, they had to undertake severe intellectual work in language study. This was more difficult for most of them, because they had not the grounding which the ordinary public school boy or girl receives. But they were able to overcome this handicap. By living wholly among the people, they became adepts in the vernacular in at least as short a time as the average college graduate.

The second distinctive side of the Booth-Tucker plan was the complete adoption of native ways of life. I have dwelt so much on this in earlier chapters, that it is unnecessary to do more than mention it. Living with the Indians as Indians, the Salvation Army Officers almost unconsciously absorbed the native forms of speech and way of presenting things.

The third great feature was the utilization to the full of native help on terms of equality.

In India, as in many other parts, the native minister in the mission churches had been, as a general rule, the social inferior of the European, paid much less, below him in status, and working under him. With

the system by which the European missionary lives in European style, this can hardly be avoided, for it would be absurd to raise the average native preacher right up in the social scale, and would probably greatly harm him to do so. But where the European and the Indian live in the same way, receive the same allowance for support, and dress in the same manner, this obstacle goes.

Canon Taylor ably presented these two aspects of the work:

A barefooted regiment of three hundred Officers go for life, give up everything they have, receive no payment, and are content with a bare subsistence. They abstain from the flesh of animals, the slaughter of which is an abomination to the Hindu; they touch no alcohol; their food is a handful of rice and curry, which they beg from day to day from those to whom they minister. Like the natives, they oil their bodies with colza oil, they go barefoot, with turbans to protect them from the sun, and their dress is a few yards of calico costing about five shillings. The whole maintenance of each missionary does not exceed two shillings a week, or five pounds a year. Like the successful Moravian missionaries in South Africa or the West Indies, their object is to become natives, to live among the natives exactly as the natives live, simply exhibiting a nobler life and higher aims.

The Salvation Army treats the natives like brethren. They do not scatter their forces, but go in bands of forty or fifty together. They never argue, or discuss doctrines, or go into the evidences of Christianity. They exhibit the ascetic life which appeals so strongly to the Hindu. They say, 'See what our religion does for us, and how happy it makes us, and how it enables us to despise poverty and conquer the troubles of the world, and how it makes us contented and cheerful and free from sin.' The natives like the drums and the tom-toms, the lively singing, and the

bright banners, and the processions, and follow them in crowds, while they find the services on the Islington model dull and slow. It may not be a high ideal of religion, but it appeals to the least educated classes at home.

The Salvationists believe that only Asiatics can appeal successfully to Asiatics. They adopt the outward life of Asiatics, and abjure European dress, European food, and European customs. We can see the good sense of this. Would a Chinaman with his pigtail, feeding on snails, birds' nests, and lizards, have any chance of converting English ploughboys to Buddhism? They would simply laugh at him or detest him. To try and make Asiatics into Europeans as well as Christians, is as though a Chinese missionary strove to make Europeans into Chinamen as a preliminary to making them into Buddhists. The Salvation Army also shows its wisdom in refusing to argue or to discuss the evidences for Christianity. India will not be converted by Paley's *Evidences*, but by the exhibition in practice of the superiority and beauty of the Christian life.

The principles of the Salvation Army—absolute self-renunciation, voluntary poverty, and conformity to the conditions of native life—have been the distinguishing features of successful missions. In spite of the widest theological differences, success has uniformly attended missions conducted on such methods. To this must be attributed the wonderful triumphs of the Moravians, and of Xavier and the early Jesuits.

Sir W. Hunter reminds us that for the last twenty-four centuries every preacher who has appealed to the popular heart, has cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the great renunciation of Buddha. He must be an ascetic, and must come forth from his solitary self-communings with a message to his fellow-men.

If the work is to be done, we must have men influenced with the apostolic spirit—the spirit of St. Paul, and of St. Colomba, St. Columbanus, and St. Xavier. These men brought whole nations to Christ, and such men only if

such men can be found, will reap the harvest of the heathen world. They must serve, not for pay, but solely for the love of God. They must give up all European comforts and European society, and cast in their lot with the natives and live as the natives live, counting their lives for naught, and striving to make converts, not by the help of Paley's *Evidences*, but by the great renunciation which enabled Gautama to gain so many millions of disciples. As one of the greatest of missionaries has said, the best preachers are not our words, but our lives; and our deaths, if need be, are better preachers still. We must hold up the spectacle of devoted lives to enable the people to understand the first elements of the Christian faith.

Booth-Tucker constantly and indignantly protested against the charge that his method was more costly in the lives of white workers than the more usual European plan of living. He published figures showing that the death-rate among the Army Officers was actually considerably below the average among the workers in other missions. In 1889 he stated that out of 192 Officers brought to India in two and a half years, four had died ('been promoted to Heaven,' he termed it), nine had been returned to England as sick and unsuited to the Indian climate, ten had worked their way or paid their passages back, and were then almost without exception holding appointments in the British Field, seven had been transferred to other countries, one had resigned, two had been dismissed, and five had joined other societies.

Yet another strong feature of the Booth-Tucker plan was that he did not openly attack Indian institutions and traditions. This is shown in his treatment of the caste system. So far as caste meant the isolation and separation of classes, he had, of necessity,

to work against it. But he recognized that there is quite another side to caste, that it is a carefully-evolved economic system, or, in his own words, 'a sort of gigantic hereditary trade union of the most elaborate nature.' He realized its advantages. It means that every member of the community is trained from childhood, in its own family, to some definite occupation. It means, too, that each caste (trade guild, if you will) is responsible in a large degree for its own government and the care of its poor. It involves a system of division of labour which has much to recommend it, even if it is sometimes carried to an absurd degree. He tried to master the Indian view-point of caste, instead of looking at it through a purely Western mentality.

So it was that the Indians themselves came more and more forward, feeling that this was their Army, in which an Indian Christ talked to the Indian people. Even in 1888 there was one district in Gujerat—Anand, one of the most prosperous in the whole command—where there was not a single European Officer. The Divisional Commander was an outcast 'Dherd,' converted in the Salvation Army in 1884. Every Officer under him had been saved and trained in the ranks of the Salvation Army. In the district were fourteen stations, where paid Officers resided, and thirty-three Outposts worked by unpaid Officers, called 'Jamadars.'

The first advantage of the Booth-Tucker plan, but by no means the least important, was that it was economical.

I am almost ashamed to put forward this argument, because, with the wealth possessed by the Christian people of the world, there ought to be no

excuse for running missions at the lowest possible cost. But since the money obtainable for missionary work is very limited, it is obviously advisable to make it go as far as possible.

Booth-Tucker was fond of drawing up plans showing how much extra it would have cost to run the Army in India on European lines, and how impossible it would have been to carry on the work on those lines. He showed that clothing alone would cost about eight times as much, and everything else in proportion.

But the real advantage was that the Salvation Army got hold of the people. In all the history of modern missions in heathen lands, there was never anything approaching the progress made in the first nine years of its existence in India. The little band that landed at Apollo Bandar in 1882 had grown from four to 479. The one station on the Esplanade in Bombay had become 123, with 127 Outposts. The Converts who had become enrolled Soldiers, that is, avowed Christians who proclaimed themselves to the world as such, numbered 3,666. In one year over 9,000 persons sought Salvation at the Army Meetings. Of these, over 7,000 were Indians, and about 1,650 Europeans, Eurasians, or native Christians. All of this work was carried out at an annual cost for the central organization of approximately £8,000.

Europeans outside missionary circles often sneer at native Converts as 'rice' Christians. Sometimes the sneer may be justified, although it is often very wide of the mark. But with the Salvation Army, there could be no question of 'rice' Converts. The Convert did not receive, but had to give. He was expected to contribute himself, his purse, his time,

and his energy to the bringing of God's Kingdom here on earth.

The Movement had now spread to all parts of the land. The Army had penetrated the Bheel country, the land of the aborigines, men of great daring, wild and fearless, living in a land of quartz rock, hills, and thick forest, a land of rough farmers and of jungles whose inhabitants were so primitive that their language was still unwritten. Here, they had won nearly a thousand Converts and had four hundred enrolled as Soldiers. In the state of Baroda the Army Converts had been exposed to a terrible wave of persecution, beaten and cursed and wronged, their crops burned, their houses fired, their wells poisoned, and themselves boycotted. The courts had refused them redress, and the police and village headmen worked against them. The Army had its martyrs here, Soldiers and Officers who died of mob violence. But the Army had dug in and grown, despite—possibly because of—persecution. In Ceylon even the high castes had been reached.

Booth-Tucker had found himself forced into social reform. The example of General Booth's 'Darkest England' scheme had spread to India. He had opened rescue homes for women, labour yards and prison-gate yards, orphanages for children, and the like. Within nine years the Salvation Army had made itself, by these methods, a real factor in the life of the Indian people.

Fakir Singh and Raheeman had a few wonderful months. Their one grief was their constant partings, made necessary because of their work. 'It is fearful without him,' wrote the young wife to her sisters. 'He is such an all-things to me, that life seems utterly desolate when he is gone. Still, I am going on brightly

with things and would not hold him back from any duty for a thousand worlds. He is all God's and so am I, and 1889 is going to be, though perhaps the most painful year of my life, yet my best.'

The Indian climate proved very trying for Mrs. Booth-Tucker. She plunged into big campaigns and tried to overcome her physical weakness, but in vain. Her mother was lying ill to death in England, was longing for her, and needed her mother-daughter to nurse her. After much hesitation it was decided that Mrs. Booth-Tucker should go to England for the hot season of 1889, her husband remaining in India to carry on the Work.

## XIV

### SHADOW AND PAUSE

THE grave illness of Mrs. General Booth threw a deep shadow not only over her own immediate circle, but far beyond. Here was a saint of God, a woman whose life, example, and active work had been a beacon showing humanity higher levels that men can reach. Why should she suffer so? asked many, once more debating the unsolvable mystery of pain. Suffer she did. When cancer was first diagnosed, she rejected the proposal of the surgeons that she should be operated on immediately, and tried various so-called remedies. The mysterious globules of Count Mattei, an Italian, were then held in high regard, having a special advocate in Mr. W. T. Stead, the famous, eccentric, big-hearted editor, an old friend of the Booths and defender of the Army. Mrs. Booth tried them, and tried other things, until when she at last yielded to medical advice the time for successful operation had passed. (Booth-Tucker, it is interesting to note, remained a warm believer in the Mattei remedies until his death.)

Emma Booth-Tucker, the Consul, to call her by her special Army rank, arrived at the house at Clacton where the invalid had been sent, and took command

of the sick-room, in the practical, sympathetic way that was all her own. To her and her husband in India, the separation was a great trial. 'My heart aches physically with the pain of parting,' she wrote to him. She promised to be good, to take care of herself for his sake, and to come back to him in October 'a smiling, bonnie lassie.' But October was not to see her back.

Her mother had consented to an operation in April, just before Emma arrived home, and Mrs. Booth hurried it on, so that the anxiety and suspense might be over before she saw her much-loved daughter. It was not a success. More operations followed, all too late.

Mrs. Booth, in the intervals of pain, tried to maintain contact with the outside world. She wrote to her son-in-law, signing herself 'Your true mother': 'I realize that you are one of my very own, and know no difference of feeling towards you. We talk of you morning, noon, and night, and all times between.'

Days of pain were followed by nights of agony. 'O darling Love, what can I say about these sad, these agonizing, these never-to-be forgotten days?' the Consul wrote. Time after time the stricken woman seemed at the point of death. Time after time she bade her last farewells, but merciful death would not come.

Here is a typical letter from Booth-Tucker to the invalid:

My Beloved Mother,

How my heart has ached to hear the sad story of your dreadful sufferings under these operations! I did long to be able myself to have been at your side to help dear Emma nurse and comfort you. Anyhow, I felt thankful that much

as it has cost us to be parted, she could be there to do for you what no one else could have done. She sent me your kind sick-bed message. Many, many thanks for it. I didn't feel at all as if I'd deserved it, as I've been so low since dear Emma left, and not brave as I had intended and tried to be. Still, I have drawn endless comfort from the thought that she was with you, and am so grateful to the Lord that she has been able herself to stand the strain. I'm telling her that in her spare moments she must rest when she would like to write, and I hope you will see that she really does it.

I've been much better lately, but have been rather overworked since coming to Ceylon, and am not feeling so well again. However, we are having some proper times, and the prospects for the future are really hopeful. But I must not trouble you with another line, as I fear that letters just now will only be a burden, so I'll send this one through Emma and tell her to keep it back if she thinks best, or that it will worry you. Anyhow, she will assure you of my deepest sympathy and devotion to you, as your loving son,

FRITZ.

The months that followed left their irremovable effect on Emma Booth-Tucker, and through her, on her husband. 'Days upon which I cannot yet look back without tears,' she afterwards wrote. 'Days of suffering and anguish heroically endured; days of physical torture so mysterious. The blackness of a very Gethsemane and Calvary! The brilliant sun setting amidst clouds too dark for human endurance!' There are some to whom the sight of such suffering shakes faith to its foundations. They deepened in Emma Booth-Tucker the sense of her dependence on God.

Mrs. Booth died in October, 1890, and her thin and pain-graved face was seen by tens of thousands

who passed reverently in front of her coffined body in the Congress Hall at Clapton. In November the Consul returned to Ceylon, accompanied by a contingent of sixty-four Officers. Far-reaching plans had been made for her coming.

She was to lead a new campaign in the East, and especially to open up new work among women. But it was not to be. The long strain of watching over her dying mother now demanded its price. Her health broke down badly, within a few days, and she set sail for Bombay, hoping that the sea voyage would do her good. The hope proved vain. The doctors ordered her immediate return home as the only hope of saving her life, and they forbade her to think of coming back to India.

It was impossible to contemplate the permanent separation of husband and wife, so this meant that Booth-Tucker must leave India, too. This was a bitter blow indeed, for his work was just approaching full fruition, and there were myriad plans demanding his leadership and guidance.

Booth-Tucker was appointed Foreign Secretary of the Salvation Army, one of the highest and most responsible of posts, and he had charge of the central direction of the entire work of the Army outside the United Kingdom, from March, 1891, until March, 1896.

His heart was torn between two affections, to his wife and family—for four children came to them in these years—and to India. His home life was ideal. Both he and his wife longed for children and when they came, home was complete. He did not carry solemnity into the home circle. Husband and wife were in perfect sympathy, inspired with the same aims. They

were not afraid to tell one another how great their love was.

But the departure from India had come as a great shock from which it took the Commissioner some time to recover. Every man in some period or other in his life has a spell when energy seems to burn less brightly than usual. If ever there was such a time in Frederick Booth-Tucker's life, it was now.

Outwardly, his days seemed very full. There were many problems to be solved and many details in the ever-spreading work of the Army that must have his attention. General Booth treated him as a son, and between him and Bramwell Booth there existed at this time complete accord. Bramwell had now reached the fullest and richest period of his life. Higher rank might be his in years to come, but he would never do better work. He was Chief of Staff, controller and director of the work of the Army throughout the world, under the direction of the General. His amazing gifts of organization had full scope. He had a dominating personality, which made his Staff hasten to obey him. Every man of lesser rank knew that an order by Bramwell Booth was a thing to be carried out, not to be argued about. He gave to the building up of the Army resources a financial genius of the first order. Here was one who would have been a great lawyer, or a king among bankers, had he not elected to devote his life to the work of God. His decisiveness did not veil a deep-seated, pervading spiritual life. The genius of General William Booth had under God brought the Army into being and brought it to a world-wide place, but the high talents of his son Bramwell had saved it from many ills, strengthened, and upbuilt it.

There was no need for Booth-Tucker to stand in awe of the Chief of Staff, if one could think of him standing in awe of any one. He and Bramwell were like brothers. Their lives were very closely intertwined and their personal relations were as intimate as well could be. Bramwell went to his brother-in-law in his troubles—for trouble comes at times to even the greatest administrators—and they could deal with one another with informality, faithfulness, and brotherly candour.

The Salvation Army was now a mighty world Organization, different indeed from the struggling and suspected society of ten years before. There were big enterprises for the rescue of humanity in close on two-score lands. The Army held buildings and other property for the carrying on of its work, valued at not far short of a million pounds. General Booth's bold scheme of social reform, the 'Darkest England' campaign, had made a host of new friends. The Army's workers were numbered by the ten thousand, and its followers by the hundred thousand.

Booth-Tucker did his work as Foreign Secretary, and did it faithfully. He had to take many long journeys, far afield, organizing and inspecting. He undertook some heavy writing tasks, chief among them being the preparation of the standard *Memoirs of Catherine Booth*.

But those who had known him in the full flood of his Indian work, detected a difference. He was passing through his 'days in the wilderness.' His home life, happy though it was, yet had difficulties of its own, not the least of them being the problem of ways and means. The highest Officer of the Salvation Army receives an income at which a very

third-rate City man would sneer disdainfully. It was much easier to be poor in India than to live on straitened means in England. The coming of the children brought many expenses, as the coming of a family must do. Booth-Tucker, practical about great things, found it hard to concern himself with the intimate economies of a small London home. If he had a shilling in his pocket, and he met a man in need, it seemed inevitable that he and that shilling should part.

In those days he had no resources beyond his official salary. His literary work brought him no extra income. Under the regulations of the Salvation Army, any writing done by an Officer in its service becomes the property of the Army.

Booth-Tucker's father had carried out to the full his promise that if his son joined the Salvation Army he must not expect financial aid from him. Mrs. Tucker, his mother, was now very friendly with her son and his wife, and on her death, later, she left a legacy to be settled on him, he to receive the income during life, and the bequest to go to his children at his death.

The old General watched over the Booth-Tuckers as their father, as well as their Father-in-God. He was constantly urging them to exercise common sense in their every-day lives, to guard their health, and keep themselves fit. To his daughter Emma, in particular, he was ever trying to drive this lesson home. In a letter written to her while on a visit to Canada, he said :

You must be a little more careful. I see and feel the danger of your doing too much for your strength and really getting a breakdown that you cannot overcome. Now, my dear, darling Emma, what can I say to you on

this theme? I am tired, verily—and I hear you say you are tired too. Doubtless. But what is to be done? If you were here and could see the influence of your own words and example on this rising nation—if you could hear how your name is blessed, and how people want the perpetuation of your influence by the establishment of a Training Home here, I am sure you would see the necessity of living, and of living in health.

I was reading the other day the address of a lady on Female Education in Montreal, and she said, 'sickness was looked upon as a sin in their institution.' That was an extravagant way of putting the thing, but still, there was something in it. I am more than ever sure that by management people can do very much to keep themselves in tolerable health. I am doing more work and enduring more fatigue than ever I'd have thought myself equal to, and yet I keep *wonderfully well*. I manage myself, I reckon. Now, it is of no use you or any one else making me or any one else a model for you as to the amount of work that you ought to do. Do what you can. Ease off when you feel you are being played out. Get rest when necessary. Always get the amount of sleep you require, and get a certain amount of *quietness*. I mean, so many hours of separation from the rush and rattle of things. If I did not do this I should break down. But in travelling I insist on being left alone, or with Vint, of whom I need take no notice, and this rests my brain. *You don't do this, I fancy*. You don't get away from things enough, and hence you are always more or less on the rack.

Now, darling Emma, do forgive my repeating all this as above. I have said it before—I say it again: 'Will you be wise?' Your life is of immense importance to the Army and to souls. Don't throw it away, or reduce yourself to comparative crippledom before you are well started.

Booth-Tucker during this time in London was gathering strength for another move forward. In

1896 serious trouble arose in America. The General's second son, Ballington, attempted to wrest the Army there from international control, and set up an independent American Organization. At the darkest hour, the General ordered his daughter and son-in-law to go to America, take over the Command, and deal with the situation.

## XV

### AMERICA

THE situation created in the United States by the the secession of Ballington Booth and his wife demanded very careful handling. It was then an established rule that every Territorial Commander should, at the end of a fixed period in one country—usually five years—be transferred to another, save under very exceptional circumstances. The time came for Ballington to depart for another Command, and he was unwilling to go. His stay in America was extended, but at last he received definite orders from the General to farewell for another land.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth wished to stay on, but the old General stood firm. 'I am General, and those under me must obey my orders,' he said, in effect. 'I expect others to do this. If I yielded to my children when they rebel, where would discipline be?'

Ballington attempted to 'cut the painter,' and to make the American Movement entirely independent of the control of the International Headquarters in London. The General had foreseen the possibility of such trouble, and had taken steps to prevent it. The whole property of the Army in America was

held by the Commander there as a trustee for the General in London. By a quick move, possession of the Headquarters was secured, and the property saved.

That would have been of little use if Officers and Soldiers had gone, for the Army is primarily a body of individuals and not a collection of buildings. There were tense hours. Fortunately, Commander Evangeline Booth arrived quickly in New York, and prayed, wept, and reasoned with those American Officers whose love and admiration for Ballington and his wife at first inclined them to follow him. It is undoubtedly due to the wonderful appeal of Evangeline Booth that a great schism was avoided. She rallied the wavering, strengthened the loyal, and put the forces of dissatisfaction to flight.

Yet the situation when Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker arrived with titles of Commander and Consul was far from favourable. The Press and public were suspicious and uneasy. Some newspapers found picturesque copy in descriptions of how Britishers were trying to set up an autocracy over American people, and they appealed to the spirit of Americanism against them. Many Officers and Soldiers were disturbed in soul and shaken in confidence. It would have taken very little to put the Army in the United States back for ten years.

The credit for what followed must really be shared by three people, the Commander and the Consul as co-Commissioners, and Colonel Higgins, the future General of the Army, as Chief Secretary.

'He (Booth-Tucker) came to us like a stiff, cold, invigorating wind,' writes Commissioner Brengle. 'Clouds began to lift and hope revived. The Consul

mightily reinforced him. After listening to her, I remarked, "She is a feminine spiritual Bismarck." General Higgins, then his Chief Secretary, was a tower of strength.

'It was not hard to follow such a leader. He saw his goal, marched straight forward and turned aside for no obstacle. Roosevelt used to go hiking with his youngsters and their friends in the open country. They would choose a distant goal and go straight for it. If a river intervened, they swam it; if a barbed wire fence intercepted, they leapt over it; if a tree, they climbed it. They went straight forward to the goal. That was Booth-Tucker. He was an optimist. He never reckoned on defeat, and didn't know it when he met it. The Founder once said of himself, "I am like a cork. You may submerge me, but I bob up again.' So it was with Booth-Tucker. His mind was exhaustless in its fertility and originality. Nearly every morning he would come to his office with some new project.'

The work in the United States was as different in its surroundings from the work in India as could well be imagined. In India, Booth-Tucker was dealing with a people who dwelt on their ideals: in America, he was dealing with a people who looked for material accomplishments. In place of the apathy of the average Indian, he had to deal with the intense activity of the most active people in the world.

The Consul showed her great qualities to the full. She dealt personally with Officers whose confidence had been shaken and won them over completely. Her eloquence captured the American people, and almost at once she was travelling from end to end of the land, speaking everywhere with such captivating

charm that the largest halls were not big enough to hold her audiences.

Surveying the field, Booth-Tucker saw that it was necessary to capture certain key positions if the Army was to move forward as it should. The first of these was the Press. Win the confidence of the newspapers and he had the ear of the nation. So he set himself deliberately to attain this end, with great success, for the newspaper men liked his frankness, his simple directness, and his fertility in ideas. Here was a picturesque figure who could supply the American reporters with plenty of copy. He used the Press to the full.

Next, he set about winning the support and friendship of national leaders. He was particularly fortunate in capturing the confidence of men like Mark Hanna, the President maker, and Ambassador Herrick. It might appear at first sight that there would be few points of sympathy between a great, bluff, successful business organizer and political dictator such as Mark Hanna was, and the spiritual, refined Anglo-Indian. But between these two men sprang up a feeling of mutual confidence and esteem, and years afterwards Booth-Tucker would speak of Hanna in terms of the warmest appreciation. Mark Hanna more than reciprocated this affectionate regard. ' The day has passed when prejudice against the Salvation Army can delay its work,' he once declared at a great gathering at Cleveland. ' We all know that in its earlier stages the Salvation Army was sneered at and looked upon with doubt. I have been among those who wondered at its methods. As time went on, in the midst of this great city I saw, year after year, the growing success of this little band of patriots—patriots of the Lord. I

have seen interest in the Army grow on the part of our city. The work of the members of the Salvation Army has been so effectual that they have forced their results upon the minds of every community throughout the land, and we doubt the less the more we become acquainted with its work.'

'I, who was forced to believe in the work of the Salvation Army, say that I consider it a privilege as well as a duty to lend a helping hand. If words of mine can bring you the support of good men, they shall be spoken. Those words shall be spoken whenever the opportunity offers, and where opportunities do not offer, I will make them.'

'If I had time to preach, I think that I would join the Salvation Army. If I had the power to reach men's hearts as you do by your prayers and music, I think that I would do my duty by resigning from the United States Senate.'

Senator Hanna helped liberally with money, but he did more than that. He put the Commander and the Consul in touch with many leaders of finance and industry, and told them how best to approach men like Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and how to secure the goodwill and support of some of the national statesmen.

Colonel Herrick's enthusiastic support was won by schemes of land settlement which the Commander brought forward. These were part of his plan for turning the attention of the American people away from barren controversy over Ballington Booth's departure, by giving them something else to hold their attention about the Army. He did this by fastening on the need for the relief of poverty. In 1896 America was going through hard times, and there was much distress calling for aid.

It is difficult for people in other lands to realize that, even at the best of times, there is in American cities a residuum needing care and relief. Schemes of State charity for the poor and workless do not occupy the same place there that they do in European lands. There can be few countries in the world where the relief afforded by the State or by the municipalities is more mechanical, or is made harder for the recipients. The poor house has scarce been touched by the spirit of charity and benevolence that has made the British Poor Relief institutions for the aged in recent years so kindly. Official orphanages are often hard indeed for the children who have to go through them.

If State relief is inclined to hardness in America, private generosity is almost limitless. Touch the hearts of the people and they will back you to the last dollar.

There was no need to search for new avenues, for the need was apparent and overwhelming to people who were in touch with the back streets of the great cities. The Officers visiting the tenements on the East side and elsewhere, brought in reports of great suffering, suffering which Broadway and Lake Shore Drive never imagined existed.

The Commander and the Consul resolved to start big-scale schemes to aid the poor, on Christian and generous lines. The Salvation Army had already done much in this direction. They would multiply the effort manifold.

Booth-Tucker went himself into the poorest streets, dressed as one of the out-o'-works, slept in common lodging-houses, and fed with the hungry, to learn the facts at first hand.

Here is his own account of his first night in the slums of New York:

My first night in the slums of New York!

Not my last, by any means, if life be spared!

How did I enjoy it? Oh, it was like the doorstep to Paradise! I have seldom felt nearer to Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's Cross! The bleeding footprints of my Master seemed to be before my eyes, and I had only to plant my foot in them! So near He seemed—so more than ever precious—the Beloved of my soul!

No! The cross was not heavy! It seemed a mere feather-weight,—nay, love's alchemy had changed its hard wood into gold,—its ruggedness into tenderness—its very angularity into a crown! It was the joy of the toiling miner, who, with a blow of his spade, has uncovered a rich vein of gold, or at whose feet had rolled a mass of diamonds, and whose quick eye had detected in the uncrushed ore and unpolished brilliants the fortune for which he crossed the ocean and risked his all.

It certainly felt a little strange at first—the ill-fitting garments, the tattered coat, the soiled neckerchief, the ragged jumper, the worn-out boots, the grimy hands and face, capped with the frail fragments of an ancient hat, in which I sallied forth.

But love lives. It speaks no other language than that of love, and glories in distinguishing itself from cheap profession by the thorns, the nails, the spear. On the day when I had first consecrated myself to America's service, and had asked God to make me, though least and last and worthlessest of all, the best citizen that walked its soil, I had known that the golden fleece of success was only to be found across the tempestuous seas and mountain barriers, and I had resolved that when the moment came I would not shrink back. Besides, I had too often tasted the luxury of sacrifice not to know that the momentary pang had always been abundantly repaid. And I was ashamed to think that

a Salvationist should shrink from what thousands would dare and suffer for some paltry profit—or rather for the shadowy prospect of a profit,—which in a thousand instances was never realized, or gained only to be lost. I had talked about loving America. Now was a chance of proving that love in a practical way.

Surrounded by a group of happy, whole-hearted Salvationists, each one of whom would have been glad and proud to take my place, I was equipped, cap-à-pied, for my slum battle-field. Some greasy rags from the engineer's room did excellent service in taking off the tokens of a too recent bath. At length, even the critical eye of our slum leader, Brigadier Bown, allowed me to pass muster as a typical New York ' bum ' (drunk).

To slip out quietly through the crowd of loiterers who hang around the spacious archway of our National Headquarters, at the close of our nightly Meeting, without being recognized, was not such a difficult task as I feared.

Fortunately for my plans, the army of lynx-eyed reporters, who had, from the hour of landing, watched my movements, had for the time being forsaken us and fled. They were ' hipped '—no matter how or why. Their facile pens and eloquent imaginations could, therefore, be left for the moment behind. My misgivings were needless. I must have appeared too tough for Salvation, even to the bonneted and jerseyed warriors who passed me on the way. I was a little mortified that no hand was put on my shoulder nor question put, as to whether I was saved. But perhaps I scarcely gave them the chance, as I hurried quickly past them into the chill night air.

Jack, my guide, was waiting for me at the street corner. Every house in every alley, every court-yard in every road, seemed so familiar to him, that he could almost have walked them blindfolded.

But we had started late, our bivouac for the night was distant, and closed at 11.30, and there were scenes to be witnessed before we claimed our ' doss.' So Jack insisted

on boarding a car. The horrified conductor, while willing to let him pass, evidently objected to his less reputable-looking companion. 'This car don't go through! It stops at ——,' and the car was gone, a splendid beginning truly, to our expedition and a capital certificate to my get-up. Jack and I enjoyed a hearty laugh, which did our souls good!

The next conductor was more, may I say, American, and therefore amiable. He evidently understood that it was something more than a coat that made a citizen. So we passed muster and reached the quarter for which we were making in time to scour the streets.

'What the eye sees not, the heart cannot feel,' must surely be the only explanation why more is not done for the mournful wreckage of humanity that bestrews the purlieus of wealth in our great metropolis. We should be tempted to pull to the ground the mansion from whose sea-washed turrets could be flung the rope of help to sinking mariners, should one be suffered to perish within the reach of help, and yet, within the biscuit-toss of riches that are fabulous, lurk miseries that rival in extent and wretchedness the horrors of Armenia.

True, something has been done—and well it may be—to cope with the evil. Far be it from me to belittle the brave efforts that have been and are being put forth. But none know better than those who make them, that they are but as a drop to the ocean of necessity.

What did I see during that midnight hour walk? No worse than I have seen elsewhere, amidst the rotting dung-heaps of society. Faces, once beautiful, marked by the brand of sin; lips, once pure, sullied by brutal oaths; lives, once bright with hope, dragged to the borderland of despair. Traps, human traps, spread all around—the downward track to Avernus made as broad and smooth and slippery and alluring as devilish ingenuity could devise.

The fire alarm was rung during the night. In less than a minute horses were harnessed, men leapt to their seats,

and an engine rattled down the road, then another, then a ponderous hook-and-ladder, and then the patrol wagon, to see that all that could be done should be done to save not only life, but property. They had not far to go. We followed them. When we arrived, the engine was at work, the stairs of the lofty building had been scaled, and at the point of danger, where columns of dense smoke were belching from the window, the fireman's form could be discerned, cutting away the burning woodwork and directing the play of water on the flames. Their post was one of peril, but there was no hesitation or delay. No crowd witnessed their bravery ; no crowd shouted their approval. But unflinchingly they did their duty, finding their reward in the quenched fire and rescued lives.

I looked on the midnight crowds, on the ghastly relic of the flames of crime, of vice, of sin, and wondered that God's firemen were so few, so far between, and so slow at their work ! In and out of the streets and alleys, amid a sickly profusion of saloons and dives, making no marvel that victims could be found sufficiently numerous to pay the heavy tribute of rent and bills for light, let alone make any profit, we wended our way, till my guide reminded me that unless we were careful, we should be shut out of the quarters we had marked for the night.

Among the lodging-houses in the open thoroughfares, nothing below ten or fifteen cents could be seen on the flaring notices that hung outside the doors. Here and there buildings were pointed out to me which had once offered a five-cent shelter to the poor, but the requirements of the law compelled them to be closed, so that the cheapest lodging, my guide assured me, was now a seven-cent doss.

I had a lurking suspicion that pity for myself was inducing Jack to lead me into quarters more comfortable than those in which I had bargained to spend the night. Seven cents seemed a long price for a thirsty ' bum,' or toiling ' out-of-work ' to pay. ' What if they have not got

it?' I queried. 'Nothing but the open trucks, or some archway,' was the reply. 'The poorhouse!' said another fine-looking man a few nights later. 'They ask me why I don't go to the poorhouse! I tell them I'd sooner put a revolver to my head and blow my brains out. That is not for the likes of me. I'm a young chap yet, and they'll never get me there alive!' The speaker was a German sailor, who had lost his leg through an accident. 'Can I not persuade the company for whom you were working to help you?' 'No. It was my own fault. I was "beating" my way to Baltimore on a truck, when I fell off and broke my leg.' 'But surely the German Consul will help you to return to your home in Germany.' 'Yes, I know he would, but I have no desire to go back. I would rather remain and earn my living in America. If only some one would give me a cork leg, I could easily get a situation as a cook. But with this rough wooden thing no one will employ me. But the poorhouse! I will shoot myself first!' And the eye flashed and the cheek flushed with a determination which one could but admire.

Through an iron gateway, up a dark alley we passed. 'An awkward place to chuck a man down when he's drunk,' whispered my guide, as we passed a certain spot. I shuddered and hoped that I might be spared that experience, even with the immediate prospect of a reconciliation with, and an eloquent epitaph from my quondam friends, the reporters.

It was a fine building—once a factory. Up two flights of stairs, and then money was paid, names were taken, and we found our way to the next floor.

The long, bare room, perhaps sixty by forty feet, reminded one painfully of a stable. At intervals of seven or eight feet there were posts, with bars uniting them. Two rows of canvas bunks, one row about two feet from the floor, and the other four feet higher, formed the accommodation for the night. There were no mattresses or coverlets of any kind. I was relieved at the Adamic sim-

plicity of the place, and glad to find that civic interference had not further enhanced the cost of shelter to the poor. The only sign of furniture was an unlighted stove.

We wandered around the room, hoping to find a lower berth, but all were occupied, so that there was nothing for it but to clamber up and balance ourselves on the tightly-stretched piece of canvas, hoping that we might not roll over the edge of our little precipice, a by no means unusual contingency, with consequences more easily imagined than described, both for the faller and the fallen upon.

There is no mistake about it, a canvas hammock beats a feather bed for comfort, when one is accustomed to it, and the doctors would probably agree that it is infinitely healthier. Moreover, it is more easily kept clean than springs, and certainly softer than hard boards.

As for the room, the atmosphere was as fresh as that of any ordinary bedroom, and beyond the cold, there was little to complain of except the price. It seemed a pity that a poor man should not be able to obtain such simple accommodation and a reasonable amount of warmth, at a lower cost, without being compelled to spend his night in the open air, or accept more charity. The secret of it seemed to lie in the unreasonableness of the requirements as to space. The room would easily have accommodated nearly twice the number of men provided for, and then a five-cent doss would doubtless have been possible and profitable to the landlord. There seems a disposition on the part of civic authorities everywhere to forget that by insisting upon unreasonable requirements, even in the interests of health, unless some way of escape be provided, untold hardships may unintentionally be inflicted on the poor, and the very object of the provision being defeated by forcing the poor into more deadly and trying circumstances than those which it is sought to avoid. It is easy to say, ' They ought to go to the poorhouse,' but the stubborn fact remains that they would sooner die, and so would

probably the framers of the law, if forced into similar circumstances.

A tax of half a dollar a week on a working-man for accommodation such as I have described, even when he is able to find regular employment, is undoubtedly heavy, and when it is remembered that men of this class are often for weeks together out of work, the hardship will appear the more severe. Nor is it advisable to break down the spirit of *amour-propre* and independence which induces such a man rather to sleep in the open air than have recourse to either the State or charity.

Two things struck me especially during the night. One was that nobody slept—at least, what sleep there was might well be called *cat's sleep*. They kept getting up, and wandering about, and asking the time, and lying down and dozing, and getting up again. Doubtless it was in part the bitter cold that made sleep so difficult. But my guide assured me that, quite apart from the cold, this wakefulness was the ordinary state of things, varied with a quarrel for a bunk—some habitue of the place coming in late and finding his usual corner occupied—followed too often by oaths and blows and a free fight.

'Mike!' called one man to his friend, 'are you asleep?'

'Asleep? No, I'm froze!' was the emphatic reply.

'Well, here's a crust of bread to keep you warm,' was the kindly-meant answer.

The other point that impressed itself upon me still more painfully was the fact that nearly every one seemed to be suffering from a severe cough, showing that the exposure of the winter had told upon their powerful frames, and that disease was slowly but surely doing its deadly work.

I am unable to confirm the sensational stories, which have been going the rounds of the Press, as to a fight between myself and some of the men. This is pure fiction, which by a process of evolution familiar to the world, sprang out of a very trifling incident. I had dozed off for a few seconds—perhaps I may have been guilty of snoring

unduly, or I may have dreamed. Waking up with a start, I overheard one of my next-door neighbours observe to a man who was walking about the room, 'Tell the bloke there's a bum in that doss, and to come and stick a pin into him.' I was certainly much interested in the proposal, especially when the man disappeared through the door, evidently not displeased at the prospect of a row. I was gratified at my claims to 'bumdom' being so rapidly recognized by one so qualified to pass an opinion, and a little curious to watch the result. But the messenger returned with the announcement that the 'bloke' had retired, as it was half-past one. Neither my belligerent neighbour nor his friend seemed disposed to carry out the pin-pricking proposal and the miniature war, ending in ejection from the lodging-house, so vividly depicted by some of the writers of the incident, existed only in their imagination.

It was 4.30 a.m. when the gates were opened, and we were once more able to sally forth. The streets were almost deserted, but there were interesting glimpses of night life still to be gathered on our homeward way. Here was a restaurant where, for a five-cent drink, the privilege could be enjoyed of sitting in a warm room from midnight to daybreak, dozing with head pillowed on a table. Ought it to be shut up? Certainly not, unless something better can be provided at as cheap a cost. Though so staunch a teetotaller, I could almost have hugged that saloon-keeper for affording so many warmth and shelter from that bitter night, and the policeman for looking the other way.

## XVI

### THE BATTLE AGAINST AMERICAN POVERTY

THE campaign against poverty was to be on broad and inclusive lines. It was to start with good lodging-houses for poor men and women in New York and other cities, and to advance stage by stage to ambitious land colonies.

When the plans were announced, Press and public gave them a warm welcome. The first opposition came from a wholly unexpected quarter. One morning, while Booth-Tucker was working in his office at the Headquarters in West Fourteenth Street, a deputation from the Charity Organization Society was announced. The deputation was an influential one. At its head was no less a lady than Mrs. Russell Lowell, and among those supporting her was the well-known writer, Mr. Jacob Riis.

Mrs. Lowell asked if it was true that the Army intended opening lodging-houses for men in New York. Booth-Tucker replied that it was. Mrs. Lowell declared that the Charity Organization Society would oppose any such proposal vigorously, as it would attract the whole riff-raff of the country to New York. Besides, there was abundance of accommodation already available.

Let me give the story of what followed in the Commander's own words :

We asked her if she could tell us the number of men provided for at say ten cents (5d.) per night. She believed it was in the neighbourhood of 36,000. We asked her if she was aware that numbers could not afford ten cents and had to spend their nights walking the streets, sleeping in empty vans, or in doorways, till moved on by the police. She replied that it was all the more important that we should not multiply their number.

We inquired if any of her number had ever spent a night in a Bowery lodging-house. They admitted that none of them had ever done so. We said that I had myself done so, and urged that the gentlemen present should do the same before they decided what should be their attitude on the question. We were willing to provide them with a suitable escort for the purpose, but it would be necessary for them to take no money with them beyond their bare payment for the night.

None of them responded to the invitation, but seeing that we were determined to proceed with our plan, Mrs. Lowell informed us that their delegation would wait upon the charity commissioners of New York, and urge them to prohibit us from opening any such places.

As soon as the delegation had left, we telephoned the charity commissioners and asked them to grant us an interview. To this they willingly agreed. We then found that Mrs. Russell Lowell had already approached them on the subject, and her visit to us was, we believe, suggested by them.

We then unfolded our general scheme, which they regarded as eminently practical, and suggested that they should themselves call a public meeting in the hall of the Charity Organization Society and invite me to address it for half an hour, after which the meeting should be thrown open for any criticisms or suggestions that the com-

missioners, or those present, should desire to make. The meeting, we thought, should be presided over by one of their number, rather than by a member of the Charity Organization Society.

The charity commissioners agreed to this proposal and immediately got into communication with the society and fixed the date for the meeting. A record audience gathered, and I was invited to explain the intentions of the Salvation Army. I replied that I usually spoke only from notes, but that, considering the importance of the subject and the danger of misunderstandings, I had committed our proposals to writing, and that, when I had read them to the audience, they would be placed on the table so that it could be seen definitely what the Army had in view.

At the end of my address the paper was laid on the table, and those present, including of course the representatives of the Charity Organization Society, were invited to criticize the same. To my surprise, and that perhaps of the charity commissioners themselves, the challenge was not accepted. Neither the society, nor the audience, raised any objection to the scheme, and the commissioners themselves declared that they considered the plans were of a practical and useful character.

Either on this, or on a subsequent occasion, we asked the Charity Organization Society what superior proposals they were prepared to substitute for those of the Salvation Army. That seemed a fair question to ask a society which had urged the business men of New York not to give indiscriminate charity to those who came to them for help, but to inform them that they were distributing their gifts through the Charity Organization Society, to which they referred such petitioners. What did the society promise to do for those who were so referred? They promised through their agents to investigate their worthiness and to pass on those who were considered worthy to other organizations who possessed suitable institutions, such as the Salvation Army.

A glance at their annual report showed that in one year they had raised in New York $50,000 (£10,000) for this purpose. This money had been expended in investigating some 5,000 cases, a large portion of which had to be reinvestigated in the following year. The donors of this large sum were quite mistaken if they supposed that this money had been spent in relieving the wants of the poor. That was not the object for which they existed. Their purpose was to investigate their worthiness to be helped. It was a costly proceeding, and there was no finality about it, seeing that the worthy of to-day might be the unworthy of to-morrow, and on the other hand circumstances might easily arise by which the unworthy of to-day might become the worthy of to-morrow.

Was all this tedious and expensive machinery necessary? We said, No. We had a slogan which effectively answered the same purpose, without any expenditure of money. We asked the petitioner, who professed to be penniless, 'Are you willing to work?' *If he was willing to work he was worthy to be helped.* This plan answered its purpose perfectly. If he was unwilling to work, he was obviously unworthy to be helped.

But we only knew of one such case. The man arrived too late for work, just in time for his bed. The next morning he was given a light task in cutting wood. He watched his opportunity and decamped. Before leaving he chalked on the hoarding:

'Just tell them that you saw me,
But you never saw me saw.'

Even this case need not be looked upon as an exception. The man might well have claimed to have paid for his shelter with his poetry, and who could expect a poet to saw wood in payment for his poetry?

Something was wanted to capture the imagination of the American people. It was not enough to say

what was going to be done. The whole scheme must be vivified and driven home to the heart of the nation.

The chance to do this came through what at the start may have seemed very unlikely means. Acting on the suggestion of an Officer from the Far West, it was determined to give Christmas feasts to the hungry in a great number of cities, and to raise the money by hanging iron pots on tripods in the streets, sometimes with imitation fires below, each pot having above it a message telling what was being done, and an invitation to passers-by to

KEEP THE POT BOILING.

The idea tickled the public fancy, and money was raised sufficient to help 150,000 people that Christmas. But in New York City the financial difficulty was not the only one. The section of the struggling poor the Army was most anxious to relieve refused to come to public feasts to exhibit its poverty to the gaze of the world.

The down-and-outs, the men who formed the long line each night outside Fleischman's bakery, waiting for free gifts of spare bread, did not mind this, but the respectable, decent, honest poor would not come. To reach them, the Army arranged to give baskets of good things for Christmas. Each basket contained a fowl of fair size, tea, coffee, sugar, and the like. Care was taken that they should get into the right hands.

The spectacle that met the eyes of the newspaper men and of a great army of spectators who had come to see this distribution at Madison Square Gardens, was appalling. Families came not merely by the thousand, but by the ten thousand, 24,000 in all.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker herself distributed the baskets and Booth-Tucker spoke:

Comrades, Friends, Fellow-citizens! In the name of Him whose birth we this day celebrate, in the name of our city, whose generosity has made this feast possible, in the name of the Salvation Army, we greet you and wish you a happy Christmas and a joyful New Year.

It is the birthday of Jesus. One thought possesses my soul. I wish He were here to speak to you Himself. Many great men have been born—many benefactors of mankind, many benefactors of this nation, many heroes. We shall celebrate in a few weeks the birthday of Washington—of Lincoln also. Their names send a thrill through the heart of every American; their memories live. But no name, no memory, creates such a thrill, no birthday is so glorious as that of Christ. Again I say, 'I wish He were here!'

What would you say to Him if He stood in person upon this platform? From every heart, from every lip methinks there would rise a big 'Thank You.' We should want to say, 'Jesus, we owe You more than we owe all the other benefactors and heroes of the world put together—more, infinitely more, than the best of us deserve—more, ten thousand times more, than an eternity of service could enable us to repay. Jesus, for all Your birthday means to us, and to the world, we thank You.'

Fain would we lift you in the arms of faith and prayer to Him who can supply your every need. We sent a party of our Officers to Galveston at the time of the recent disaster. They told us on their return many thrilling incidents. I remember one of these in particular. A brave man, a strong swimmer, a heroic soul, battled with those furious billows in an effort to save his wife and darling child. Hour after hour he held them up; and then a wave swept his wife beyond his reach. She sank to rise no more. In his aching arms he held up his little one.

For seventeen hours, above the fury of those waves, he lifted her, till at length the tempest subsided and help came.

Over some of you the cyclones of sorrow and of sin have burst in tempest fury. Your loved ones, it may be, have perished at your side. Perhaps last Christmas they were with you, To-day you stand alone, You seek to lift your soul above the billows of sorrow, of temptation, of sin, which threaten to engulf you. Your strength fails. You are about to perish.

With all our hearts we desire to help you; but our arms are not long enough, are not strong enough to hold you above those cruel waves. Yet there is One, even Jesus, who is mighty to save. I said I wished He were here; *He is here, even in your midst.* Over His head the cyclone of Calvary burst, but it could not move Him from His purpose. He stands beside you. If you will seek His help, He will be found of you. He will hold you in His arms. He will bear your soul upon His bosom. He will not weary of you; He will not forsake you. He will give you pardon and peace on earth and glory in the highest. Claim Him, and take Him as your own, this night and for ever.

It may seem strange that the giving of a Christmas dinner should arouse such interest. Many a church and many a charity had made provision for the poor, but this thing was done on so great a scale in so many cities, with such publicity, and was so human and kindly, that the attention of the nation was attracted. Booth-Tucker understood to the full that the wise man does not hide his light under a bushel. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth proclaiming. America is the land of publicity, and he used publicity to its utmost limits.

Next came the initiation of many kinds of schemes for attacking crime and sin in the most daring and

spectacular way possible. The Slum Sisters, the ' Death and Glory ' shock troops of The Army, hurled themselves against the most vicious quarters of New York. They forced their way into haunts of vice. When they were turned out of tenements whose condition were a disgrace to the city, they took off their uniforms, put on the clothing of poor women, and obtained entry in that way. Then they told the world what they had seen and learned. What was going on in New York was going on equally elsewhere in great cities like Cleveland and Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. People forgot about the secession ; they were too busy talking about what was now being done to remember it.

The Commander and the Consul wore themselves out in their campaign. People began to remark that Mrs. Booth-Tucker especially was losing her fresh English colour and was looking thinner and more wearied than when she stepped on shore in New York.

Husband and wife often spent their days at their desks, their evenings on the platform, and their nights on the train. ' The work of the Lord requireth haste,' and haste it received.

Husband and wife realized well enough that it is not sufficient to give temporary relief to poverty, for this, continued too long, can be harmful if it makes the recipient depend on aid from the outside rather than struggle to help himself. Something must be done to give the out-of-works a chance to rebuild their lives. Labour Homes on the lines of the ' Darkest England ' scheme might do well enough for some, but would not cover the need. Families must be helped to obtain permanent security and sufficiency.

Then it was that Booth-Tucker's Indian experiences

told. In the cities he saw strong men idle. Travelling over the West, he saw vast areas of uncultivated land waiting for labour. He sent out a new slogan: 'Place the landless man on the manless land!' The result was the starting of a series of Farm Colonies for the workless.

The first of these was Fort Romie, in California. A committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce co-operated with the Commander and a plot of land was purchased for $26,000. Eighteen families drawn from the poorest districts in San Francisco formed the first Colonists. The attempt was, at the beginning, an utter failure. The land was insufficiently irrigated, crops could not be depended on, and seventeen out of the eighteen families returned to San Francisco in disgust.

Booth-Tucker was not above learning from failure. Having discovered that lack of sufficient water supply was the cause, he arranged for further irrigation of the land, and a fresh group of settlers was selected, most of them practically destitute men accustomed to country life. Land was sold to them under contract, the payments being spread over a period of twenty years. Many people believe that the Army should itself retain the ownership of the land, but Booth-Tucker would not listen to this proposal, feeling that if people were to be expected to do their best, they must be given personal rights in the property they developed. Horses, stock, and implements were sold to the Colonists on a time payment system, and they were aided in every way in making a start. From utter failure, Fort Romie was transformed into a great success.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rider Haggard visited this

settlement after it had been established for some time and pictured the conditions there in glowing terms. ' These folk, nearly every one of them, a few years ago were in the position of day labourers, and now for the most part they are on the highway to considerable prosperity, and already possess happy homes, healthy families, pleasant surroundings, and a sufficiency upon which to live,' he wrote. ' It would be difficult to find a better instance of the advantage of skilled, carefully managed land settlement for the benefit of persons without capital. . . . Indeed, I doubt if such another exists.'

Fort Amity, in Colorado, was situated on the prairie land in the valley of the Arkansas River, not far from the dividing line between Colorado and Kansas. High-placed, bracing, and ideal from a health point of view, this estate of 1,760 acres represented another great venture. When the Salvation Army bought it from the Amity Land and Irrigation Company, there was no money available to pay any of the purchase price, but credit was obtained. Poor families were brought from Chicago and elsewhere and settled on twenty-acre plots, an ample homestead for a family in irrigated lands.

When Sir Rider Haggard visited the place on behalf of the British Government, he found ' a population of about 275 persons living in happiness, health, and comfort, with a good prospect of becoming entirely independent and, in sundry instances, comparatively wealthy.' Sir Rider Haggard was much struck by the affectionate regard of the Colonists for the Salvation Army, and of their goodwill towards one another. ' We would like the benefits which we—our families and children—are receiving, to be extended

to the thousands who have been longing and praying for such a chance,' they told him in a formal statement.

The third of these great Settlements, twenty miles outside the city of Cleveland, had been started, through the generosity of Colonel Myron T. Herrick, the famous Cleveland citizen, who afterwards became known to all the world as Governor of his State and as Ambassador of his country.

Fort Herrick, as this Colony of 280 acres was called, was not a land settlement, but rather a small industrial Colony on the lines of the Salvation Army estate at Hadleigh, Essex. Here were homes to which various classes of distressed people were brought to be restored to mental sanity and physical well-being. One of the most important establishments here was the Inebriates' Home, where confirmed drunkards were taken from the cities and given a chance to break their chains. The country life and the country employment did wonders for them, effecting permanent cures, as many cases proved. Men were brought here from the cities and taught farming. There was ready employment for them when trained, for the farmers all around were clamouring for hired labour.

The success of these Colonies was so striking that other Governments besides the British sent commissions to inquire into their methods. It was hoped for some time that England and some of the Dominion Governments would co-operate in large schemes for the settlement of the families of British unemployed on land in Greater Britain along these lines. A plan for the wholesale emigration of British agricultural workers to Rhodesia and their settlement in Colonies there, seemed at one time almost at the point of realization, but these hopes were not fulfilled.

## XVII

### TRAGEDY

THE work of the Booth-Tuckers in the United States rivals in importance and in lasting results the Commander's better-known mission in India. He was in the prime of his days, full of energy, rich in ideas, and fertile in devising fresh methods. There was scarce a week-end but he drew large crowds in some big city listening to his stories of God. Booth-Tucker was a man who needed 'mothering,' if the fiery flame of his zeal was not to burn itself out before its time.

They made their modest home at Mount Vernon, outside New York City, and here came fresh additions to the family, till there were six children in all. To the eldest of them, the memories of those days have remained in the years that followed as one great joyous picture of buoyant life. The only shadow was the mother's ill-health. She had been delicate in childhood and had fought through by her will power. Sometimes she would be two or three days in bed, scarcely able to move, and then would go straight to a big gathering, where she moved thousands to enthusiasm, and many to repentance, without any outward sign of her suffering.

But the shadow of illness was not allowed to darken the lives of the children. Booth-Tucker was a very jolly father, full of ideas for fun, full of jokes and games, and with a laugh so merry that his little ones wanted him to have it recorded for the gramophone. He was keen on making religion a reality to his children, but the religion that he taught them was a happy thing of freedom, not a convention of restriction and intolerance.

The children worshipped their father, and thought him the greatest man in the world. But they adored their mother, and regarded her as an angel. Her rich affection, her loving tenderness, and her big heartedness, seemed to deck her with a halo of glory. Emma Booth-Tucker did not confine her sympathies to platforms, but showed herself to still better advantage in the home than in public places.

The life of the family in those days was inevitably very fully charged. Husband and wife were constantly setting out on or returning from journeys far and near. There were waiting shorthand writers to record wanted articles, books, and official memoranda. An enormous mail bag constantly demanded attention.

The Commander and the Consul usually conducted their Meetings apart, in order to reach different audiences at the same time. Sometimes they took one of their children with them, especially the eldest daughter, Motee, high spirited, sparkling eyes, and showing already proofs of her capacity as a public worker. Little Motee, not yet in her early teens, would be called on to stand before great audiences in some of the biggest halls in the United States to sing, or would lead the music on the piano. Even the littler ones

could at least sometimes stand on the platform to wave a kiss and send greetings to all.

One good example of Booth-Tucker's whimsical high spirits and passionate affection for his children is seen in this little letter which he sent to his eldest daughter when she was seven months old :

MISS CATHERINE MOTEE BOOTH-TUCKER
(seven months old).

Our darling precious baby girl,

We think of you by day and by night. We love you, more than words can say, and our hearts are melted with prayer for you, that the Lord will make you His own little lamb.

As we write the life of your blessed Grandma, we are stirred with new ambition that you should follow in her footsteps, be as faithful in rebuking sin, and as courageous in the cause of righteousness—a 'Catherine Booth' for the coming generation.

We miss you very much, but we are comforted in knowing that you are with 'Tattie,' whom you love so much and who is so beautifully devoted to your highest interests.

With many kisses, your loving

MAMA AND PAPA.

Your brother Kris sends you a kiss. He often reminds us 'Baby gone.'

There were memorable days when in 1902 the old General visited America, and was met with a greeting which astonished even him. From the moment of his arrival at New York to the hour of his departure, he received such demonstrations of affection and compliments that his heart was cheered and strengthened. The syrens of the ships in New York Harbour combined with the cheers of thousands

of his followers, welcomed him at New York. The largest halls throughout the land were not large enough for those who wished to hear him. In Washington, Senator Hanna had arranged a special gathering of the leaders of political life to meet him, and he conquered them all. President Roosevelt entertained him, and he opened the Senate with prayer. Governors of States, Mayors of cities, and Presidents of Universities combined to do him honour. The old man's only disappointment was that he did not succeed in inducing the American multi-millionaires to subscribe all that they ought to have done for the Salvation of the world. He had a vision of their wealth enabling him to establish great training colleges for religious and social work on a scale hitherto unimagined, and of initiating such schemes of social reform as would make slumdom and unemployment memories of yesterday.

In the early autumn of 1903 the Commander and the Consul were at the very peak of their accomplishment. Then came tragedy, without warning. In October Mrs. Booth-Tucker was on one of her long journeys in the West. She visited the Colony at Amity on October 21st and held some Meetings for the settlers there, culminating in revival services on Sunday, when forty-six people came out and sought God. She left Amity on the Santa Fé train, accompanied by her personal secretary, Ensign Hester Dammes, and the National Colonization Secretary of the Salvation Army, Colonel Thomas Holland, who had much business to discuss with her. The Consul dictated letters to her Secretary and then sat in an empty tourist sleeping car with Colonel Holland, going over their affairs. There was much to do and

they kept on until, at last, she got up to go back to her sleeping berth.

The train was just then passing Dean Lake Station at Missouri. Something was wrong with the switch. The engine and baggage car passed safely, but the front wheels of the 'dead head' sleeper struck the switch and the passenger cars were hurled off the line, with dreadful result. The car where the Consul and Colonel Holland were standing received the full force of the blow, and was flung with tremendous violence against a large steel water tank near the track. Colonel Holland was found by a rescue party unconscious. When Mrs. Booth-Tucker's body was taken out, she was still living, but she had been injured so severely that it was evident at first glance that there was no hope of recovery. She lingered on for two hours and a quarter and then died.

Her husband had been on the way to meet her at Chicago, where they were to lead a Council of Army Officers. When he reached Chicago expecting to meet her, he found some Officers waiting him, who hurried him back to Headquarters and there broke the news. 'The blow fell upon me with crushing force,' he wrote afterwards. 'For hours I lay upon the office floor in an agony of grief and tears. It seemed as though I could not live. To others she had been precious. To myself she had appeared to be a part of life itself. It was indeed an hour when the human soul realized that nothing but the Divine could suffice; that but for the support which God alone could give, either mind or body, or both, must give way under the strain of a love bond broken thus terribly and suddenly. How that day passed I scarce can tell. I spent it on my face before God. My tears

were, indeed, my meat. But I prayed and claimed that not one rebellious or unbelieving thought should be allowed entrance into my soul.'[1]

His heart went out to the children, who had already learnt the news by telegram. There came a wire of sympathy from them, and he replied in this letter:

MY PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS MOTEE,

Yours and darling Kris's wire just came, and was a real comfort. Oh, my heart feels like breaking in a thousand pieces. Our precious, precious Angel Mamma. Oh, I have cried and cried, and I know how you will feel it, too.

But oh, let us think of her with Grandmama and darling William Tancred and Evangeline—no more pain, no more tears—joy, joy, everlasting joy. And she will be getting ready our place for us, and her example and her words will live in our hearts, and we will follow in her precious footsteps, till the Pearly Gates swing open for us, won't we?

We will help each other to be brave. You will help Kris and Kris will help you, and we will plan together to do just as if she was still with us, and we'll picture her bright beautiful eyes watching us all the time, and we'll meet her at last—none missing.

Oh, I am praying to God to help me for your sakes, and the Army's sake, and the poor world's sake to bear up.

Ever your loving,
PAPA.

The body was borne to Chicago, where the funeral service was held; and people who were present, writing to me more than a quarter of a century afterwards, declare that Booth-Tucker's speech over his wife's coffin was impressive and heart-moving beyond words. The speech is touching enough when read

[1] 'Consul Booth-Tucker.' A Memoir by Her Husband.

in cold print to-day, but the printed words can only be a shadow of the actuality then.

My Beloved Comrades and Friends,

At eleven minutes and twenty-five seconds past nine on Wednesday night, October twenty-eight, at Dean Lake, Missouri, our beloved Consul received her Call without a moment's warning. She was wearing the watch that I hold in my hand when the railroad wreck occurred, and so terrible was the shock that the watch stopped, though otherwise uninjured, indicating the exact moment when the tragic occurrence took place. And now we are here to-day to lay away the mortal remains of the best woman in the world. Had there been a better we certainly should have known it with the publicity afforded in these days by newspapers and other publications. But since her glorious mother, Catherine Booth, went to Heaven, I do not believe a more beautiful, Christlike character has ever trodden this earth.

To the people she was a prophetess, apostle, saint, and now a martyr all in one. She need not have died, humanly speaking. She could have been at home with her family, as she would have loved to be, instead of on the battle-field for Jesus' sake. She might, at least, have taken it a little easier. But she possessed the true spirit of a Soldier of the Cross, and as we have just been singing, she 'died at her post.'

She was not mine. She was far too precious. She belonged to God. She was a beautiful specimen of the Salvation of Jesus. Next to God she belonged to the People. Her heart was with them all the time. She sympathized with their sorrows, alleviated their sufferings, and sought with all her heart their Salvation. And she belonged to the Army. No matter what might be the stress or the storm through which the Army was passing, she never wavered. The advice she gave to her Cadets to swear to their own hurt and not to change, she acted

out herself. She was not only born in the Army, but the Army seemed born in her. She grew with its growth, and her beautiful, disinterested spirit and wise, far-seeing counsels were relied on greatly by our beloved General in shaping the Organization.

And therefore, I say again, she was far too precious to be merely mine. I was only granted the inestimable privilege of walking by her side, of smoothing her pathway, of removing from it some of the rocks which would have too severely bruised her tender spirit, or at least of taking off some of their ragged edges, of pouring the balm of love upon her sensitive soul when wounded in the battle's fray, of being her eager armour-bearer in her impetuous assaults upon the powers of darkness.

We saw eye to eye. We walked hand in hand. We fought side by side. We had no divided interests. At home and on the battle-field we were one—in spirit, in plan, in purpose. God helped me not to hold her glorious spirit back; I shared her cross, though she would not let me carry it. Indeed, our two crosses seemed to melt beautifully into one. I always felt, alas! that she carried the heavier end. She did so because she would. It was so with all she met. It seemed as if she must share their cross and bear their burden.

Only a few days since she was walking along the street with two or three of our leading Officers. A horse shied at a piece of white paper lying in the road. There was almost an accident, but finally it was quieted and went its way. 'Wait a moment,' said the Consul to the Officers, 'if we leave the paper there, nobody will remove it, and another horse may take fright.' Darting across the road, she picked it up, seeming to feel that what she could do herself she would not leave to others. It was typical of her all through life. She was ever removing the bits of white paper that might hinder human souls from seeking God, and good, and heaven. She was doing it when death met her.

But it seems to me as though she were bending down just now from above, and saying to me, 'Fred, do not glorify the creature, but the Creator.' When we see a beautiful statue or picture, we naturally think of and admire its maker. Our beloved Consul was a wonderful piece of God's own handiwork. Her face was beautiful, but her Salvation was the most beautiful of all. Her character as a saint and Soldier was a blessed reflection of the character of Christ.

We need no Bible to assure us of the existence of God, or of His goodness, or of the beauty of Holiness, or of the grandeur of the Salvation of Jesus. In this casket lie the remains of one who lived it all out before our eyes, as daughter, sister, mother, wife, and Soldier of the Cross. Here you have the evidence of the character of Jesus, of His skill, and of His love.

Another message, methinks, she wafts to you this afternoon from her home in Heaven—and that is, that the Divine Sculptor who moulded her life, her work, and character, can do the same for you. True, it cannot be without the use of the same chisel and mallet which helped to make her what she was. True, the keen edge of that chisel will enter into your soul as it did into hers. She felt it all herself to agony. But through her tears she looked up and said, 'Abba, Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.' She has 'rested from her labours,' and her 'works do follow her.'

The Revival for which she prayed so earnestly has commenced, though she has not been permitted to play the part in it she had so hoped. But her tragic end has, under God, done more to break up the fountains of the human heart than a life-long service might have done. Already we hear from Chicago that since her funeral service there, when twenty-eight souls knelt at the Cross, sixty more have followed, and a blessed awakening is in progress. Here, in New York, thirty-four souls came forward on Sunday night. I have no doubt that, as a direct

outcome of her tragic end, inside one week from the news being cabled round the world, at least one thousand souls will have sought Salvation, who might otherwise have been lost. But that is only the beginning. As the story of her life and death are told, and when we are able to publish in print the details of the narrative hitherto known but to the favoured few, it will prove an inspiration to tens of thousands more; and the woman-warrior who fell on the battle-field of Dean Lake, grasping the Army's Blood-and-Fire Banner in her hand, and crying to every Salvationist and saint and sinner in the world 'Excelsior!' will have multitudes claim her in Heaven as their spiritual mother.

Oh, yes, there will be a glorious harvest of result as a direct outcome of this tragedy. Our hearts will bleed, but by God's grace we will do better. In the last paragraph of the last article of a series we published in booklet form some time ago, she said, 'What the world most needs is hearts made tender by sanctified suffering.' If that be the world's great need, surely out of this sorrow, that has brought us such grief, results may be gathered over which she may some day say, like her Master, that she 'has seen of the travail of her soul, and been satisfied.' We shall live more Christlike lives through the example she has left behind.

Our Moses is gone! She has left us on the very borders of the promised land of 'Greater Things.' We are left without the inspiration of her service and her presence, to face alone our Jordans and our Jerichos, and to drive before us the spiritual foes that are preparing to oppose every step of our onward march.

But God is left, and Jesus is left, and the Holy Ghost is left, and the Army is left, and we are left to each other and to the War. Around this precious casket then, let us consecrate every power of our being, every moment of our remaining life, to the service of God and the people for whom she lived, and on whose behalf she died.

The death of the Consul aroused the sympathy of all America. Doctor Truett, in his book, *A Quest for Souls*, writes:

I heard Booth-Tucker say that he preached in Chicago one day, and out from the throng a burdened toiler came and said to him, before all the audience: 'Booth-Tucker, you can talk like that about how Christ is dear to you, and helps you; but if your wife was dead, as my wife is, and you had some babies crying for their mother, who would never come back, you could not say what you are saying.'

I was with Booth-Tucker, as I have indicated to you, and just a few days after our separation he lost his beautiful and nobly-gifted wife in a railway wreck, and the body was brought to Chicago, where Booth-Tucker had thus preached, and where the toiling man had stood up and said, 'You could not say that if you were in my condition.' The body was brought to Chicago and carried to the Salvation Army barracks for the funeral service.

That same toiling man was present who some days before had said what I have told you. And there was the casket in the chapel of the Salvation Army people in Chicago, and Booth-Tucker at last stood up, after others had conducted the funeral service, and he stood there by the casket, and looked down into the face of the silent wife and mother, and said: 'The other day, when I was here, a man said I could not say Christ was sufficient, if my wife were dead and my children were crying for their mother. If that man is here I tell him that Christ is sufficient. My heart is all crushed. My heart is all bleeding. My heart is all broken. But there is a song in my heart, and Christ put it there; and if that man is here, I tell him that, though my wife has gone and my children are motherless, Christ speaks comfort to me to-day.' That man was there, and down the aisle he came, and fell down beside the casket and said: 'Verily, if Christ can

help us like that, *I will surrender to Him!*' and he was saved.

Here is another letter to his two eldest children, sent early in 1904:

MY DARLING KRIS AND MOTEE,

I am writing you this letter on the train close to the spot where precious Mamma passed from earth to Heaven. You will guess how sad my heart is feeling at this moment. How gladly would I have died in her dear place. But I shall look to the Lord to give me His strength to go forward, and you must help me.

To-day is also the anniversary of our precious Army Mother's birthday. It was strange that they were both born in the same month and went to Heaven in the same month. Oh, that we may follow in their footsteps to the end. If they had begun beautifully, it would all have been spoilt if they had not persevered to the end. But you see they were faithful unto death, and did not turn back. Don't let us spoil our lives by having a poor finish. With such a mother what excuse could you have on the Judgment Day? But I am sure that you will go on, with me—or without me if God should call me away—to the end, and stand by Jesus and His Army and each other. I shall rely upon you, especially while I am away. Remember, even Jesus pleased not Himself. His joy was to please others. Let that be your joy and then you'll please Jesus and each other and your own consciences and me!

Good-bye, and may the dear Lord's richest blessings rest upon you. Kiss darling Mina and Lincoln and Eva and Myron and the baby (on their sweet little cheeks) for me.

Ever your loving Papa,

F. B.-T.

Booth-Tucker moved about almost numbed by the blow. He plunged into work to keep his mind

from thinking of his loss. At home at night in Mount Vernon he would go to his desk and sit there hour after hour. Little Motee was growing up now, quite a big girl, nearly twelve years old. She would watch over her father, her own eyes pain stricken and her heart half-broken, trying to make him eat, trying to make him smile. And she would wait watching outside the door of his room at night till his light went out.

When, early in 1904, the General called Booth-Tucker back to England, the American Army did all they could to show their admiration and affection for the man who had done so much for them. A wonderful testimonial was given to him by the Staff of the Army as a whole, with the name of the future General foremost among the signatures.

BELOVED COMMANDER.

For eight and a half years we have been privileged to have you as our Leader, and during those years our affections have become so entwined around you that it seems impossible to find words to express our feelings on the eve of your departure for other Fields. It is out of the question to attempt to recite in the space available for this address one tithe of the glorious victories our Army has accomplished during the years of your leadership, victories for which we give God the glory, but at the same time recognizing that He has used your efforts in their accomplishment. To say we love you is to say but little. Wherever you may be called there is a sense in which we must ever think of you as our Commander, and we are assured that neither time nor distance can weaken those chains of fellowship which for so many years have bound our hearts and lives together. We love you for your devotion. In season and out of season we have watched your faithful toil. In hours of difficulties, and

when clouds of discouragement hung low, we have heard your voice bidding us look up and go forward, and the command has been an inspiration as we have looked at your own devoted service. We love you for your goodness. In all these years we have felt that we have had indeed at the helm of affairs a man who walked with God, who never swerved from the paths of righteousness, who ever stood by the Cross and lived near the heart of our Lord. We admire you for your ability. The complex character of our work in this land has ever been safe in your hands. Not only have you so successfully manipulated our affairs in their ordinary channels, but you have launched out in new fields, propounded new schemes, and taken us to new opportunities, and in each and all revealed your master-mind. We love you for your sympathy. You have not only been our leader, our Commander, but you have ever been our brother; sharing our sorrows, helping us to wipe away the tear, and trying to lighten every burden. We love you for your example. That memory will ever be with us. Never can we forget how you have worked, have fought, have suffered, have sorrowed, and in all lived up to the highest and noblest ideals. In saying good-bye to you, our thoughts are carried to the one who for seven and a half years of your command shared its glories and triumphs with you—your beautiful and noble wife—our beloved Consul. Our hearts bled with yours around that open grave, and the memory of that precious gifted saint will ever be an inspiration to our hearts and lives. You leave behind indeed a precious legacy, and if for no other reason than the fact that in our midst are the sacred remains of that glorified warrior you must, beloved Commander, belong to America more than to anywhere else. During your recent tour through this land of ours you have had many evidences of the people's affection, but none will feel your loss more than the family of your National Headquarters' Staff, and none will follow with greater interest your every movement, and watch

with greater longing for your speedy return. But whilst this is so, we wish you to be assured that we will show our love to you by standing by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and holding up the hands of the one appointed by our honoured General to carry on the work which you have so successfully begun. You may rely upon us. Farewell, beloved Commander! For some it is a last farewell. Earth's battles are getting fewer, and ere long Heaven will be the home of some of us. But we shall look there for loved ones, and one day with Commander and with Consul, away from the battle's strife there shall be a glorious reunion, when the members of your American National Staff, having fought the fight, and kept the faith, shall sit down together with you and praise Him for His grace and glory and for every triumph achieved in His Name below.

The various Commands sent notable farewell messages. Let me quote one of them, from Commissioner McIntyre and the Officers of the Western New York and North-Western Pennsylvania Province:

BELOVED COMMANDER,

This is your last visit to Buffalo, your last Meeting in this Province, and soon you will conduct your last Meeting in the United States; this we regret more than our poor words can express. Your coming to us, nine years ago, found us passing through a dark cloud, one of the darkest in our history, but you came among us with that larger faith that helped us to see the silver lining to that cloud.

By your wise, strong, and enterprising administration, you have increased the confidence and loyalty of the American troops; by your constant advocacy and example of the 'strenuous Christian life' you have provoked us to greater devotion in our work; your humility has clothed you with dignity in our eyes; your kindly, brotherly spirit and treatment of those under you has developed a

spirit of harmony and good feeling among the United States forces that is very encouraging to us all, and must be very gratifying to you in giving up your Command. You have instituted soul booms that have resulted in great revivals; Soldier booms that have materially increased our fighting forces; you have given a great impetus to the purchase and building of suitable properties for the carrying on of our work, and in this Province alone, in the last three years, over $200,000·00 worth of property has been secured. You have demanded 'the manless land for the landless man,' and three great Army Colonies are the result. The increased number of our Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, Industrial Homes, Working-men's Hotels, and other Institutions for the bettering of the unfortunate classes, are the outcome of your sympathy and efforts in their behalf.

The work of the Army in this country has been put upon a splendid basis in every way, and the least we can say is that your life and work among us has been an unqualified success, for which we shall always be indebted to you.

We regret that our late beloved Consul who, until one year ago to-night, shared with you the burdens and triumphs of your Command, is not upon this platform with you; we loved and honoured her, and the influence of her life and work will ever be with us.

Her last request, when here a year ago, was for suitable quarters for our Men's Industrial, the deed for which I take pleasure in presenting you.

In parting with you we wish to assure you of our love, sympathy, and prayers for your future success.

God bless you!

The American Army was fortunate in Booth-Tucker's successor, Commander Evangeline Booth, who had already played so important a part in the critical days of 1896. Under her inspiring leadership,

the Army has continued to advance in the United States in a way which even Booth-Tucker had scarcely dared to anticipate. When America came into the Great War, the nation was to realize on what solid foundations the work of the Salvation Army in the United States had been built. The courage, helpfulness, and self-sacrifice of the Salvation Army lassies behind the front lines in France, which captured first the heart of the army and then the affection of all America, was no spasmodic growth. It was the outcome of the discipline, the training, and the devoted and inspired leadership of the years that had gone before.

## XVIII

### BACK TO INDIA

Booth-Tucker returned to England in 1904, and in the following year was re-appointed Foreign Secretary at the International Headquarters.

He made his home in Warwick Road, Clapton, and devoted all of his time that he could spare to his six motherless children. He and they were fortunate in having as their housekeeper Staff-Captain Carr, who had given up her public career when Mrs. Booth fell ill, in order to be free to nurse her. On Mrs. Booth's death she had transferred her services to her daughter Emma. Staff-Captain Carr's name is held in honour in the Army and rightly so. Motee, now a girl in her teens, was doing her best to see that her brothers and sisters missed the mother as little as possible. 'Precious Motee,' her father wrote to her. 'How we miss you! What should we do without you? Well, perhaps the others might get on, but to me you know you are my "little Emma" always, and therefore specially precious.'

It was no easy matter to look after this family of young children. There was a baby to be cared for, and most of the others were of very tender years. Old General Booth showed his sympathy for the

little ones in every way that he could, and frequently had them out at his home at Hadley Wood.

The father had to be often away from his children. Here is a typical letter from him to his eldest daughter, when the children were on their way to join him in London :

I want you all to remember precious Mamma's wishes, so that your influence may be always and only for good.

Don't neglect to pray and read your Bible every day—at least two verses every morning and evening. I remember promising one of my aunts—Aunt Fanny, long since gone to Heaven—when I was only about Lincoln's age, that I always would read at least two verses from the Bible every morning and evening. That promise has been a big help to me all through my life, and I want you to make a similar covenant with the Lord. It will help *you*.

Gladstone had a very nice plan of writing out one verse from the Bible every morning, and carrying it about with him all the day, and when any worrying thing came along, he would pull it out and read it over.

Oh, I do pray for you and each of the other precious children that you may grow up to love and serve God. I want Him to set His seal upon each of you. . . .

With fond love,

Ever your Papa,

F. B.-T.

*Clapton, July* 25, 1904.

In June, 1906, it was announced in *The War Cry* that the General had given his consent to the marriage of Booth-Tucker and Colonel Mary—always known as Minnie—Reid, the Provincial Commander for Ireland. Miss Reid was a member of another famous Anglo-Indian family, and one of the outstanding women-Officers of the Salvation Army. Her father, Mr. Lestock Reid, who died when she was fourteen,

was for thirty-five years in the Bombay Civil Service, without once coming home on leave, and was for a time acting-Governor of Bombay. She was the youngest of seventeen brothers and sisters, many of them serving the Queen, or the wives of men in the Queen's service. Two of her brothers were Indian civilians, three were in the army, one was principal of a college for the education of the sons of Indian chiefs, one was in the navy, dying of wounds received at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and one was a clergyman. Two of her sisters had married Indian civilians.

It was at the Stirlingshire home of another sister, Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, a well-known friend of the Salvation Army, that Miss Reid first came into close contact with the Movement, twenty years before. General Booth, his daughter Emma, and one or two Officers were staying here before opening a special campaign at Glasgow. Miss Reid, not long free from the schoolroom, was present at family prayers in the morning, nursing a broken kneecap. The old General, noticing that she did not kneel down, called to her to do so and to join in the prayers. 'I cannot kneel because I have hurt my knee,' said she with the directness of speech which has always been her characteristic, 'and I cannot pray because I am not converted.' A few days later, thanks largely to the influence of Emma Booth, Miss Reid was converted at one of the Meetings at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. The General's daughter begged her to give herself to the Army's work, and, after some consideration, Miss Reid replied that while she did not think she would be of any use, she would come the next summer. Asked for the reason of the delay, she said that she must first

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER

conquer her family, and if she conquered them she knew that she could conquer all.

She did not win them, then. Her mother took her to the South of France, hoping to divert her mind, but she refused to be diverted. The following July found her a Cadet at the Training Home at Clapton, despite parental opposition so strong that she had to leave home with nothing but what she carried on her.

Her training completed, she served for three years as secretary to Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. Then she was appointed Adjutant to Major Mary Tait, the Divisional Commander for Brighton. These were the days of the historic Eastbourne riots, when mobs of roughs, drawn from far and near, attacked the processions of the Army, stoned the Soldiers, broke the drums and the musical instruments, and belted any they could reach. The local authorities encouraged the roughs. As assistant to the Divisional Commander, Adjutant Reid found herself at Eastbourne, facing the mobs. Courage and resource have always been among her outstanding qualities. When, in one procession, she was swept away from her comrades and surrounded by a yelling mob, she thrust her thumbs into the belt of a policeman and clung to him, despite his unwillingness, until she was rescued. Miss Reid gave evidence later before Committees of the Houses of Parliament on the riots.

From Brighton she went with Major Tait to Cardiff, and from there to Belgium. In due course Miss Reid was herself promoted to Divisional Commands in south-west France, in Switzerland, and in Italy. These were some of the hardest and most exacting posts the Salvation Army had to offer, and

an interval in the Rhine district of Germany was a spell of comparative ease. In the Catholic countries of Continental Europe, with a working-class population largely given over to scepticism, the Officers are familiar with heartbreaking experiences which tax their faith and their enthusiasm to the utmost. Colonel Reid, working out of sight of her English comrades, splendidly stood the test. From Italy she went to the more sympathetic atmosphere of Ireland, and was already regarded by the leaders of the Army as one of their strongest and ablest women-Commanders.

In winning the affection of Colonel Reid, Booth-Tucker was a very fortunate man. The life before her with him promised little ease. There was a family of six children, the youngest about three years old, and the eldest still in their teens, to be cared for. But the affianced pair had very much in common. To both of them religion was the main thing in life. They both had the tradition of Indian official life in their blood, which gave them a hundred points of sympathetic understanding.

The marriage took place semi-privately at the Tottenham Citadel late in June. The General presided and the Chief of Staff, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and many of the leading Commissioners were present, as well as many members of the families of both bride and bridegroom. Colonel Reid was accompanied by an old friend and comrade, Lieut.-Colonel (now Commissioner) Mildred Duff. The General made a speech before the ceremony:

MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS,

The action that has brought us together cannot but be of some little concern to us all. A wedding is, for obvious reasons, ever an event of more than ordinary interest.

When it happens to be a Salvation Army wedding, this is more particularly the case, because, in addition to the temporal and spiritual well-being of the parties concerned, it boldly professes to be undertaken with the view of promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God.

The particular ceremony in which we are about to engage has, I think, a still further interest to most of us who are present. This will apply to the personal relatives of the parties entering on this new relationship. The natural ties existing between them must compel the desire that the union should be helpful to the happiness and well-being of those with whom they are related.

This interest will be specially felt, I am sure, by the Officers of the Salvation Army, who claim to be not only personal friends, but loving comrades of the parties about to enter on this union.

The bride and bridegroom are of long-tried and loyal standing in the Army. By dint of earnest toil, ability of a high order, and self-sacrificing devotion, they have both been eminently successful in their varied Commands, and have thereby reached the prominent and honourable places they occupy in our ranks, and the affectionate position they hold in our hearts.

The sacrifices of position and friends made by Commissioner Booth-Tucker in order to win the privilege of fighting under our Banner years ago, are matters of common knowledge, and the special services rendered to that Flag in India, America, and elsewhere, constitute an important and honourable part of our history.

Nay, it is not too much to say that he has made his name honoured and beloved wherever this Movement is spoken of, and we are all one to-day in hoping that his years may be many, and that his strength and capacity may be mightily increased to continue the Fight.

It is some twenty years since I first met Colonel Reid. She was then, as it were, just on the threshold of the

serious business of life. The world with its attractions, was at her feet, and ease and pleasure with winning smiles were beckoning her forward to a life of self-gratification.

I was privileged at that time to set before her another path, a road which, though uninviting to human eyes, and rough and thorny to human feet, promised not only her highest well-being, but opened before her a royal road by which she could bring honour to God and blessing to her generation.

To reach that heavenly highway there were difficulties to be encountered and sacrifices to be made. But she faced them with a courage that is not too common, and with a glad heart made a whole-souled offering of herself and her future to the service of the God-Man who had given Himself for her.

Her Soldier-life has not been one of form and show only. In France, in Switzerland, in Italy, in England, and lastly in Old Ireland, she has proved herself a worker—a warrior I might say—approved of God; a blessing to the people for whom she has fought; a joy to her General, and a brave, loyal, capable, and successful Officer.

Then I have no wish to disguise the fact that to-day's event has a special interest to myself, arising out of the relationship of the Commissioner to one who was dearer to me than words can tell.

The memory of that loved one is not only cherished by myself, but by every Officer in the Army, whether present or absent, while her name will be respected by every friend of God and man who has only the remotest knowledge of her personal worth and public warfare.

Near upon three years have elapsed since a dread catastrophe took her from us. During that period there can, I think, be no ground to question the affectionate and loyal regard the Commissioner has entertained for her memory. That recollection will, I am sure, be continued while life shall last.

Several special circumstances have, however, led him

to seek the present union and make it appear to be, I think, not only admissible, but commendable. Among other things, there is the family of six dear children, of more than usual energy and ability, calling for firm, intelligent, and affectionate care.

The position of all but world-wide activity which the Commissioner has been called upon to fill, compels him to be ever on the wing and prevents his affording all the constant and efficient oversight they require.

I am glad to know that the highest interests of these children for earth and Heaven are being sought with tender and untiring toil by a devoted Officer, who has watched over them from the time they entered into the world. But, nevertheless, the further care of a firm, authoritative, motherly hand seems to be very desirable to their being nurtured and trained for the lives of Holiness and usefulness which their General, in common with their father, has set his heart upon their reaching in the Army and the world.

The personal love of the bride for my dear daughter and her ambition to minister to the welfare of the Consul's beloved children, seem to go far to qualify her for taking her place, so far as a mother's place can be occupied by another.

This consideration, combined with the personal conviction of our comrades that this is God's way for them, the affectionate regard with which they have been mutually inspired, and their deep and earnest desire to make the marriage promotive not only of their own happiness and the well-being of the precious children, but of the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord, justifies me not only in giving my consent, but in entertaining the belief that the union is of God, and to feel that they are marrying in the Lord, and may therefore expect His benediction upon their hearts, their home, and their future work.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker is happily still among us

when this biography is being written, and so it is impossible for me to say all that I would like to say about the wonderful years of partnership in life and work that followed. She took over the care of the family, and the children have not waited until years ahead to rise up and call their 'Marmie' blessed. But she did much more. She became her husband's working colleague in his great schemes. The years between 1906 and 1919 were the most fruitful in Booth-Tucker's life, and for this he had largely his wife to thank.

'Prick his bubbles,' old General Booth told her on their wedding day. In other words, keep him down to the practical things of life. Booth-Tucker originated great ideas, but the detail working out of these schemes often fell to his life's partner. Sir Arthur McMahon, when presiding over a lecture by Booth-Tucker before the East India Association in London in 1926, put into words what many felt: 'I speak from personal knowledge when I say that no small portion of the success of the work among the Criminal Tribes of India is due to Mrs. Booth-Tucker. If there is any one more energetic in good works than Commissioner Booth-Tucker it is Mrs. Booth-Tucker.'

They carried out campaigns together, travelled always together, and were constant companions in sickness or in health, in days of triumph or in hours of adversity. The only time they parted, until his death, was on one occasion when Mrs. Booth-Tucker had to go to hospital for a serious and dangerous operation. Each afternoon he sat by her bed as long as the doctors would allow. In the evening he would pour out his heart in letters telling of his love and grief.

DARLING, DARLING MINNIE,

When will you be able to read this? I have suffered since leaving you.

Forward was here to get the latest news. We prayed together, and I broke down and cried. She is so sympathetic.

Darling, I have seen to the different things you mentioned, but have no heart for anything but assurances of love, deep and tender.

May the dear Lord bring you safely through.

Your loving

FRED.

DARLING, PRECIOUS LOVE,

The memory of your last sweet smile and kiss lingers in our memory, and cheered us on our homeward way. Bless you! How we have suffered with you and for you! The iron has entered our souls.

But as we see you creeping back to health, our hearts send up a great big Hallelujah to the Throne of Grace.

We do miss you. We count the days to your return, and we so look forward to the time when we shall be able to arrange for your return. It will be *lovely!* But at present patience must have her perfect work, and we must—regretfully though it be—strive to help to hold you to your painful cross, till the Lord Himself shall say, 'It is enough! Come down.'

Meanwhile you will realize that we are with you in spirit *all the time.*

Love, love from your own

FRED.

Every letter had its different greeting: 'Darlingissima Santa Maria,' 'Preciosissima mia,' 'Meri pyarissimi Bibi,' and the like.

In the autumn of 1906 the Booth-Tuckers went on a special mission of inspection to India. An old Anglo-Indian friend noted the difference between

their reception then and Booth-Tucker's experience on first landing at Bombay after joining the Salvation Army. 'The first time the police were waiting for him, watching an opportunity to clap him in prison,' chuckled the veteran. 'This time the Governor's A.D.C. was waiting, with an invitation to visit his Excellency.'

The journey through India and Ceylon was a wonderful experience. The authorities were exceedingly cordial, and the visitors were received by the Governor-General, the Governors of the Provinces, and the chief authorities everywhere. The Press could not have been more kind. Whenever they spoke vast crowds gathered to listen.

They returned to England in March, when Booth-Tucker resumed his duties as Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters. He had asked, on returning to England from America, to be sent back to India. Now, he had not been home many weeks before he sent a letter to the General renewing his request:

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Your visit to the East, and the unparalleled reception which you have been accorded, have seemed to stir up my whole heart and soul afresh in regard to the vast needs and possibilities which lie before the Army amongst these Oriental nations. My own recent trip to India has also made me realize more than ever the wonderful opportunities which await us there.

While I deeply appreciate the responsible position at the Chief's side at Headquarters, which you have called me to occupy, I nevertheless feel impelled to offer my services once again for India, where I feel that my knowledge of the country and its languages, gained after many years' experience, would be of special use to the Army.

You will remember, dear General, that the cause of my recall from India in 1891 was the sudden and serious illness of the dear Consul, and her consequent inability to remain. Apart from this, I never felt that my term of service was completed, and it would be both a satisfaction and a joy to me if you would permit me to return, even if only for a few years.

You could reckon on both me and my dear wife doing our very utmost to push forward the interests of the War and to carry out your wishes in regard to the same.

We can, as you know, make suitable arrangements for the children, so that their health may be thoroughly safeguarded.

Ever devotedly,
Your son and Soldier under the Flag,
F. Booth-Tucker.

This time the General let him go. Mrs. Booth-Tucker, it is interesting to note, made no secret of the fact that she felt no special call to India, although as a Soldier in the Salvation Army she always obeyed orders. She felt that for the sake of the children it might have been better to remain longer in England.

There was a thrilling farewell gathering at the Congress Hall, where the old General bade them God-speed, and the six children crowded around their grandfather in affectionate greeting in front of the audience of many thousand people.

## XIX

### THE PREACHER BECOMES CREATOR OF INDUSTRY

Mrs. Booth-Tucker took an Indian name, Dutini, and they made their home in Simla, taking the children with them. Motee, the eldest daughter, went back after a time to England to school, so that the work of helping 'Marmie' in looking after their father fell to the happy lot of the two younger daughters, Mina and Muriel. In the years to come both Motee and Mina married, and it was Muriel who was for many years her father's and 'Marmie's' right hand at home.

Booth-Tucker's position was now different from before. The regular Indian Command was divided out among five Provincial Commanders. He was the special representative of International Headquarters in India. He had the duty of supervising all, of planning new efforts and of generally directing the activities without burdening himself too much with everyday details. Some branches of Social Work, especially the work among Criminal Tribes which I deal with later, were under his direct control.

One important part of the work of husband and wife was conducting 'melas' (Congresses) throughout India. Any number up to fifteen thousand Indians

would assemble in the evening in the open. The outcastes—among whom the work of the Army found its richest field—crowded in the centre, sitting packed tightly together on the ground. On the outer ring would be men of high caste, who could not degrade themselves by sitting among the outcastes.

In order that they might hear, giant megaphones were used, megaphones so big that a kind of gallows had to be built to keep them up. The Commissioner employed magic lantern slides and the cinematograph to attract and hold the attention of the crowds. On one occasion the people sent a message, 'Whatever other pictures you show us, please show us the Life of Jesus.' On another occasion the men of high caste sent, 'Come to us, and talk to us.'

The days of isolation were past. Official and intellectual India welcomed them with open hands. Sometimes this led to amusingly awkward situations. On one occasion they were invited to a Viceregal dinner party, the invitation stating that official or European dress was *de rigueur*. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Booth-Tucker had European dress, and the Salvation Army, especially the Indian uniform, was not at that time recognized as correct for high official functions. They on their side believed that it was their duty to wear their uniforms on every possible occasion.

They wrote to the Viceroy's A.D.C. telling their difficulty, and he replied very politely regretting that this would prevent them from being present. Thereupon, Mrs. Booth-Tucker wrote direct to Lady Hardinge, who had shown much sympathy with their work, explaining that their inability to attend was from no lack of loyalty, but from lack of officially

proper dress. Lady Hardinge evidently took up the matter with her husband, the Viceroy, for it was promptly laid down as a rule that for all official and Court purposes, Salvation Army Indian uniform was correct uniform, and that regulation remains in force to this day.

Booth-Tucker—which here means Mrs. Booth-Tucker also—realized that India was on the eve of momentous changes. The apathy of centuries was going. A new spirit, industrial, political, and economic, was being born, and the nation was in the pangs of its new birth. New problems were waiting to be solved, and new plans of approaching the people were necessary.

The coming of industrial change had brought in its train economic distress, among some of the most deserving classes of the community. This distress could not be cured by charity, necessary as charity might be as a temporary expedient, but must be met by corresponding economic developments. And so, as an essential part of his religious work, Booth-Tucker found himself dealing with national industrial questions. He did not join in any general criticism of the authorities. On the contrary, he stated, time after time, that he was convinced that the British officials were doing their utmost, by every means in their power, to improve conditions. He directed his energies not to criticism, but to constructive amelioration.

He found India, on his arrival, suffering from severe famine. The Salvation Army organized a relief scheme, based partly on gifts of food, and partly on loans to the peasantry, to help them over the worst time. To prevent the periodic recurrence of famine, which is

one of the tragedies of modern India, he introduced the cassava plant, from which tapioca is made. This gives a root-flour at half the cost of grain, and will thrive under conditions where grain will not grow. 'Wherever the cassava is grown the more terrible aspects of famine are unknown,' he declared.

He recognized that it would be folly to attempt to check the growth of modern industrial methods, because of their temporary injury to special classes of the people. India must pass through this stage of development. Some of the leading Indian manufacturers, knowing his familiarity with the most modern American methods of business, discussed their problems with him. Mr. Jamsetji N. Tata, founder of the great Parsee firm, has been a warm friend of the Army from its earliest days.

While Booth-Tucker was in America he learned that Mr. Tata had been trying to obtain the backing of the Indian Government in order to launch great steel works in India, but the authorities had refused to help him. Thereupon Booth-Tucker gave Mr. Tata introductions to some of the great steel magnates at Pittsburg, who offered to provide the necessary capital for such a venture. Upon hearing this the Indian Government agreed to help in providing the capital, in order to keep the industry from falling under American control. The great Tata Steel Works that are now an outstanding feature of Indian business are the outcome. This helped to lead to a very important development for the Army.

Booth-Tucker had long felt that silk culture ought to be possible and profitable in India. He and Mr. Tata had talked it over and were in agreement. Booth-Tucker experimented in the kitchen of his Simla house

with considerable numbers of cocoons. (Need I add that in Indian homes the kitchen quarters are away from the living rooms.)

Eleven million hand-loom village workers had found their occupation almost wholly gone because of the introduction of cheap, factory-made cotton goods, and Booth-Tucker was much concerned about them. Years before, Staff-Captain Maxwell, an Officer specially gifted with mechanical skill, had been sent among the villagers and had studied their needs. He invented a new and fast loom which could produce four or five times the quantity of cloth woven with the old hand loom. To provide the necessary warps, the Captain invented another machine. Formerly, the production of these warps had been one of the heaviest tasks of the village women and children, they having to walk backwards and forwards about fourteen miles to produce warps fifty feet in length. With the new apparatus warps of 500 feet and upwards, sufficient to supply from ten to twenty looms, could be made by the labour of two or three people and the simple turning of a wheel. 'The factories have taken work from the home and the village to the cities; the Muktifauj is bringing it back again,' Booth-Tucker was able to claim.

But the investigation into the improvements of cotton weaving showed that silk weaving would be far more profitable. It is interesting to note how Booth-Tucker set about creating this new industry. The Tatas had already experimented in this direction, creating a small model farm at Bangalore, under the direction of a Japanese expert, but it had not been the success expected. Sir Dorabji Tata, son of Mr. Jamsitji, offered it as a gift to the Salvation Army, if it

would carry on the attempt and make it a success. Booth-Tucker accepted the offer.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker had themselves visited factories and collected information in some of the main silk centres in China, Japan, France, and Italy. They were very much impressed by the work of Sir Thomas Wardle in Kashmir. Sir Thomas had been a silk expert all his life and his father before him, and knew what was essential for success. He offered the Kashmir Government his expert direction free, in an effort to revive seri-culture, provided they would back him up adequately, purchase disease-free eggs from France and, as far as possible, protect the stocks from disease. Sir Thomas insisted that the venture should not be committed to the tender mercies of an overworked agricultural department, entirely ignorant of the business, but must be run separately. Following Sir Thomas's advice, the Kashmir Government spent annually from five to ten lakhs of rupees on the industry, and made a clear profit of between twelve and twenty lakhs.

Booth-Tucker strongly urged the Indian Government to follow the example of Kashmir. He showed it what he had succeeded in doing, and the Government finally agreed to inquire into the matter. It appointed Professor Lefroy to investigate, but he, while being an excellent entomologist, was not a silk expert. Booth-Tucker protested that the appointment was unsuitable, and by some mischance his letter was shown to Professor Lefroy. The latter's report, in place of assisting the national expansion of the industry, dealt it, Booth-Tucker claimed, a death blow and furnished an excuse to the Government for doing nothing.

The Salvationists, however, kept on with their

organization. The school of a dozen workers at Bangalore was enlarged until it had about a hundred employees, students, and staff. It soon became self-supporting, and the demands for its products outpaced the supply. Bangalore is an ideal situation for the growth of silkworms. The main thing done here, however, was not the production of goods in the factory, but the training of workers, who were sent out to the villages to start seri-culture there.

Booth-Tucker vainly endeavoured to induce the Government to take special measures to protect Indian silkworms from disease. He declared that India would be the greatest silk-producing country in the world, because it has indigenous silkworms of its own which are extremely valuable, if it only enforced suitable legislation for their protection. Japan had 3,000 inspectors paid by the Government to prevent disease. In Japan and France every place which produced eggs for reproduction had to be licensed and subject to Government inspection. Pasteur had saved the industry in France when it was at its lowest possible ebb, by drawing up a system for fighting disease. India should do the same.

In another direction, Booth-Tucker gave a lead to official India. He was much concerned over the exactions of the village usurers, who, like many of their kind in the rest of the world, ruined many by their greed. To fight them, he established village banks as part of the Army work, on the lines of the village banks on the Continent of Europe. After the banks had been at work for a few years, legislation was introduced making village banks general. Then Booth-Tucker introduced a central bank, for financing village banks.

Varied home industries were organized for the villagers, such as the making of lace, drawn thread, and needlework. These were introduced especially for the benefit of industrial schools and village Soldiers. The women were taught, supplied with material, and paid for their work, which was sold to friends and sympathizers.

In seeking to help the village Soldiers, Booth-Tucker was driven by necessity. When villagers were converted to Christianity they became at once, in most cases, outcasts, forsaken by their friends and deprived of employment. To leave them unaided would have been hard and un-Christian ; to help them by doles would have been harmful. So Booth-Tucker formed village settlements. The most notable of these was at Shantinagar in the Punjab, where the Salvation Army bought a plot of 2,000 acres of irrigated land from the Government at what was then considered the very high price of 240 rupees per acre, the Government, however, allowing thirty years in which to make the payments. Land could have been obtained for a little more than half this figure, but the settlers themselves made the choice and made it wisely. The Salvation Army made itself responsible for the money, and sold it on a time-payment system to the people. Here Booth-Tucker insisted, in spite of some opposition, on his plan of letting the people own their own freehold, instead of making them leaseholders. Shantinagar has been for some years one of the most successful irrigation settlements in the world, and is the home of a prosperous community of Salvationists, who had turned a jungle into a home of abundance.

Booth-Tucker introduced Arbor Day into India,

starting a scheme by which on every Empire Day the Army children, followed by friends and supporters, go out and plant trees for shade, for health, and for harvests. He was foremost in advocating the growth of the eucalyptus in malarial districts to check this great plague of India, and he distributed eucalyptus seeds broadcast.

Medical and educational work were two other necessary features. The tale has often been told of the young Salvationist, Harry Andrews, who at the age of fifteen was one of the party of Officers who went out to India with the Consul. Faced by the disease and suffering of the Indian people he began to heal them, untrained though he was. He revealed such remarkable aptitude that the Army authorities helped him to train and obtain his degree of M.D. He planned and built a Salvation Army hospital at Moradabad. During the war his services were requisitioned by the military authorities, and he was sent to the North-west frontier, where at the close of the Great War a frontier war was being waged. Captain Andrews was senior medical officer in charge of Kanguri. Hearing that a convoy had been attacked, he at once took out an aid post under heavy fire, and established it, protecting the wounded as best he could, but seeking no shelter himself. When an ambulance was available he collected the wounded under heavy fire and placed them in it. He had barely put the last one in his place before he himself was killed. He was given a posthumous award of the V.C.

With the hospitals, village dispensaries, and medical services, there came a continuous campaign for improved sanitation, for the sinking of wells, the abolition of beggary, and the increased well-being of the poorest.

It was not these big things, but a comparatively small one, that helped first to cement official goodwill. The authorities in the big cities of India had long been greatly troubled over the question of how to handle poor white men. Soldiers who had taken their discharge in India and had failed to make good there, sailors who had fled their ships, and derelicts of many kinds were constantly demanding attention. To leave them alone would be bad for the prestige of the European ; to gather them up, isolate them, and finally ship them to England was troublesome and costly. 'Let me have them,' said Booth-Tucker. He opened Homes for them, looked after them, and reformed many.

## XX

## THE 'CRIMS'

THERE are in India to-day millions of hereditary criminals, united in tribes and gangs. Some are loose associations of petty thieves; others are strong, well organized and highly disciplined groups, whose operations are engineered often enough by wealthy men in the background. Some are direct descendants of the pre-Aryan aborigines, driven from their homes in the great invasions, or in the line of ancient chieftains who, dispossessed of their land and wealth, turned to plunder for a livelihood. Others are the ragged remnants of the armies which overran India previous to British rule.

The lower levels of the Himalayas have long been the favourite refuge of the wandering criminal bands. From here they spread themselves over central and southern India. The fact that the Indian Empire is divided for purposes of law administration into hundreds of different areas, helps them to evade arrest. They can live on the borders of the state of one great prince and from there raid the farmers in the province nearby, or they can take up their temporary quarters at a point where two or three provinces and states meet, slipping over from one to the other to avoid capture.

Some live in villages, specially built to defy the law. 'They are planned to facilitate escape, should the police appear upon the scene, or to introduce booty unseen, should the police be already there,' Booth-Tucker wrote. 'A "Crim" village is like a rabbit warren. When the ferret appears at one end, they escape at the other. Or they will sleep in the open air in places from which they can observe all comers. Or they will scatter themselves over a wide area amongst out-of-the-way villages, where police supervision is impossible. There are chains of connecting posts reaching from the Himalayas to Bombay, Calcutta, and South India. The roving gangs will leave secret wayside marks to tell their confederates where they have gone, how many there are, and what success they have had.'

These Criminal Tribes exercise many and varied activities. History records the doings of the Thugs and the Dacoits. Some confine themselves to particular forms of stealing.

The most interesting example of this is the Yricolas (Scissors), a tribe that specializes in slitting the ears of sleeping women in order to steal their heavy rings. Hindu women have the lobes of their ears stretched from childhood by inserting larger and larger corks in holes pierced in the ears. From these stretched lobes they hang heavy ornaments of gold and precious stones. The Yricolas use blades so fine and sharp that they can slit the ear lobes of a sleeping woman and remove her ornaments without awakening her.

Booth-Tucker himself described the more ambitious bands. 'We find a compact phalanx of trained warriors,' he wrote, 'including men, women, and even children, often marshalled and led on by women

chieftains. They meet power with cunning and force with fraud. They utilize the railway for rapid raids, the post office for remitting their loot. Locating themselves on the boundaries of different states and provinces, they pass rapidly from one to another, baffling the vigilance of the police. Inured to hardship, adepts in every artifice, trained from infancy by their expert leaders, they carry on a guerilla warfare which defies the combined efforts of an army of 150,000 police and 700,000 village watchmen to repress.

'They are soldiers rather than robbers, though, like other armies of a more civilized character, they make the territory which they occupy contribute to their support. Unencumbered by weapons, ammunition, or commissariat, they can move rapidly from point to point. Amidst the 675 states and 250 districts, into which India is divided, they can always find some easy-going officials who will turn their blind eye toward them and afford them a sanctuary. To such they will grant immunity and not infrequently a share of their spoils. If a "mitha (soft) sahib" occupies the chair of district magistrate, or superintendent of police, it is quickly known and marked, and full advantage taken of the fact. The official in question may be able to boast that his own district is comparatively immune from crime, while the surrounding country may be raided all the time.

'To these freedom-loving, roaming Ishmaelites, the restrictions of a settlement appeared irksome and intolerable. They were accustomed to wander at will wherever they liked, whenever they chose. Now they had to keep within bounds, unless granted a pass for some legitimate object. But we explained that in

shutting them in we had made a condition that the police—their natural enemies and oppressors—should be shut out. This tickled their imagination and appealed to their keen sense of humour.'

The skill and ingenuity of many of these hereditary criminals have made their very shadow a terror to the peasantry, who credit them with supernatural skill, with the instincts of birds, with being able to see in the dark, and with the gift of an unfailing sense of locality. Some tribes have the reputation of being so fleet of foot that even a man on horseback cannot catch them. The most serious reports about the strength of these criminal groups come, it is important to note, not from chance observers, but from the official returns of the Indian police.

If proof is wanted of the serious view taken of them by the Government in India, it will be found in the extraordinary legislation in force against them. The Criminal Tribes Act of 1911 is a measure which Sir Edward R. Henry, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London, and formerly Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, described as the most extraordinary Act ever put upon the Statute Book. 'The code of Draco was not in it with this Act,' said Sir Edward, 'and I cannot understand how it was ever passed.' The local Government was given power to declare any caste, tribe, class, or gang of people, criminal, and to register them as such. These criminals could, for a third non-bailable offence, be transported for life. A whole community could be kept in semi-captivity if the authorities wished.

Many British administrators have refused to accept the general doctrine that these tribes are incorrigible, and have made active attempts at their

reformation. They have noted that many of them are desperately poor, living in encampments and never having a roof over their heads except when in jail, their children often being born in the fields. Outcasts and pariahs, with every man's hand against them, they have no chance of leading an honest life. It is no exaggeration to say that these Criminal Tribes have, as a whole, been the despair of the authorities. The more active and conscientious a district officer has been, the more he has realized this.

In 1908 Booth-Tucker met Mr. Tweedy, a member of the Government of the United Provinces at Bareilly and found him keenly interested in this question of the reformation of the Criminal Tribes. Mr. Tweedy suggested that the Salvation Army should undertake the work of dealing with these people. Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant-Governor, supported Mr. Tweedy's suggestion. Sir John Hewett described some years later, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Arts in London, how this start was made. ' As I served for fifteen years in the Home Department, I had the opportunity of reading all the reports from different parts of India with regard to the operation of the Criminal Tribes Act,' he said, ' and before I left I came to the conclusion that when people who not only had criminal instincts, but were devoid of elementary ideas of decency and morality, were being dealt with, official action was of no use whatever. It was necessary to employ some organization of religious zealots with infinite patience and unflagging enthusiasm. When Commissioner Booth-Tucker came to me at the suggestion of Mr. Tweedy, then Commissioner of Rohilkhand, and suggested that he should undertake the management of the Criminal Tribes in certain parts

of the United Provinces, it did not take much time for me to realize that this was exactly the sort of agency to whose care they should be entrusted.' At first there were some difficulties owing to certain Hindu members of the local council raising a debate and declaring that it was unfair to employ a Christian agency in this work in preference to Hindu agencies. They were hopelessly out-voted in council, every Mohammedan member supporting the Government decision, and most of the Hindus agreeing that no Hindu or Mohammedan agency was so fit to have control of the Criminal Tribes as the Salvation Army.

It was proposed that the Army should attempt the reformation of the Doms, a tribe of about 300 people kept in semi-captivity at Gorukhpur. They were allowed to wander about the city freely during the day, earning their living as best they could. Some were beggars, some did odd jobs, some acted as city scavengers, and they all stole whenever they had the opportunity. Each evening they were obliged to report themselves at a kind of criminal barracks, shut in by high walls, where they were all locked up for the night. Any member of the tribe not reporting himself became liable to immediate arrest, and there was a monetary reward for his capture.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker said that before coming to a decision they must visit the tribe. The police pointed out that this was a highly dangerous proceeding. The Doms were a very violent people who could not be relied on, and if the sahib went accompanied by the memsahib, it would be necessary for him to have a heavy guard.

Booth-Tucker brushed aside the suggestion of police escort, and he and his wife went in among the

Doms unaccompanied. They summoned their head men together and had a frank talk with them. They pointed out that their life was not a very desirable one, and asked them if they would not like an opportunity of becoming decent, law-abiding, and self-supporting men and women.

The Doms were notorious far and near as among the most drunken, vicious, and licentious of folk. They were such gamblers, people said, that they put pice into the hands of their newly dead men, so that their spirits might have some money to gamble with in the next world. Their fierceness was equally notorious. If any one offended them, they were ready to fight till they dropped. But Booth-Tucker saw in them other qualities. He noticed the fine eyes and good physique of many; he discovered that they were honest in their mutual relations, whatever they were to the outside world; and he refused to believe that they were hopeless.

The authorities provided accommodation, and so the first Settlement for the Criminal Tribes was opened at Gorukhpur for the Doms. It was announced that the only people who would be admitted to this Settlement were those who desired to be honest and who would be obedient. If they came, they would be taught how to support themselves, and helped to make a real start in life.

The opportunity of escaping from the constant supervision of the police, who sometimes, if rumour spoke truly, blackmailed and bullied them, made the offer to enter the Settlement tempting. But the Doms were suspicious folk. They came, they examined, came again, talked the matter over, and only gradually applied for admission. On being received,

the register of each man was transferred from the police criminal list to the Settlement list. They were still criminals and still liable to the restrictions of the Criminal Law, but they came under the direction of the police organization of the Settlement itself, very different from the Government police.

At the head of the Dom Settlement was a devoted European Salvationist Officer and his wife, and under them a group of carefully-picked helpers. The Doms were housed, fed, and put to work, some at weaving, some at farming, some at forestry. Each evening they had to answer their names at the roll call, and if any was not there he had to be searched for till he was found. After the roll call came a Salvationist Meeting with plenty of music. Much care was given to the women, and the education of the children was begun. The people were taught to keep themselves clean. The reports of this wonderful place spread among the outcasts until, before very long, it was full, with 175 settlers. Still more came. 'If you cannot take us in, at least let us rest in the shadow of your power,' they begged.

High officials visited Gorukhpur to see what was happening; commissioners, inspectors, and superintendents of police, and the like. They went away openly marvelling, for here they found the incorrigibles of yesterday working peacefully and living sober and decent lives.

How was this accomplished? Booth-Tucker would have been the first to say that much of the credit should go to the devoted Officers in charge, men and women who literally gave themselves up to the work of reclaiming the criminals. Strong religious influence played its part and a very big part, although it was

some time before the outward signs of this were evident. Booth-Tucker's experience in administration enabled him to plan and organize well.

From Gorukhpur the work among the Criminal Tribes spread. By the year 1916 there were six purely agricultural Settlements in operation, with tracts of land amounting to 6,800 acres. There were sixteen other Settlements where agriculture and industry were combined, and twelve purely industrial settlements, including Children's Homes. These were in addition to Homes for released prisoners, for adolescents and criminal boys, and for children of Criminal Tribes.

At the suggestion that they should give up stealing and start to work, some of the 'Crims' at first laughed. 'We never work, we only dance and sing,' said some of them. 'What does the Government expect?' asked another in astonishment. 'Do they take us for coolies? Why should we work for a rupee a day, when we can win a thousand rupees by a single night's raid?'

At the suggestion that they should wash their clothes, they were most indignant. 'Do you take us for dhobis (washermen)?' they asked. When it was suggested that their wives could do the washing, they said, 'Certainly not, it would spoil our taste in food to be cooked with clean hands.'

Booth-Tucker's plan of curing the criminal was a simple one. Give him employment! Often, before the people could be employed, they had to be trained. Contracts were arranged with Government departments for the cutting of trees, silk culture was begun, from the growing of the silk worms to the weaving of the silk; agriculture was initiated; some were taught carpentry, some mat and basket making, and some

the weaving of cotton and wool fabrics. When it is remembered that nearly all the Criminal Tribesmen and their families brought into these Settlements had been trained not to work, the difficulties in the way of instructing them can be imagined.

Booth-Tucker found, as he expected to find, that many of the members of the Criminal Tribes were glad to have a chance of turning to honest living. They were criminals because they had never had the opportunity to be anything but criminals.

The Government authorities were the first to recognize the value of what was being done. 'It is not too much to say,' declared Sir John Hewett, 'that their (the Salvation Army's) efforts show the way to the solution of a hitherto unsolved problem.' Lord Ronaldshay, in the report of the Royal Commission on the Public Services in India, declared that the experiment of placing the Criminal Tribes in charge of the Salvation Army was proving a solution of one of the most troublesome problems with which the Government had to deal. 'The methods are kindness and suasion,' said Lord (then Sir James) Meston, Lieutenant-Governor of the Western Province. 'The results have been most encouraging.' Superintendents, inspectors, and inspectors-general of police echoed the same praise. 'If I can acquire a fraction of the success which have been achieved with the Maghaya Doms,' declared one superintendent of police after going over the Settlement of Jitpur, 'my visit will not have been in vain.' Lord Pentland, the Governor of Madras, said, 'I do not think the Government could be too grateful to the Salvation Army for the admirable work it is doing.'

Booth-Tucker induced the Government to change

entirely the method of registration of the tribesmen. There had formerly been a single register in which all of the tribe were described as 'badmashes' or criminals. Booth-Tucker coined a new name, 'nekmash' —good character—and those who deserved it were registered as such. Adolescents free from crime were no longer registered as criminals, as they had been automatically under the old rule. There were still incorrigibles. Booth-Tucker urged the authorities not to imprison these, but to locate them with their families in self-supporting settlements on islands, where they would be compelled to earn an honest living, but where they would have no opportunity of raiding. On these islands, so long as they behaved themselves, they should be allowed every possible liberty, owning their own lands and houses, and living with their families.

No greater sign of the Government's appreciation of Booth-Tucker's work could have been shown than his decoration, in 1913, with the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal. It was India's official seal of approval.

The latest tribute paid to the Army's Work among the depressed classes of India is contained in the 'Report of the Indian Statutory Commission,' under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon:

> The Missions have done splendid work in giving them (the untouchables) a new dignity and a new hope; and we must mention with admiration the efforts which we saw being made by the Salvation Army for some of the most degraded.

ADDRESSING INMATES OF LAHORE BORSTAL PRISON

## XXI

### MAN OF LETTERS

Booth-Tucker was a man of letters, and came from a family noted for its literary attainments. His grandfather, the Chairman of the East India Company, had revealed a pretty taste in literature in his published works. His aunt, 'A.L.O.E.' rivalled Miss Charlotte Young in popularity in mid-Victorian days, as a writer for girls. 'A.L.O.E.' it is well to note, showed Booth-Tucker and the Indian Army much sympathy in the early difficult days. His uncle, the courageous Commissioner at Benares, wrote books on law, on administration, and on religion whose titles occupy much space in the British Museum catalogue. Booth-Tucker himself wrote and published more than many an author who devotes the whole of his life to literature.

The book that most deeply moulded his whole life was the Bible. I do not say this in any conventional sense. The Bible was his daily companion, and he called it his 'big gun.' He studied it in the morning and studied it at night. Sometimes he would read it walking along the road, oblivious to all that was passing. He marked and annotated his own copy, given to him when a young man by his sister, and it had to be rebound time after time. It was always with him.

He was familiar with his Greek Testament, and many of his notes in his Authorized Version were in Greek.

Apart from the Bible, two other books greatly influenced his life. The first was the Catholic biography of St. Francis Xavier, which I have already mentioned. The second was Charles Finney's *Lectures on Revivals.* Finney was a stern American mission preacher who conducted widespread campaigns in the United States and in England about the middle of last century. He was a Presbyterian, logical, unbending, and very successful, and he detailed his methods in a series of lectures which he published in volume form. 'This volume,' Booth-Tucker wrote in August, 1926, 'has been my constant companion for the last forty years.' Booth-Tucker himself issued an abridged edition of the lectures.

Finney argued that spiritual harvests can be gathered with as much certainty as harvests of wheat, rice, or potatoes, and that it is the duty of soul seekers to study methods and use those which have been proved to be successful. Christians must prepare themselves before they hope that God will visit them; must cleanse their own hearts, deny self, and sacrifice their own desires. Then they must have 'strong, agonizing desire in prevailing prayer.' In this way a spirit can be created which will conquer indifference, unbelief, and worldliness. Finney was almost cold in his logic, and might have been a military tactician lecturing to the officers in a military staff college on the strategy of a coming campaign. But the power of his book is unmistakable. It influenced all Booth-Tucker's campaigns.

Booth-Tucker was a rapid writer. Books had, as a rule, to be written in intervals between other business.

He had to utilize spare time on long voyages, or intervals between series of Meetings. He told in the preface of one of his books of his difficulties.

> The life of a Salvationist is a life of interruption. Wherever he goes there are 'lions in the way.' Telegrams and letters follow him to every retreat. Seclusion, privacy, and the quietude supposed to be necessary for literary enterprise—the words have been obliterated from his dictionary, the very ideas have almost faded from his mind. His table is a keg of spiritual gunpowder, his seat a cannon-ball; and he writes as best he may amid the whiz and crash of flying shot and shell, the rush and excitement of a never-ending battle, in which peace and truce are words unknown, and rest, in the ordinary sense of the word, is relegated to Heaven.

In his personal diary he jotted down how some of his work was done. Take, for example, the writing of *Muktifauj* during a voyage to the Antipodes:

January 25. Start from Southampton on the *Corinthic*.
February 2. Made real progress with book, first two chapters and introduction finished.
February 19. God has wonderfully helped me with the book, and with Minnie's help in criticizing and correcting, we are making real progress.
February 24. Finished eleven chapters, and appendix and introduction, about 72,000 words, besides odd stuff written before journey.

For a veteran, with all the distractions of a voyage across the Atlantic and through the Panama Canal, this was certainly good going.

His outstanding work, in the opinion of most, was the *Memoirs of Catherine Booth*, published in 1892 in two substantial volumes. The work was begun at the

end of July, 1891, and was finished eleven months afterwards. The Commissioner was at the time in charge of the Foreign Department at International Headquarters, and was able to give more leisure to this task than was usually possible. But even here his complaint was that he could not obtain sufficient quiet.

In preparing this volume he had the invaluable help of his wife, Mrs. Booth's daughter. 'Piles of hurriedly-written, ill-digested manuscripts, which but for her I would fain have hurled impatiently at the printer's head, or have consigned to the depths of the waste-paper basket, have been dissected page by page, sentence by sentence, almost word by word. *Dissected*—yes, that is the word; dissected at home till I almost feel criticism-proof abroad!'

The *Memoirs* form an invaluable mine of material on the early history of the Salvation Army. They give pen pictures of the early leaders which are unforgettable. Take, for instance, the description of George Scott Railton which I have quoted in part earlier in this volume:

His faith was only less extravagant than his works. He believed in preaching till you were hoarse, and praying till your knees were petrified. Sleep and food were necessary evils, to be postponed as long as possible. Eat when nobody will stop to listen, and sleep when you can't keep yourself awake. He would have made every train a 'flying Dutchman,' every steamer an Atlantic greyhound, every star a moon and every moon a sun. The stars should have shone all day, and the moon have never waned, nor the sun have ever set. He had nothing to do with human nature as it is. His business was to make it what it ought to be. For organization, method, system, regularity, he did not care a straw. If they suited his purposes, he would tolerate

their existence. If not, he would away with them. Red tape! He would make an eternal bonfire of it all, at which the enfranchised world should warm its hands, if it could find time for so sublunary an occupation!

The one criticism that might be passed on the *Memoirs* is that they are too long. Some day an intelligent editor will cut out all the secondary matter and issue them about one-quarter their present size, when their circulation will be renewed.

The life of the first Mrs. Booth-Tucker, *The Consul*, was not so successful. General Bramwell Booth vetoed the insertion of several chapters, because he felt that they were unnecessary, and Booth-Tucker protested vigorously, declaring that if the *Memoirs* had been treated in the same way they would have been robbed of most of their value. *The Consul* was perhaps too largely made up of letters; maybe the author felt too deeply to let himself go in it. An earlier and briefer life of Consul Booth-Tucker appealed to a very large public.

During his retirement Booth-Tucker wrote *Freeman of Shanghai*, a biography throwing much light on life in the Far East in the middle of the last century.

Second only to the *Memoirs of Catherine Booth* comes *Muktifauj: Forty Years with The Salvation Army in India and Ceylon*, also written after the Commissioner's return to London. This volume was largely based on Booth-Tucker's personal recollections and partly rewritten from various reports of the work of the Army in India which he had prepared. But it stands out as a unified piece of work, and is a romance of missionary adventure and success.

In his youth and young manhood, Booth-Tucker had given much time to the study of music. At first,

after his conversion, he abandoned music altogether and regarded his time spent on it as wasted. In later years he had good reason to modify this view.

He composed tunes which have since been familiar friends wherever the Salvation Army has gone. The best known is simply called *Tucker*. When Booth-Tucker announced his intention of going to India and living there as a native in order to capture the Indian people, a missionary bluntly told him that he was a fool and that he would be dead in three months. Thereupon Booth-Tucker wrote a tune with a lilt of triumph in it, and said that it was his funeral march. Many decades passed before a funeral march was needed for him, and meanwhile the tune *Tucker* has gone around the world. He wrote and adapted hymns in English and in Hindustani, and issued one volume, *Oriental Melodies*, in both languages.

Pamphlets, leaflets, and formal statements poured from his pen. Writing was not an effort to him, but a joy. He was ready at any time to dissect any movement with a precision and an exact logic which left little more to be said. In the Appendix I give a specimen of his reasoning methods in his study of Indian discontent.

His hymns are sung all over the world to-day. One example of them may well be given here :

> Lord, make my heart a little cell,
> Where Thou in me shalt ever dwell ;
> Where Self and Sin Thou shalt efface,
> And make it Thine abiding place.
> There let mine eyes upon Thee gaze,
> Between us, Lord, no mist, no haze ;
> Let nothing me from Thee divide—
> Me from my Saviour crucified.

There let me hear Thy whispered will,
Thy secret wish find and fulfil ;
There on my darkness pour Thy light,
There fit me for the fiercest fight.
'Tis heaven, my Lord, with Thee to sup,
Though I should drain earth's bitt'rest cup ;
Its gall and wormwood were Thy drink,
And shall I meanly from it shrink ?

With beck'ning finger point Thy way,
Nor suffer me from Thee to stray
One hair's breadth ; with Thee, weal or woe,
To seek the lost, to stay or go !
While with Thee, Lord, Thy cross I share,
It is to me as jewel rare ;
Without Thee life is void and vain—
With Thee death dies, and loss is gain.

## XXII

### DARK DAYS

In the spring of 1919, when the work in India was at the height of its success, the Commissioner fell ill with a form of muscular disease which involved severe pain, wasting, and helplessness, and greatly puzzled the doctors. It was thought advisable for him to visit England and obtain the advice of a famous London specialist. There was no suspicion at the time of anything very seriously wrong. The journey was made at short notice and in the expectation that he would return by an early boat.

Husband and wife arrived in London on June 1st, and two days later consulted Sir James Purves Stewart, who diagnosed the illness as 'an obscure and exceedingly dangerous ailment, which utterly defies medical treatment and for which no remedy is known.' He warned Mrs. Booth-Tucker that her husband had possibly only a few weeks to live, gave little hope of recovery, and none of return to India. A further opinion from Sir David Ferrier confirmed the diagnosis. Recovery was likely to be very slow, if recovery came, and return to India was out of the question.

Even the least imaginative can understand how great a blow this was. The Commissioner's life had

been, a few weeks before, at its very apex. Hundreds of thousands of people throughout the King-Emperor's Eastern dominions regarded him as, in Indian phraseology, their mabap (father and mother); the Indian Governments sought his advice, and the King himself had picked him out for signal honour. He had seen a vision of the years ahead, when some of the great problems of Indian poverty and disloyalty were to be tackled on a big and wide scale, schemes for the betterment of agriculture, for the creation of new industries, and for a solution of the ever-recurring menace of famine. Above all, he had planned to found, and had already established, large, self-supporting, prosperous Christian communities. His policy of breaking down barriers between Eastern and Western peoples, once regarded as an absurdity, was now accepted as a wise general principle. He had thought that he might carry his Christian leadership of a nation to still greater conquests.

Suddenly, almost without warning, the bottom had dropped out of everything. All that he could do was to throw himself on God and try to say, 'Thy will be done.'

But he had no thought of abandoning hope. Doctors had made mistakes before. Why should not the doctors be wrong now? He determined that he would not die, and he set his will to live against the verdict of the physicians.

A house was taken and furnished in a pleasant road in North London, and here husband and wife fought out the battle with death. In less than two months there was so marked a recovery that they thought return to India once more possible. But at this stage Bramwell Booth intervened. As General

of the Salvation Army, he had absolute power to appoint or remove any Commander throughout the world. He informed Booth-Tucker that he did not think it wise for him to go back to India, and would not in any case agree to it. He was convinced that his health would not stand the strain, and all arguments failed to move him. His command would terminate and other arrangements would be made. This was a very bitter blow.

Recovery continued, greatly to the surprise of the medical men, and before long the Commissioner was once more able to get about freely, and was very anxious to resume active work. In August his Indian Command virtually terminated, and the General decided, against the Commissioner's advice, to have India divided into three Commands. Booth-Tucker was to remain in England, take over the editorship of the magazine, *The Officer*, and write a book on the work of the Salvation Army in India.

The period in Booth-Tucker's life which now followed was perhaps the most trying that he had yet experienced. Outwardly, there might not have seemed much cause for complaint. He was singularly happy in his home life, and his children were developing in a way that could not have failed to bring joy to the father's heart. He was honoured and esteemed by all ranks of the Salvation Army as not merely the first, but the greatest of its missionaries.

But he was like a bird beating its wings against the bars of its cage. The General, whom he was bound to obey as long as he was in the Army, regarded him as an invalid, to be given as light tasks and as little responsibility as possible. Booth-Tucker, sixty-six years old, felt that he had the strength and the courage

of a young man. If he could not go back to India, he wanted to tackle great responsibilities and initiate big campaigns.

'We know India,' he wrote, 'as perhaps nobody, either in or out of the Army, knows it. Why should we be shut out of all knowledge or participation in its affairs?'

He felt strongly that the General, in governing the Army, should not act entirely on his own initiative, but should constantly call into consultation his chief assistants. To him, Bramwell Booth was not only General, but brother-in-law. He recalled what the old General had told him. 'Tucker, when I am gone, I want you to stand beside Bramwell. Don't be his ditto or echo. You have an independent mind and judgment, and I want you to express it freely. While he will have the deciding voice, I want you to express your own views frankly and fearlessly.'

He knew well that General Bramwell Booth had served the Army magnificently, and was second only in the greatness of his work to his own father, but the idea that the General was now losing grip and that illness and advanced years were affecting his power of judgment, grew on him. At first he stood alone in this view, and others regarded it almost as treason when he uttered it.

The editorship of *The Officer* occupied only a very small part of his time, and his work for individual soul-saving grew. Here is a list of seekers at his Meetings:

FOR ONE YEAR

| Souls, 1920 | | | Monthly Average | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *January* | .. | 14, 16, 56, 31 = | 117 | 117 |
| *February* | .. | 13, 3, 21, 14, 3 = | 54 | 85 |
| *March* | .. | 16, 7 = | 23 | 65 |
| *April* | .. | 1, 21, 5, 12, 14, 4 = | 57 | 63 |
| *May* | .. | 17, 5, 26, 42 = | 90 | 68 |
| *June* | .. | 65, 19, 73, 7, 12 = | 176 | 86 |
| | | Half year = | 517 | |
| *July* | .. | 9, 21, 6, 17 = | 53 | 81 |
| *August* | .. | 20, 3, 25, 2, 9, 38 8, 4 = | 109 | 85 |
| *September* | .. | 14, 6, 14, 4, 3, 7 = | 48 | 51 |
| *October* | .. | 12, 40, 5, 5, 15, 29 = | 106 | 83 |
| *November* | .. | 2, 34, 14, 10, 5, 19 = | 84 | 83 |
| *December* | .. | 8, 17, 3, 8, 1, 9 = | 46 | |
| | | | 956 | |
| 44 short of 1,000 | | | 44 | |
| Target for year | | | 1,000 | |

| | Seekers, 1919 to 1925. | Monthly Average. *Total.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1919 | (Returned sick from India) .. | 658 | 55 |
| 1920 | (Recovery) .. .. .. | 956 | 90 |
| 1921 | .. .. .. .. .. | 1,447 | 120 |
| 1922 | .. .. .. .. .. | 1,884 | 157 |
| 1923 | (Australia and New Zealand) | 1,611 | 134 |
| 1924 | .. .. .. .. .. | 1,701 | 141 |
| 1925 | .. .. .. .. .. | 1,231 | 102 |

When 1926 showed a total of only 484, he was nearly heart-broken, although the result was partly due to Meetings being cancelled on account of family illness. 'Very disappointing year—poorest result in seekers since coming to England.'

In the autumn of 1921 Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker visited the United States. Between October 6th and November 23rd they conducted Meetings in twenty-one towns from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again.

Early in 1923 the Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker set out on a visit to Australasia. He took with him the material for his proposed book on the Salvation Army in India, and did much work on it while on the voyage, assisted by his faithful Secretary, Staff-Captain Bedford, whose devotion, industry, and self-sacrifice helped him so much for many years. New Zealand was reached on March 10th. There was a remarkable scene at the Town Hall at Wellington on the 17th, for just when speaking was about to begin a violent earthquake was felt. The platform shook, the building swayed, and it seemed as though the grand organ was about to crash. The audience kept very calm, and out of 2,000 people, only a couple of score left.

Wellington had special personal interest, because Booth-Tucker's second daughter, Mina, had settled here with her husband, Mr. Hobbs, and they were able to spend a happy time with them and their little daughter Pauline.

Booth-Tucker was much interested in the prison outside Wellington, where he saw about fifty men working under unusual conditions. They were practically free except at night, when they were locked up in separate cells. They were employed in brick works

and on the land, did not wear prison clothes, and were well fed and paid for their labour, so that those with families were able to send them remittances.

The Australian campaign began on April 10th at Sydney, and concluded in mid-July at Perth, and was a great success.

Just at this time a scheme was introduced by General Bramwell Booth for the compulsory retirement of Officers at a given age, varying according to their rank and sex. Men-Commissioners were to retire at the age of seventy, and women-Commissioners at the age of sixty-five, the General reserving the right the extend their services for a limited period if he wished. The rule of retirement at a fixed age is enforced in almost every secular organization, but Churches have not, as a rule, adopted it. One never hears of the Pope of Rome retiring because of advancing years, although Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, voluntarily abandoned his high office, recognizing that his work demanded the strength of a younger man.

Booth-Tucker found his coming retirement a very hard thing to contemplate. His health was seemingly quite restored now; he sought not less responsibility, but more, and when it was denied to him, his heart came near to breaking. Some of the entries in his diaries in these days are very sad reading. In July, 1924, there arrived a letter from the Chief of Staff, written, as Booth-Tucker noticed, in his own hand, telling him that he was to be taken from the active list. These were the days when he came to lean more and more, if that were possible, on the strength and good counsel of his wife. 'What a wonderful blessing and help she has been to me during the past years,

since our marriage,' he wrote. 'A gift from God. May His richest blessings rest upon her. . . . Darling Minnie, what should I do without her?'

When retirement came it did not mean idleness. Husband and wife conducted evangelistic campaigns in Army Halls throughout the country. They developed one special feature, which attracted wide attention. Towards the close of each mission, an evening would be announced for the Burning of Idols. A high lorry would be placed in the centre of some prominent open spot, with an open fire in an iron cage on it, such as street repairers use. Here the idols were to be destroyed.

An enormous crowd would gather, often numbering thousands. The service, which would last for an hour and a half, would be taken in turns by the Commissioner and his wife. After solemn preparation of prayer, pleading, and song, the audience would be called upon to produce their idols. These idols were divided into eleven groups. A big paper placard told which groups were being dealt with, as, for instance, gambling, tobacco, or impure literature. The people would bring forth their pipes, or cards, or unclean books, and when a pile was completed, it would be heaped on the fire, with the placard which told what it was.

## XXIII

### LIFE IN LONDON

THERE is no need to paint Booth-Tucker's final years in over-subdued tones. I have pictured his anxiety and trials, but there was yet another and a brighter side.

His home life was very happy. Of the wonderful comradeship between him and his wife I have already written. His children were the light of his old age. His eldest son settled in America, one daughter married and went to New Zealand, and his third son passed through Sandhurst, obtained a commission in the Queen's Royal West Kents, and volunteered for service in West Africa.

It was a source of great joy to the father that two of his daughters, the eldest, Motee, and the youngest, Muriel, became Officers in the Salvation Army. Here is a letter of counsel to the eldest before entering the Training Home :

Marmie is sending you a birthday letter, and I must add a line to say how we are hoping and praying that this new year of life may be one of great blessing and usefulness, Our hopes and prayers go out on your behalf, and we long to see you become a great power for good and God.

How glad we are that this birthday finds you on the way to become a Salvation Army Officer ! You have made

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER
(*Taken shortly before his death*)

for yourself the choice which you know of all others is, in our opinion, the best, and which we should have liked you to make, or wished to make for you.

And now the battlefield of life, the war for God and souls, the comradeship of Christ's best and bravest earthly warriors, the Army's beautiful and unique platform for doing good and being good, are all yours.

You must not be surprised and disappointed when difficulties and hindrances and darknesses and devils beset your path. They are all part of the cup that we have bargained for. But the rewards now and hereafter are more than a recompense. If loved ones gone before are permitted to watch the Flight, how eagerly will the Consul and the Army Mother watch yours! If they are permitted to help and to send some angels of light to co-operate, how surely will they do their best, though we must not reckon on them to do what we can do for ourselves.

Much of your future will depend on your making good use of the Training season. You have much to learn, and perhaps some things to unlearn.

Don't let the Training Home leaders feel that you are touchy or sensitive, if they want to point out to you what they think to be your faults, even if at times they may have made a mistake. The wounds of our friends are more precious than the flatteries of our enemies, or of those who may say behind our backs what they are afraid of saying before our faces. Make it *easy* for others to put you right. Utilize their experience and thus make it your own.

Marmie and I will be thinking of you ceaselessly, and you can always write freely to us and let us know the dark as well as the brighter sides of your experience. We will gladly advise you in any perplexities.

Clapton, of all places, is full of precious Mamma's memories, and you will find you are treading on holy ground. You have a beautiful example to serve as your inspiration and life light. God can make you all that she and we desire.

The marriage of his eldest daughter to Brigadier Hugh Sladen was a notable event in Army circles. Brigadier Sladen is a son of one of the patriarchs of our generation. Colonel Joseph Sladen, his father, lived until his ninetieth year, an active veteran, straight as a dart, and able to the end to read his Greek Testament without glasses. He obtained a commission in the Royal Artillery seventy-one years before, retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1882, and settled in the country outside Salisbury. As his family grew in ancient fashion—there are thirteen children living to-day—he built an extra wing to his home to give them all room. His wife, Lady Sarah Sladen, daughter of the eighth Earl of Cavan, had been, from its earliest years, one of the warmest friends and supporters of the Salvation Army.

Booth-Tucker watched the career of his youngest daughter, Muriel, as a Salvation Army Officer, with loving interest as she went from Corps to Corps. He was very proud of his 'little Captain' as he called her, and foresaw days of much influence and power ahead of her.

To keep the scattered units in close touch, a weekly Home Circle Letter was typed and mimeographed. It often ran to a thousand words in length, and I imagine that the work of writing it and dispatching fell mainly to Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Some extracts from a typical letter shed a light on his family life.

No. II. HOME CIRCLE LETTER

DEAREST . . .

The first number of the H.C.L. has been so warmly welcomed, that we are feeling greatly encouraged, and are able to include some interesting extracts in our No. II.

Of course, you will have to make allowances for a good many mistakes, especially those of you who are expert typists. If only you were near enough we should press you into our service, but alas, in your cases, oceans roll between! So Marmie and I are doing the best we can between us.

Think of getting a birthday letter from Myron—from the Gold Coast, too!—telling of crocodiles, python hatching eighteen eggs, tornadoes, laying a modern telephone through a primitive forest, an encampment of African soldiers in the jungles resembling an African kraal at Wembley Exhibition, etc.

Here is an extract: 'I played football with the soldiers yesterday. They ran after the ball like dogs after a cat—were just like excited children! Very funny! Of course, they take things so seriously that they are liable to come to blows on small matters. . . . We have about fifteen white Officers here, and about fifteen white Sergeants, with 500 native troops and their wives (mammies), who do all their cooking, etc., and also about 100 carriers.

'The African is very clean in habits and dress. Our soldiers are big, tall men, of about six feet high.

'I am getting pretty good at pidgin-English. As an example, when I was packing up my box, I gave the boy a shirt to put inside, saying, "You put that there." He stared at me blankly. I tried several others, and finally said, "That shirt he live for that box." He then understood perfectly!'

Motee has gone back to the Devon and Cornwall Division, and is getting over her recent sickness, but has to go slow for a time. They have 'smashed' their Self-Denial Target, and are full of plans for advance. By the by, the Commander had a wonderful time with them when she was in England. Packed buildings, enthusiastic crowds, etc. We have decided to put her on our list for a copy of the H.C.L., and you will all be glad to hear bits about the doings of our famous Auntie Eva! She remembered everybody, and

everybody remembered her, and wanted her back in the Old Country—at least, nearly everybody.

A nice birthday greeting is to hand from Lincoln and Gladys at Bournemouth, but Fred and Florence have not yet had time to send us their news.

Some of you will remember my only surviving sister, Aunt Queenie, who used to live in London, but moved some months ago to Hayes, about twelve miles out of London. She has been very ill this winter, but is better now, though still very weak. We went to see her, and she inquired after all, and was most interested.

Now comes a letter from Mina, telling us that her little girl Pauline is better, but has been in bed for sixty-two days, the result of illness following on measles. She is gradually getting better, but Mina has had a most anxious time.

Did we tell you that Marmie has been re-elected as a Guardian? She is very much interested in the work, which gives her a great chance of helping the poor. One of the Homes for which she is responsible is a big epileptic Home for about 300 women and girls. There are thirty-three Guardians on her board, and they often have lively times!

We are just back from a heavy ten days' Campaign at Eccles, near Manchester, and are going to Cardiff for Easter Meetings. So you see we are keeping up our Meetings. We only had thirty-three seekers at Eccles, but there were some beautiful cases, and the people gave us a warm-hearted, Lancashire welcome. The Ensign went through the war from the beginning, and has the Mons Star. We like him very much.

We are seeing Muriel in a few days. She has done very well at her Corps, and has come out top-hole in her Self-Denial. We are quite proud of our little Captain.

One of the sons, Lincoln, mentioned in the Home Circle Letter, had been for years in New Zealand, and was there when the war broke out. He was under military age but felt he should go, so he cabled his

parents, 'Want to join up, wire permission.' Seeing he was under age it was thought preferable that he should wait a few months, but youth is patriotic, and Lincoln Booth-Tucker felt his place was where his country needed him most, so a few hours later another cable came to hand, 'Have joined up, please wire permission.' The last part of the cable was a little superfluous, seeing the deed was done. He went right through the war with the New Zealand troops.

Many of Booth-Tucker's old colleagues in the Indian Civil Service were now living in retirement in London, and with these he kept up very friendly intercourse. With two of them he maintained bonds of special friendship. Sir Louis Dane entered the Service the same year as Booth-Tucker and they struck up a friendship then which endured throughout life. Sir Louis had risen from honour to honour, finishing as Lieutenant.-Governor of the Punjab. Sir Frederick Cunningham, Mrs. Booth-Tucker's brother-in-law, formerly commissioner at Peshawar, was another very near to him.

The Indian authorities and organizations in London showed in every way their respect and honour for the veteran.

He on his side sought to bring home the truth about India and Indian conditions to the authorities here. He found that while India was seething with discontent which threatened—and, as I write, threatens—our Empire there, the British regarded the matter almost with indifference. He found many authorities willing to allow matters to drift. To him, this spelt disaster. Believing as he did that the British rule in India was a blessing to the country, he felt it his duty to do all that he could to preserve it.

He had elaborated a scheme for a Village Welfare Association which should do something to allay discontent and to increase the well-being of the villagers. In October, 1919, he gave evidence before the Joint Committee of the House of Lords and House of Commons on the Government of India Reform Bill, dealing specially with the depressed classes and Criminal Tribes. Mr. Montague was in the chair, and the members of the Committee included some old friends of his, like Lord Sydenham. Booth-Tucker's statement was so vital that it is reproduced in large part in the Appendix.

About the same time he gave evidence before the Indian Jails Committee, and urged on it that the authorities were making a mistake in taking away some of the work of reformation from the Salvation Army in India and attempting to do it officially. He gave one striking example.

I thought Government was greatly mistaken in taking away the work from us, because it was impossible for an official agency to bring to bear upon the prisoners the same influences for reformation as the Salvation Army was able to do. As an illustration, I mentioned the case of the Borstal boys in Lahore. They had been sent out to us for four or five years, to the number of about fifty, and had done so extremely well that the Government decided to take over the thing themselves. I was interested to see how the experiment was answering, and visited the Borstal boys, 400 of whom had been sent to work in the Dhariwal mills. I was surprised to find them handcuffed and chained (I forgot to mention that the 400 youths needed seventy-five warders to look after them), and their condition was far worse than that of a common jail. I had asked the people in charge what was the reason for this, and they replied that they had tried to treat them

like we did in Lahore, and that the whole 400 promptly ran away, and had to be put in chains to prevent their escape. I remarked that it was extremely discouraging to our Officers, who lived lives of great sacrifice amongst these people, when a good work of this kind was destroyed with a stroke of the pen. Government could not bring to bear the moral influence that we were able to, nor the influence of our Officers' wives, which counted for a great deal with the released prisoner.

In 1922 he had an interview with Lord Winterton, Under-Secretary of State for India, regarding his memorandum for the formation of Village Welfare Associations (see Appendix) and told him that the dangerous points about the existing unrest in India were not purely political. The ninety per cent population in the villages had some real cause for dissatisfaction, and serious efforts should be made to remove these, if we wanted to keep the people on our side.

Evidently Lord Winterton was much impressed, for a fortnight afterwards, Booth-Tucker was received by Lord Peel, Secretary of State for India, who kept him for two hours, was very cordial, and showed himself much interested.

Booth-Tucker discussed many matters of great interest and importance and urged on the Indian Secretary amongst other things the folly of the present system of education. 'I pointed out that at present supposing there were six million children in the schools of India, largely in the villages, that if he would go to any of these schools and ask the children what they intended to be, or expected to be, when they had finished their education, every hand would shoot up, and all with one voice would reply "Naukari" —Government service. And if they were told that

Government could not possibly find employment for such vast numbers, they would say, "Then why was Government giving them that kind of education which would only fit them to become babus?" It was a very serious question because we were creating unrest by a very unwise system.'

Booth-Tucker urged the necessity of introducing an agricultural curriculum suited to the rural population of the villages.

When, in 1923, Booth-Tucker was invited to speak before the Royal Society of Arts on the Criminal Tribes of India, Sir Edward R. Henry, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, took the chair, and Indian statesmen like Lord Pentland and Sir John Hewett came to pay their tribute of praise. When the Commissioner spoke before the East India Association in 1926, the former Foreign Secretary of the Government of India took the chair, and Sir Louis Dane, Sir Michael O'Dwyer, and Sir Charles Yate joined in their praise.

It was a testimony of esteem from builders of the Empire which must specially have appealed to Booth-Tucker's heart.

Another sign of official regard was an invitation to the Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker to the special inner group at one of the Royal garden parties at Buckingham Palace. As is well known, in addition to the large number of invitations issued for the garden party, there is a small select list of guests who are invited to the inner enclosure where the King and Queen can speak to them.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were presented to Their Majesties, who talked with a frank lack of formality and with an intimate knowledge of their work which delighted them.

## XXIV

### THE WARRIOR LAYS DOWN HIS SWORD

In the controversy which arose at the end of 1928 and which ultimately resulted in the calling together of the High Council of the Salvation Army, Booth-Tucker associated himself entirely with those Commissioners who requisitioned the calling of the Council, and throughout those anxious days advised many of its members who sought his counsel. Booth-Tucker and Commander Evangeline Booth had worked closely together for some years. They had covered much common ground in the United States. The Work in India owed much to the practical aid of the United States, thanks to Commander Evangeline's sympathy and leading. In these days of difficulty the two were drawn still closer together. Her vitality, her quickness in seizing any point, and her great influence and authority within the Army, naturally made him turn to her, time after time. She was in constant touch with him in all that followed.

Following the election of Commissioner Higgins as General, Booth-Tucker redoubled his activities. He seemed to defy the passing years. It is true that in response to the urgings of his family he consented to sleep an hour longer in the morning, rising at five

instead of four o'clock, but otherwise he showed no slackening. In June, husband and wife visited the Baltic States, to conduct the Annual Congress of the Latvian and Estonian commands. He was greatly impressed with the bubbling life of the newly independent nations.

Bramwell Booth died while Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were on their Latvian tour. They returned to London on a Saturday, only to leave on Monday for Helsingfors, to represent General Higgins at the Congress of the Finnish Command. During his brief stay in the beautiful northern city, Booth-Tucker gaily started the study of the Finnish language.

He felt that new opportunities were opening before him. General Higgins not only gladly gave him opportunity to travel again in the work of the Army, but granted him permission to visit his beloved India once more. News of this coming event quickly reached India and letters of welcome were already pouring in by every post. But signs began to appear that his health was failing. Mrs. Booth-Tucker, being far from easy about some attacks of breathlessness, made an appointment with a specialist for Monday, July 15th. All was arranged for them to have a holiday in Scotland and proceed a little later to India.

On Sunday, July 14th, husband and wife took part in the farewell at the Congress Hall of Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard, who were departing for Canada. The Hoggards had been for many years their nearest neighbours and close friends. In the morning the Commissioner seemed at his very best, praying with much force and power. But it was evident that things were far from right with him, and his wife persuaded him to abandon Meetings for the rest of

the day. Early next morning he realized that his darling hope of seeing India again could not be attained. 'Well,' he said, 'if it is God's will, I am quite ready to relinquish my plan.' 'Those of us who knew him best,' writes Mrs. Booth-Tucker, 'realized that it was the abandonment of his most treasured wish.'

His wife accompanied him that morning to the specialist in Harley Street, who declared that Booth-Tucker was suffering from angina pectoris, the most painful of all heart diseases. The illness had gone so far that he must already have suffered much, although he had carefully kept it as far as he could from those nearest and dearest to him. The specialist was reassuring, declaring that after a few weeks in bed with complete rest the patient would be able to get about freely again.

On the way home the Commissioner was suddenly taken seriously ill, his agony being so great that it seemed he might die then and there. It was only with difficulty that Mrs. Booth-Tucker got him back. The rest can best be told in Mrs. Booth-Tucker's own words:

That night, it soon became evident that his days, if not hours, were numbered. The heart attacks, so painful to witness and so much worse to suffer, became very frequent. I telephoned to the Chief of Staff, who suggested another specialist, and kindly undertook to procure his help. We waited and watched, hoping against hope.

Motee was with me and Muriel. Hugh Sladen was there until the evening, and Tara Bai (Adjutant Kerry), a faithful friend and comrade who has so often come to our help in bygone days in India, was also with us.

It was a sacrament to stand by the death-bed of such a saint. No word of complaint, no murmur was heard, but such words as 'Victory,' and 'Blessed Lord, in Thee is

refuge.' When the pain became intense he would cry out, 'Lord, help me to bear this awful pain!' but he quickly followed up what he thought might have seemed a suggestion of discontent by a word of triumph—'He is with us in all our afflictions,' and 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.'

Between the intervals of the bouts of agony he looked at me with one of his sweetest smiles and said, 'You know it's worth all the pain to have you to nurse me and care for me.' Whenever there was a little rally from the pain, he would say, 'Oh, now thank the Lord for me!'

Towards morning he began to realize that the end was near, and he called me and said, 'I know I am dying.' I had not abandoned hope and I replied, 'I hope not, darling, but if it is so, is all well?' With such a ring of triumph he said, 'Oh, yes, bless God, bless Him!'

Many times during the last day and night he called me to his bedside to pray with him. He was in an atmosphere of prayer all the time, but he seemed to find great comfort when we talked to God with him.

At the end he appeared to be anxious to give us a message. It was a great effort for the pain-racked body, but the spirit triumphed and in a loud voice he said, 'Grace and peace be with you all, Amen!' Then the soul which had so truly loved and served His Lord for sixty-five years left its earthly tabernacle, and we realized that from our home had gone one greatly beloved, not only by us who knew him best, but by thousands all over the world, to whom he had been friend and brother, as well as leader and counsellor.

The Press of the world proclaimed that a leader of Israel had fallen. *The Times* paid him handsome tribute in an obituary notice over a column in length:

The Salvation Army has lost, within a few weeks of the passing of its second General, one of its best known and most gifted leaders. Coming of a family which served the

Government of India for generations, he abandoned nearly half a century ago a career of high promise in the Indian Civil Service, to cast in his lot with what was then a much derided Organization, and it fell to him to establish the great work accomplished in India. A man of keen perception and practical mind, he did not allow his family connexion with the late Bramwell Booth to deflect his judgment in the recent unfortunate controversy leading to the General's deposition by the High Council of the Army. His one concern in this trouble was the welfare of the world-wide Organization he had done so much to develop. His record is one of devoted, self-sacrificing service, and undimmed integrity of life and purpose.

They gave him the funeral that he most would have desired. The scene in the Congress Hall at Clapton on Monday, July 22nd, recalled his days in India. Around the coffin was a group of young Officers dressed in saffron, acting as guards, and beyond them numerous other Officers who had served in India, also dressed for the time in their scarlet and saffron. Here were old colleagues from the days when he was in the Punjab Civil Service, men now high in rank in the State. Mrs. Booth-Tucker wore her Indian sari.

The coffin was placed on trestles on the floor in front of the platform. On it was his Bible and his turban, the same turban which he had worn for years in India. An Army Flag was spread on a background of white and purple, and across the centre of the platform rail hung the starred flag of British India.

A Salvation Army funeral is not supposed to be a time of unrestrained mourning. Soldiers are reminded that their comrade has not gone from them for ever, but has been ' promoted to Glory.' Mourning garb is forbidden, the only symbol being a white band round

the arm. The relatives who are Soldiers are bidden 'to accept grace to enable them bravely to face the duty of a public funeral,' and not to allow their own suffering, however great it may be, to prevent the best use being made of the opportunity to benefit the souls of others.

All who took part in the service had been closely connected with the Commissioner in life. General Higgins was his second in command when he was head of the Work in the United States. Commissioner Mapp, the Chief of Staff, was one of his old Converts in India, having joined the Army in Madras and been a Cadet and Officer under him. Commissioner Lamb, who spoke quietly of his old friend who had passed, had long known him in London and overseas. Commissioner Unsworth was the same Captain Isaac Unsworth who nearly half a century before had presented him with his first Salvation Army badge in Bristol, and they had maintained unbroken friendship since. Commissioner Sukh Singh (Blowers) opened the door to a score of bright pictures. He was dressed in Indian uniform, and as he spoke the sun streamed in, turning yellow into gold. Said the Commissioner:

I speak of the Commissioner from a close and intimate knowledge, having been closely associated with him for more than forty years, for several years as his Chief Secretary.

In the villages of India, 'Tucker Sahib' is still lovingly remembered, for no man 'got into India's skin' as did Commissioner Booth-Tucker. As soon as he leaned out of a carriage window a crowd would gather round him, and he would talk to them in their own language. Though he had never seen them before, there always seems to be an immediate, intimate understanding.

This speaker, himself a veteran Indian Missionary, showed the Commissioner on the long, hot railway journeys, reciting chapters and books of the Bible when the train rolled too much to allow of reading; and in the Simla Hills, a majestic figure in choga and turban, carrying Testament and stick—a leader indeed, but with the kind word for the rickshaw coolie and urchin of the bazaar, just as much as for other classes, for 'he was a perfect gentleman.'

'On behalf of my Indian Comrades,' the Commissioner concluded, 'I would like to speak of how Commissioner Dutini (Mrs. Booth-Tucker) served him, cared for him, stood by his side in every battle.

'Good-bye, Fakir Singh! Good-bye, Pioneer Missionary, till the morning breaks and the shadows flee!'

Heavy sorrow lay in every syllable, and the lingering, upraised arm spoke for all India.

The General, who spoke in accents of deep emotion, said:

It is difficult to think of that fine, interesting figure we have been accustomed to look on and associate with for so many years as lying in that casket! Commissioner Booth-Tucker was a great personality. Throughout most of his life he was associated with so great achievements that his influence has been indelibly stamped on Salvation Army Work, and on the minds of men throughout the Army world.

His kindness can never be forgotten. I had been away in the country for ten days, when the news of his passing came to me. I went to the village post office to send a telegram. As I handed in the message, the lady who had charge of the little office said: 'Oh, may I express my sympathy.' I said, 'Certainly! Did you know Commissioner Booth-Tucker?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'he

was down here a year or two ago, and who could forget his cheery words or bright smile ?' That kind of impression has been left behind by the Commissioner, not only in the villages and towns of this land, but of many, many lands all over the world. He will be remembered because of his life of sympathy and of love.

I suppose there is one thing with which Commissioner Booth-Tucker's name will always be associated—the Missionary Work of the Salvation Army. He pioneered that work. He left this land with a small group of Officers and went out to dark India to unfurl the Flag of the Army and prove to the world whether or not Salvation Army Work and methods were suitable to the life of the Far East.

Commissioner Tucker had vision. He saw that if we were to reach the Indian peoples, it was useless to go to them as we were accustomed to go to the people of the towns and villages of this country; we would have, as he often said, to get inside the skin of the people. The reason we see grouped around this casket this afternoon so many who are wearing the garb of the Salvation Army Officers of India, is because he was far-seeing enough to perceive that the only way to get into the hearts of the people of that vast country was to come down to and share their life, to enter into their everyday affairs, to dress in their way, and to think in their way. It was this conviction that made him willing to share the hardships and sacrifices to which the people of that land were accustomed. But who can adequately tell of the victory which that vision has brought about ? Only those who have seen the Work which has been built upon the foundation that Commissioner Booth-Tucker laid, can possibly have any idea of the great multitudes of Indians who to-day are marching the streets of the cities and towns and villages of that great land, singing the songs of Salvation, and praising God to whom they turned as result of the devotion, the sacrifice, the vision of Commissioner Booth-Tucker,

and of those whom he led and inspired in those early days.

Whilst we think of him as a great Missionary pioneer, and associate him with the Work in India and other Eastern lands, it would be a mistake for any one to suppose that it was in those realms alone he was successful. He was great in his work in Western lands as well as Eastern. I can surely speak of him, because for ten years we worked side by side. For ten years our houses were next door to each other, and for ten years we were in and out of each other's homes. Our children mixed so freely that we hardly knew which was which! For ten years I watched him—and wondered at him sometimes—wondered at his daring, his enterprise, his willingness to run risks; but I admired him all through. And knowing him as I have done, not only during those ten years of intimate association, but in the years that followed, I speak of him to-day as a friend whom I have lost and shall miss, a friend who has made a deep impress on my heart and life, a friend whose name I shall ever remember, whose character will ever be, for me, beautiful to contemplate.

Yes, Commissioner Booth-Tucker did wonders for the Army also in the Western world. He built up the Salvation Army in the United States when it looked as though it were threatened with destruction, and kept the Flag flying in days of great difficulty and struggle.

What a worker he was! Has any one ever seen him when he was *not* working? Travelling together on trains as we used to do across that vast American continent, I sometimes thought I would get up extra early, but I was never before him—he was up already, busy with his pen. The Kingdom's interests and the Army's interests were all the time on his heart and upon his mind.

Yes, he was a wonderful leader—a man of vision, a man who knew what sacrifice meant and gloried in it; a man who was willing to deny himself to the utmost in the interests of the Kingdom of God.

He was also a great lover of souls. Oh, how he toiled for them! You could never get a Prayer Meeting closed up when he was in charge as long as there was a sinner to whom he could appeal; the Meeting had to go on even till the midnight hour struck! What a worker for souls he was!

The Army will miss him. We grieve for our loss, but rejoice in his victory. We sorrow for his passing, but we glory in the triumph which he shares to-day with other comrades who have gone before. I want that each one of us who knew him and loved him shall try to shape our ideas of cross-bearing and of service that they shall be more like his great standards in those things. If that be so, the Army will be the better and the world will be the richer.

It is difficult to say good-bye to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, but I do so in the sure and certain knowledge that he has gone to be with his Father—God—and with those Blood-washed warriors who have triumphed through the Blood of the Lamb, and to whose side we are hastening. It will be my joy to go to him when I cross the River and to tell him how his life has influenced mine. May it still go on doing so.

Commander Evangeline Booth, who, after Booth-Tucker's departure, had carried on the work of the Army in the United States to the wonderful height that it has attained to-day, sent a cablegram of sympathy and triumph:

Commissioner Booth-Tucker has been a star bright and shining in the sky of the Salvation Army. Men of all lands have looked up to it, and have gone the braver and the better upon their way. His face, his form, his name, the saintly character of his life are perhaps better known than any follower of our Flag, apart from our Founder, and the gap made in our long columns by his quick summons

Home, makes the hearts of the numberless thousands to whom he brought light and healing desolate. To be wanted back when you have gone for ever, to be loved and reverenced by the peoples of the earth because of the sacrifice you made for them, is, in itself, a crown. And although ever effacing himself, and for over thirty years in the darkness of India, gratitude and honour of countless numbers the world over placed this imperishable token upon the sainted brow.

Booth-Tucker was our great pathfinder. He was the first under our Banner to carry the torch of the Gospel into the mental and spiritual fog of heathendom. He showed the way to win the hearts of those who sit in darkness. He made the heathen, the most ignorant, the most repulsive, his brother. The imprint of his feet down the ways of a million sacrifices and toils unseen by the eye of man will remain until the sands in the desert grow cold and the books of the judgment unfold. He had the mind, the limitless enthusiasm, the courage and the spirit of the emancipator. Never for a moment did he lose sight of the goal for the good of all. Adamant in purpose, never hesitating to count the cost, any minute as ready to die as to live, while fearlessly brave in contention with the right, he manifested the highest Christian virtues under every circumstance. The foundation of his faith growing stronger with the years, all his glory was in Christ, as the Redeemer of men made him to love, above all else, the mercy-seat until his triumphant finish.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, in the highest and truest sense of the word was a Soldier and a Saint. In the United States his name will never die. At a period in its history he displayed the courage, faith, and skill in administration that marked him a prophet of God. The loss to his beloved wife and precious children is great indeed. The wounds will be long open, but the Saviour will not leave them alone a single minute. In the arms of His grace He will comfort them.

I shall miss him greatly: he was a friend, he was a brother, he was a counsellor. In many a dark hour of fierce fighting he has been a bulwark of strength and comfort. You will miss him, the world will miss him. His spirit was a benediction, his pen a mighty power. He won for himself the honour and reverence and love of all Salvationists over the world. Farewell! It is hard, this parting one by one with our fondly loved comrades with whom we have stood from youngest years in numberless battles. But farewell, brother and friend! You have gone beyond the sound of our voices and the sight of our faces, but not beyond the beat of our hearts. You will meet the Founder, by whom you were so dearly beloved, and others who will greet you with outstretched arms. But greatest and grandest and dearest of all, you will meet your spiritual children from many lands with the light of the face of the Redeemer upon them. Farewell till we meet again!

After others had spoken, it was the duty of those nearest and dearest to testify as good Soldiers should. His daughter Muriel read from her father's Testament and related how, the last time she went out with him, he walked a little ahead, and when she caught up with him, she found him reading that Testament. Then his daughter Motee, Mrs. Hugh Sladen, told that 'his was a service of joy.' Mrs. Booth-Tucker herself came to the front with head uncovered, her Indian sari wrapped round her. At first she could not find her voice, but she kept on, compelling herself to tell in firm accents of her husband's last hours on earth. It was fitting that the Chief of the Staff should have the final word. 'I thank you for all you have done for India,' said Commissioner Mapp, turning towards the still figure within the casket. 'Thank you for leading me to Christ! Thank you for all you have done for me! Farewell, dear Commissioner. We will remain true!'

On the funeral car were the words, 'India's Apostle,' and as the procession moved off towards Abney Park Cemetery, the group of Officers from the East sang a solemn Hindustani song, fitting requiem for the man who had given his life to India.

THE END.

## APPENDIX I

### HOW TO FIGHT INDIAN DISCONTENT

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER was greatly concerned over the conditions of life in Indian villages. On his return to England in 1919 he drew up an elaborate memorandum, advocating the formation of an Indian Village Welfare Association.

He pointed out that ninety per cent of the population of India, approximately 290 millions, live in villages. The introduction of modern civilization and the coming of English rule has benefited the ten per cent population, but has actually made worse the lot of most villagers. For instance, the eleven million skilled village weavers have been faced with ruin, owing to the introduction of cheap, mill-made goods. While irrigation and railways have wrought wonders for many agricultural districts, the fact remains that the vast majority of the villages are in almost as backward a condition to-day as when the British Raj first spread its wings over them.

What are their great needs?

The first is drinking water. In many, if not most villages, there is only one well. The working classes —the untouchables—are not permitted to draw water from it, but must go to the polluted tanks and pools

where the cattle bathe and the clothes are washed. From the well itself the water must be drawn by women with long ropes and carried home in heavy vessels. The surface and the near surface underflow are extensively utilized, but the larger and purer underflows are comparatively untouched. Tanks and wells which are dry from three to six months every year could be kept full with windmills and modern dams and appliances, from their underflow.

The second great need is fuel. The efforts of the Government to conserve the trees and forests, necessary as they are to keep the rainfall undiminished, yet only increase the lack of fuel. Each village should have its own supply of quick-growing fuel timber, and nearly every village has common land where such trees could be grown. For lack of timber for fuel, farm manure is largely used for fuel purposes. thus impoverishing the soil. Booth-Tucker advocated among other things the establishment of an Indian Arbor Day for voluntary tree planting, as in America. More fertilizers are wanted, and there is a great lack of fodder. It is rare to see a haystack or silo in the country and, for three to five months in the year, the cattle wander over the barren fields reduced to absolute starvation—a pitiable sight.

There is great need of village industries. In nearly every village can be found the remains of cottage industries which were once prosperous and which might be made so again with a little organization and help, by the people being placed in touch with foreign markets and instructed what to produce. Booth-Tucker declared that this was a very serious cause of unrest and dissatisfaction, and he particularly urged the development of seri-culture. India is admirably

adapted for the production of silk and silkworms. The climate is better suited than that of China, Japan, France, or Italy, and there are indigenous worms of a very valuable character, while the foreign worms flourish as well as in their own countries. India might easily become the greatest silk-producing country in the world, if proper attention were given to the business. In this recommendation he was following the lines he had already developed.

The villagers need more extensive markets, since their home village market has been largely lost by the introduction of foreign and mill-made goods. Their seed, implements, and other equipment for agriculture are still in a very primitive condition, and there is immense scope for improvement in their cattle and poultry.

There is inadequate medical aid in the villages, for most of the hospitals, dispensaries, and medicines are in the cities. Booth-Tucker suggested that each village should have its own supply of simple remedies, supplemented by travelling dispensaries. Sanitation remains in a primitive condition, and should be improved.

In the village schools, agricultural teaching is conspicuous by its absence. He urged that the village curriculum should be modified and adapted to village conditions, maintaining that the present system, so far as the villages were concerned, is calculated to create unrest.

The Village Welfare Association should help to promote loyalty. Village weekly papers should be encouraged on the lines of the *Children's Newspaper*, Mr. Arthur Mee's well-known sheet. Booth-Tucker did not believe that there would be much difficulty

from the financial point of view. 'The villagers themselves are not paupers,' he declared. 'Every village has already its charity fund which is not always wisely expended. It needs direction and guidance, advice and co-operation. Similarly, every district has its own fund from which contributions for such purposes as the above would very soon be forthcoming. Each district has its opulent landowners, merchants, money-lenders, bankers, and other citizens. The Indian is essentially philanthropic and generous in his instincts and make-up, but his charitable gifts need direction.'

This brought him to a study of the question of Indian unrest. He declared that the position in India is extremely critical, and unless wisely handled is likely to increase in gravity and lead to possible revolution and disaster. (This was written, it must be remembered, long before the crisis of 1930.)

The British Government in India is the best Government India ever had or is likely to have. In the highest interests of India itself, it is very desirable that it should continue.' He gave his reasons for this belief:

It is an *Honest* Government in a country saturated with bribery and perjury.

It is an *Impartial* Government, in a country torn with religious, political, and sociological factions.

It is a *People's* Government, protecting a vast and helpless majority from a small and tyrannical minority.

It is a *Free* Government, granting to all classes a maximum of liberty and self-government with a minimum of interference.

It is an *Indian* Government, administered from top to bottom by the *best* Indians, selected or elected by the advice or votes of Indians, with the expert and disinterested advice and assistance of about thirteen hundred British

officials, who often compose a minority of one, or none, on village, district, municipal, and other councils.

It is a *Peaceful* Government. The *Pax Britannica* has prevailed for the last seventy years in a country as full of rivalries and jealousies as Europe.

Yet, despite these merits, there are certain conspicuous defects which need to be recognized and remedied. First, the desire of the Government to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality between contending Indian political parties, makes it a *Dumb* Government.

'The British official in India is a wise, impartial, honest, and benevolent administrator. The people of India rightly call him "mabap"—mother and father—and "chareeb parwar"—protector of the poor—beautiful titles and well deserved. But as a rule he neither writes nor speaks in defence of his Government, but maintains a dignified, if fatal silence. I am aware that some slight modification of this rule has recently been introduced. At the same time, the warnings and cautions accompanying this relaxation of the rule of silence seem to be such as to leave the position one of extreme delicacy and difficulty.

'The British official is also an able writer, but his writings are mostly addressed to his fellow-officials. He is not expected, and often not permitted, to utilize the Press, whether vernacular or Anglo-Indian. As a rule he is not so much accustomed to public speaking as are our British rulers in England. And here he is largely outclassed by the voluble lawyers and agitators, who hold, at present, the ear of the country.'

The next handicap lies in the control exercised by the British Cabinet and Parliament. The Secretary for India is seldom chosen for his knowledge of India,

although England has a large supply of viceroys, ex-commissioners, and other ex-Indian officials. An occasional brief visit is hardly sufficient to supply the necessary experience to enable him to champion India's cause successfully, in face of hostile interests or dangerous indifference, such as naturally characterize the British Parliament where Indian interests are concerned.

India's interests are practically unrepresented in the House of Commons, which holds India's destiny in its hands. British commercial and political interests outvote those of India every time. The proposal to make India more and more self-governing is difficult to realize, owing to the many nationalities and innumerable castes. The fact that the Secretary of State for India has an advisory council of ex-Anglo-Indian officials and Indians, does not alter the main fact that India is without direct representation in the House of Commons, and that her official head in the Empire's Cabinet has no personal knowledge to assist him in representing her interests, either in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons.

'There must be considerable improvement,' Booth-Tucker declared, 'if India is to be firmly attached to the central Government as an integral and important part of the British Empire. There looms upon India's horizon to-day a new and remarkable phenomenon in the form of Ghandi-ism, which cannot be repressed or ignored, creating as it does an entirely novel situation.'

He attempted to analyse the reason for Gandhi's success. His appeal to the village cultivator, representing ninety per cent of the population, 'stop paying taxes!' is a very popular battle-cry. The Govern-

ment cannot put the whole population of a village or district into jail, or sell their land or chattels when there is nobody to buy them, or cultivate their land themselves, when there is no one willing to cultivate it for them.

The cry is equally popular among landowners, who are willing to furnish secret funds for financing and extending this propaganda, out of their unpaid taxes, while loyalists are liable to be blackmailed and terrorized. The appeal to the manufacturer and mill owner that India should manufacture her own goods and supply her own markets, promises them relief from the anxiety of British competition. They would be able to fix their own prices, make more profit, and put up a tariff wall between India and foreign countries.

'The Ghandi proclamation is clearly popular with all classes, high or low, rich or poor. Its principles have abundance of financial support. The funds of the British Government are proportionately curtailed. This means the imposition of new taxes—thereby increasing the unpopularity of the British rule and playing into Ghandi's hands.'

Booth-Tucker asked what might be expected to happen in the near future. Gandhi's real object is to have the British withdraw from India, and he has succeeded in getting a very large majority of the entire population, Mohammedans as well as Hindus, of high caste and low, on his side.

What would probably happen if Britain were to withdraw? Some foreign nation might intervene. If not, there would be the inevitable eventuality of the renewal of the age-long struggle between the Hindus and the Mohammedans for an All-India Empire. The unquestioned probability is that there

would be a vast combination of the Mohammedans in India, and they would secretly try to secure supremacy by blotting out all other religions within their borders. Or there might come chaos and Bolshevism as in Russia.

Booth-Tucker advocated certain definite measures to restore public confidence and peace. The first imperative necessity is the creation of a loyal and truthful vernacular Press, to offset the seditious vernacular Press which at present has the field to itself. To support this, he pointed out what happened during the war, when the Government published newspapers, wisely placing the work of editing them in the hands of an expert, Sir Stanley Reed. 'He insisted on taking the people into the confidence of the Government by telling them the real truth as to what was happening in the world war.' The effect was magical. The country settled down quietly and accepted the Government version as what it professed to be—the true one.

When the war was over the Government ignored Sir Stanley Reed's advice to keep these papers going. Their revival is in Booth-Tucker's opinion as imperatively demanded now as when first started.

'What the masses of India need to-day,' he declared, 'is expansion rather than repression. India's greatest need at the present moment is a wide and skilfully conducted campaign of propaganda, but it must be in the vernaculars of the great Presidencies and Provinces. We might almost as well have it in French, German, or Japanese, as in English, so far as the mass of the people are concerned. It must, moreover, be under the expert management of trained journalists, and should form a separate department of its own, just like agriculture, education, and so on. It must not

be left to an overworked civilian, ignorant of the art of journalism. At the same time it should not, of course, be ostensible or blatantly official.'

Booth-Tucker did not recommend that the authorities should rely on the existing vernacular Press. The Indian editor, like his English cousin, is out to make his paper pay. If he attacks British rule, he has the powerful support of financial magnates for reasons already mentioned. If he supports the British Raj this subsidy will be withheld. The actual circulation of each vernacular paper is microscopically small—a few thousands, or even hundreds. But if the editor takes up the Ghandi watchwords he not only ensures a subsidy from very powerful supporters behind the scenes, but his paper becomes immensely popular with the tax-payer. He figures also as a patriot, and if his paper is suppressed, it is quite a simple matter to resurrect it immediately under another name. Hence, it is unwise either to rely upon its support or to contemplate its extinction. Much less can it be either ignored or despised. It constitutes a very real danger. To cringe or kotow to it would be both un-British and unwise.

The creation of a loyal and honest Press would give rise to a new class of Indian journalists, who would be loyal to India's best and highest interests, and to whom the Government would safely be able to leave the field.

Another method of propaganda should be a public lecture bureau. Immense crowds can be gathered in the open air, and they will remain for any length of time if an attractive programme is supplied.

The good effects of the visits to India of the King and Queen and of the Prince of Wales should be

followed up by visits from outstanding military and naval leaders and great public orators with a world reputation, who could tour the country and address the crowds, with good translators to assist them, not confining themselves to English-speaking sections. The Indian is more emotional than the Englishman and would readily respond.

Special efforts should be made to reach the village headmen, the people's self-chosen, hereditary leaders. They are the eyes, the ears, and the mouthpiece of the villagers, who govern them and may be said to constitute India's brain and heart. If the Government can get them on its side, it has nothing to fear.

These headmen can easily be reached, for the villages are already grouped in districts, each with its own administrative staff. The headmen could be gathered together at suitable centres, instructed, addressed, and taken into the Government's confidence. They could be shown the ultimate consequence of the non-co-operation policy, of the non-payment of taxes, and of the possible restoration of the old forms of government under which they suffered such severe exactions in the past.

Ask them frankly to state any grievances that they might have. These may not necessarily be directed against the Government at all. They are commonly :

1. Against the exactions of the landowner, who uses the power of the British Government and its courts to enforce exactions.

2. Against the money-lender, who also utilizes the courts for the same purpose.

3. Against Government subordinates—the tax-collector or the subordinate police, who are, to a large extent, notoriously corrupt.

4. Sometimes, however, the complaint *is* directed against the Sirkar (Government) itself for its Forest Laws, or for some of its sanitary regulations, which are occasionally, in the hands of subordinates, used as a weapon for bribery and oppression. Some relaxation, or modification, of these may be necessary.

Frank discussion would often clear the atmosphere and help to win their goodwill and support. They should be told before they leave that the Government will hold them responsible for the maintenance of law and order, that they will receive all necessary support, and that those who succeed in maintaining support will be suitably rewarded.

The propaganda should make a special appeal to the religious leaders, whether Mohammedan, Hindu, or Christian. One of the most significant and dangerous sides of the Ghandi propaganda consists in its strong appeal to the religious sentiment of the Indian population. Gandhi poses not only as a patriot, but as a mahatma—a sadhu—a prophet. This is an element which must not be overlooked. It can only be met by an appeal to other religious leaders in India. There are many such who are both intelligent and loyal, and who would stand by the Government.

The Mohammedan looks to his *maulvi*, the Hindu to his sadhu or brahmin, and the Indian Christian to his pastor or missionary, for guidance on secular as well as religious matters, and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this aspect of a wisely conducted propaganda.

An effective appeal to the Mohammedans could probably be made by bringing over an Arab deputation from Mecca and Medina to urge their paramount claims to the Kaliphate; and on their return they

might be accompanied by a strong deputation of Indian *maulvies* to examine and substantiate those claims on the spot. This would probably result in the creation of a strong party in India to support the claims of the King of the Hejaz rather than those of the comparatively foreign 'Rum.'

Booth-Tucker also recommended vigorous propaganda in England, America, and the British Colonies.

Obviously, he pointed out, these proposals would involve a considerable expenditure of money, to be effectively carried out. But what is the alternative? Are we prepared to force our suzerainty on an unwilling and rebellious India at the point of the sword? If so, for every thousand pounds we might spend on propaganda, it is probable that we should have to spend a million on increased armies and fleet. We can no longer depend upon our Indian troops to the same degree as in the past, for large sections of them are saturated with the spirit of unrest and discontent. They are, and will be, the special target of the malcontents, who are able to bring formidable pressure to bear upon their families in their village homes.

If India is worth saving to the British Empire, he urged, surely England will be prepared at any rate in the present emergency, to at least advance the cost of such propaganda, and this on a liberal scale? Would it not be far more likely that this sum would, in the long run, be recovered from a pacified, a convinced, and reconciled India, than the cost of armaments involved in a forcible retention of power?

Apart from propaganda, Booth-Tucker strongly urged that a free hand should be given to the British ruler in India.

'The Home Government may place implicit

confidence in the wisdom and moderation of the British official in India. He deserves it. This should be shown by giving him a free hand along the following lines:

(*a*) Deportation of ring-leaders
(*b*) Stay-at-home orders for lesser agitators,
(*c*) Martial law in case of riots.

Booth-Tucker's last suggestion was the appointment of a Prince of the Royal House as Viceroy, with a popular adviser or Deputy Viceroy, such as Lords Willingdon, Carmichael, or Pentland, or other ex-Governors with previous experience in India.

Loyalty to the throne is a conspicuous feature of Indian tradition, and should be appealed to strongly in the present emergency. Here is a practical scheme that even now, when the situation is far more acute than when Booth-Tucker wrote, deserves the attention of statesmen.

## APPENDIX 2

EVIDENCE before the Joint Parliamentary Committee on the Government of India Reform Bill.

On October 8, 1919, Commissioner Booth-Tucker gave evidence before the Joint Committee of the House of Lords and House of Commons on the Government of India Reform Bill. The Rt. Hon. Mr. Montagu was in the chair, in the absence of Lord Selborne. The proceedings were public, and among those present were Mrs. Besant and about fifty Indians.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker spoke colloquially, and at great length. Among the chief points in his evidence were :

I have been interested in India all my life. I was born in India. My father was in the Civil Service, and my grandfather was a Chairman of the old East India Company, so that I have had India in my blood and my bones ever since—in fact, old General Booth used to say that when India was mentioned Tucker came out of his kennel and barked.

The few years I spent in the Civil Service were very useful to me. The training was useful, and my knowledge of Indian affairs from the Governmental side was useful, because I came to know about the difficulties of governing a country like India from the Governmental side. Then afterwards, when I went out to India in the Salvation

Army, I came to know the other side. I was not satisfied —I was too far off; there was a certain gap between me when I was a Government official, and the people of India, which I wanted to bridge, and I felt that I must adopt an Indian name and wear Indian clothes.

I was told that I should never get any other Europeans to do it, but we have now nearly 300 European Missionaries in India, nearly all of whom wear the Indian dress, and all of whom have, as soon as they land, to take an Indian name. They are also required to serve under Indian Officers, and amongst our Officers there is no distinction between the Indian and the Britisher.

I felt myself that India needed the Britisher, but needed him as a companion and brother-in-arms of the Indian, and I have always tried, so far as my influence went, to make the two one, and to make them forget any racial difference by the absolute unity between the two.

### PROTECTOR OF THE POOR

These depressed classes and Criminal Tribes have in the Britisher a warm and constant friend. He has earned the title which he receives in India, *Gharib parwar* and *Manbap*—the protector of the poor, and mother and father.

### SELF GOVERNMENT

Practically, India is very much a self-governing country. Every village has its *Lambardar*; every class has its *Panchayat*. The village headman manages the affairs of the village, and is looked upon as their representative, and the village *Panchayats* manage the affairs of the individual castes in the village. I should be sorry for anything which weakened that throughout India.

### THE CHARM OF THE INDIAN PEOPLES

Let the British official make the people feel that he loves them. I believe you can do anything with Indians

if you make them feel—not by the lips, but by your actions —that you love them. I have gone in and out among all classes of Indians, and I am glad to have an opportunity of saying that a more beautiful set of people I have not met in the world, with whom I would rather associate in any sense or put myself under them as well as over them.

### TEACH OFFICIALS TO SPEAK

If I had to go back to be trained now for the Civil Service, I should want to practise as a public speaker. As a public servant I was practically dumb, unaccustomed to debate or to public speech, and unable to meet critics on their own ground.

The Indian is a born talker, and the British official in India might be greatly improved if his system of training were altered ; if (1) he was trained in public speaking—which at present he does not know, except a little he picks up here and there—and (2) if he were trained in the commerce, industry, and agriculture, which afterwards he has to direct.

The Salvation Army does a great deal in helping the Criminal Tribes and depressed classes in industry and agriculture, and we have found it rather difficult sometimes to do all we would like to do, because of the ignorance of commercial, industrial, and agricultural matters on the part of those who comprise the Government of the country.

### AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE

When the Americans took the Philippines the first thing they did was to ship a thousand schoolmarms, as they call them there, and they said to the Philippinos, ' You shall govern your own country, you shall come into Congress, you can be in the Senate, or be in the House of Representatives, but you must learn English first.' These thousand schoolmarms did more to pacify the country than the armies they sent ; they were soon able to dismiss their armies.

### JAPAN IN KOREA

The Japanese system in Korea is conference, conference, conference; gather the people together and hear what they have to say; the Governor has to keep going out and gathering the people together, not in Legislative Conferences, but preparatory to legislation he gathers the people together in this part and ascertains from them what are their opinions and needs.

In Travancore they have an annual parliament, a *Sri Moolam*, a splendid thing. They gather together the leaders of the people and they let them talk for three or four days and air all their grievances—a sort of safety valve. Anybody can say where they feel Government is wrong, and Government is not too thin-skinned to listen and to be told its mistakes and shortcomings. They are willing to give and take.

I think there is a feeling on the part of the Indian civilian that it is below his dignity to answer criticism, so that when he is criticized he is dumb and goes on.

### THE BRITISH OFFICIAL

The British official in India is a splendid man, he is unbribable, and that in itself, in a country where corruption is widespread, is a very great thing. We find, on behalf of our poor people, that they get into all sorts of trouble, and we can always have somebody to appeal to, and feel that justice will be done to them. But the British official is not sufficiently *en rapport* with the people, he is not hand-in-glove with them as much as he should be and as he might be, and as I think he wants to be, and as I believe, if his training were a little bit altered, he would be.

### WHERE OFFICIALS FALL SHORT

In industry and agriculture, the position is most difficult. We are interested in the silk industry. The British official knows nothing about silk, and what he

does not know he does not believe, and it is very difficult to get him to move, and if we do happen to convince him, the next one is not prepared to take it up, or will undo perhaps what has been done by his predecessor, and the simple principles of commerce, agriculture, and industry are put under the thumb and management of people who very often have had absolutely no experience in it, and who give executive orders which very much hamper the progress of the country in those respects.

I do not blame the British official for that, but I say that it is our fault in not having given him a proper training. Greek and Latin are not going to teach him how to manage commercial affairs, and it seems to me, as a Britisher who has moved about among Indians, that the Britisher ought to be improved from our end here a great deal and given, in his training and preparation, an experience which would be invaluable to him when he gets out there.

### THE LARD SAHIB

A great public function was arranged—I will not say where, and the whole of the town was gathered together. The 'lard sahib,' as they call the Governor, was there, and a lady I know very well said to her cook, 'There is to be a great public function; would you like to go?' The answer was 'Yes.' He would like to go, so he went. He came back afterwards, and she said to him, 'Now, cook, did you go—and how did you like it?' and the cook replied, 'Very nice, a fine tamasha.'

Then she asked, 'Did you see the "lard sahib" there?' and he said, 'Yes, there were three "lard sahibs."' There was only one, as a matter of fact, but the cook saw what he took to be three lard sahibs, beautifully dressed. They were the three military A.D.Cs, and he took them for lard sahibs.

He was asked, 'Did the lard sahib speak?' and the answer was 'No, the lard sahib did not speak, but the padri sahib got up and he gave a long prayer.' This long

prayer which was given by the padri sahib was when the Governor got up and read his speech. I only mention that as illustrating what I have been saying. With a dumb Government what can you do? You want a voice for the official. You want him to gather the people together and speak to them—to take them into his confidence, and say, 'What are your troubles?' The British officials ought to give their reasons, and put their side of any question to the people, and explain why they do things. Very often they do quite the right thing, but they do not take the people into their confidence.

### TAKE THE INDIANS INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE

If the Indians are taken into your confidence, they are wonderful people. I go to them with my troubles, and I say, 'What shall I do? The sahib will not agree to what you advise.' I consult with the very poorest villager there, and I find they respond to it, and they can give me a great deal of very sensible advice. The aim, it seems to me, ought to be to unite and bring together the Indian and the Britisher, with his grit, determination, and other splendid qualities.

### WHAT THE BRITISHER DOES

Here is an illustration of what the Britisher does, and does without saying a word, without blowing his own trumpet, or having it blown for him. In a much disturbed city in India there was an American mission—fifteen or twenty missionaries—who were awfully upset. All the Europeans were expecting to be massacred, and the missionaries armed themselves with rifles, revolvers, and all the rest, and were guarding their mission. They sent to the deputy commissioner, and the deputy commissioner came up quite calmly. He said, 'It will be all right; do not worry. I have been round.' They asked him, 'What are you going to do?' and his answer was, 'I am going back to my headquarters.' 'How can you, when this is

going on ? ' they asked, and his reply was, ' Very well, if you like, I will stop.' ' Where are you going to stop ? ' they asked, and he said, ' In the Dak Bungalow.' ' Who is going to be with you ? ' ' Nobody.' ' Where are you going to sleep ? ' ' In the garden outside.' No police, no soldiers in the neighbourhood ; that one man alone and the whole of that town of 80,000 people in a boil !

He called together some of the leading gentlemen there (he knew them very well) and said, ' Now, gentlemen, you know there has been trouble here and there about the country, and I hear there is going to be trouble here, so I hold you responsible. I do not hint for a moment that you have anything to do with it, but you are the leaders of your own nation, and I call upon you in the name of my Government to keep things quiet here. I am staying here, I shall sleep in the garden, and you can send to me if you want me.' Nothing happened, and the thing went off quite quietly.

That man's name never appeared in the papers, and he never got a K.C.B. or anything else. That sort of thing is done over and over again in India, and I say that India cannot afford to dispense with that magnificent quality that they have got in the Britisher in India ; they cannot afford to do without it.

### THE MAGNIFICENT BRITISH ELEMENT

I, speaking as an Indian, say that we do not want to diminish or weaken that magnificent element, because it is good for the interests of all the people there.

### VILLAGE HEADMEN

The 700,000 village headmen of India would make splendid representatives of the country. They are trained, they know their villages off by heart, and they are the chosen representatives of their people. This is not a theory but a practice in French Indo-China. The village headmen come together to certain centres and vote for

their representatives, who are generally members of themselves, and that very much simplifies the voting problem. They vote when they come to pay their taxes at certain centres. That same thing has been done in the North-west Frontier Province. My brother-in-law, Sir Frederick Cunningham, was telling me how, when there, he recommended that plan to the Government, and it answered extremely well. From my knowledge of India, if something on that line could be done you would get over the difficulty of a miscellaneous representation, and you would have agriculture properly represented.

### CITY *v.* COUNTRY

In India ninety per cent of the population are agriculturalists, but all the sugar-plums go to the cities. Ten per cent of the population have all the universities, all the hospitals, all the charity money, all the libraries, all the advantages, and the ninety per cent are very often overlooked, yet those ninety per cent are the backbone of the country. I have thought myself that if some arrangement could be made by which there could be an association of all the villages in India, say about 700,000 of them, with an average population of 300 or 400—if there could be an association formed of every village, then it could be said: 'We will help you villagers to have a library in every village, and sanitary arrangements in every village. No castes whatever shall be sent to the puddles and pools to drink dirty and muddy water because the high caste will not let them use the village well. We will see that every village is made a member of the association, that every village has its own village improvements, and that everything does not go to the 30,000,000 in the cities.'

If one holds a shilling up to one's eye one cannot see anything beyond the shilling, and I think the cities of India are rather like the shilling; you hold them up to your eye, and you cannot see the 290,000,000 of villagers.

They are voiceless, dumb, and unrepresented. The cities represent the villages as well as the cities, and yet their interests are diametrically opposed.

We know it in England; the village population has not the same interests as the city population, and in India, where you have 290,000,000 out of 320,000,000 living in villages, to ask them to be represented by the 30,000,000 city people inflicts a very great hardship upon them.

### FAULTS OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Our system of education is practically spoiling them. Colonel Thompson said to me when I met him once that he was talking to a zemindar (a large land-owner) in the Punjab—one of our fine, splendid fellows who could not read or write, but a magnificent man who knew his mind—and he said to this gentleman, 'How is your son getting on?' and the zemindar's reply was, 'Getting on? Take him away, make him a lard sahib, make him a magistrate, make him anything you like, you have ruined him for me.' Colonel Thompson said, 'What do you mean?' and the reply was, 'You came to me, I had my land, and I wanted my boy to grow up and to cultivate the land for me. You said, "Let me educate him, it will improve him so much," and I took your word. You took him, and now he wears trousers and sleeps all the night. You have ruined him; he will not look after the crop and he knows nothing about agriculture. Make him a lard sahib.'

### 'I AM YOUNG TO BE A BABU.'

If you go into the schools and ask them 'What are you going to be?' the answer is 'babus,' 'Naukari'—Government service. Then you say 'Government cannot make babus of everybody here,' the reply is 'Then why do they educate us in this way?' And there is a great deal of sense in it.

The Indian system of education is a splendid system. The caste system says that it is the bounden duty of every

parent to teach his children his own trade and no other, and the consequence is that when you ask a man his caste you know his trade. He is an expert, and you have not got to teach him. The Indians say that this book knowledge which we are giving them, based on Western ideas, is absolutely unfitting them for that, and making them such that they are fit for nothing else but babudom. I do not say, do not have the best education that you can give to Indians. The Indian is very intelligent, and he will respond to it, but I do say that we ought to modify it, and begin at the bottom in lifting up the people.

### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION

We should give them the American style of education, which in the agricultural districts makes every boy into a farmer. In Hungary the schoolmaster must learn silk culture. He must teach all his boys silk; he must believe in silk; he has to do it. If you have that system, you will hold the people.

You do not want in India a back-to-the-land policy at present, but you do want a stick-to-the-land policy. The Indian loves the land—his bit of land; he knows it, and loves his soil, and what we want is to increase that love of the land and to give him a system of education which will enable him to double his out-turn and show him how to cultivate it intelligently.

### 'WHAT IS A COW?'

Now, sir, our British official is sadly lacking in that kind of knowledge. He does not know, and yet he is put to direct it, and the Director of Agriculture, who is a civilian, and tugs and toils for two or three years to get to know the difference between a cow and a buffalo, is just about getting to know it, when he is shipped off to something else, and somebody else is put in who does not know what a cow is, or the simplest things—and yet has to direct the agriculture of the country.

## APPENDIX 2

### THE SALVATION ARMY METHOD

We in the Salvation Army have been forced into industry and forced into agriculture because our people are very poor, and we have had to show them. We have had to create markets for them. We say, ' If you weave this, or grow that, we will sell it for you. We will show you how to do it.' There are eleven million weavers in India. The original Indian plan was splendid. There were so many weavers in a village producing the clothing for that village, but the English market comes in and cuts the ground from under their feet. We go to the weavers and say ' Cheerio ! Here is a better machine for you, which will produce nearly as much cloth as the factories. Stop in your home.' He says, ' I am not a coolie. Look at my fingers. The Government says " Go and be a coolie in a factory," but I cannot do it.' And it is false economy on on our part, because that man has a delicate touch. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all weavers, and he is a born weaver. He cannot move about much ; his legs have got so that he cannot walk very much, owing to the sedentary nature of his occupation, and if you put that man to be a coolie you do him a cruelty and inflict a loss on the nation.

### BETTER IMPLEMENTS

We go to him and say, ' First you must have a better implement. You can only produce a yard of cloth in an hour or two, it may be. We will give you a machine that will produce more.' He says to us, ' Yes, but do not you see my wife prepares the warp, and she can only produce so much warp for me.' We say, ' All right. Here is a better machine with which you can produce longer warps, so that she can keep pace with less trouble.' Then he says, ' But we cannot market so much stuff,' and we say, ' If you will make what we tell you, we will market it for you,' and we create a market for him. Then we say, ' You cannot make cotton pay perhaps, but you can make

silk pay, as you can grow your own silkworms.' In all these things it seems to me in connexion with these depressed and other classes that if we could improve by previous instruction, and if we could send out some people who are expert in these things, it would be a great blessing to India—if we could improve the system of preparation of the Britisher there. Then I think I might just mention one thing. It seems to me that very often we can prepare the way for election by selection. It is done a great deal I know, it is nothing new, but still the principle of selection can very often in India prepare the way for election. I do not know that I have anything further to say, sir.

MR. MONTAGU: Thank you very much.

LORD SYDENHAM: Would you tell the Committee what the untouchable classes really are?

I suppose there are about sixty millions of them in India. They are really the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the country, and our work is very largely amongst them.

### THE INDIAN VILLAGE

The idea of the Indian village is a self-contained village where the owners of the land live in one part of the village and the cultivators of the land live in another part of the village—hereditary cultivators and hereditary owners. The hereditary owner gets to know from his very childhood all about the best crops for the land and the character of the land, and the hereditary cultivator works for him. The potter produces the earthenware vessels, the weaver the cloth, and the sweeper does the scavenging. As you come down to the sweeper you come to the bottom of the community, but more or less you have other castes. The caste system in India is largely a hereditary trade union, and an Indian trade union, in my humble judgment, is better than a European trade union, because everybody has an inalienable right to be borne into the trade union of his father and mother. In order to prevent any trade

union from being swamped he must not go into another, and he must not intermarry into another, which is rather a good scheme. Then he does not give away the secrets to the other trade unions either. He keeps the secrets of his trade inside his own caste, and there is no such thing in India, you might almost say, whether you take the depressed castes or any castes, as unskilled labour. You ask a man his caste and he tells you his profession.

### THE DEPRESSED CLASSES

I certainly think the 60,000,000 of the depressed classes ought to have some sort of representation. Some of the cleverest people I have ever met in India come from those classes—magnificent people with brains. It does not follow that because a man cannot read or write he has not brains ; in fact, the difficulty with people who read and write too much is that they get other people's brains substituted for their own. The man who is absolutely natural, the villager, who grows up naturally, is like a wild flower.

I was stopped when I was on a visit to South India not long ago by three or four of our men from a village where we have been about twenty years, who said, ' This will not do for us, this big public meeting ; we want you alone.' I said, ' All right, I am at your service.' Then they said, ' Yes, but you must give us at least an hour,' and I said, ' All right, I am very busy, but still, I want to hear what you have got to say.' And we sat down there for two or three hours—squatted on the ground together. They were intelligent and hard-headed. I do not know if one of them could read or write, but they spoke their minds. One could read and write, because he had his notes there ; the others supported him, and they were not paupers either. When they came to us they were deadly poor, and they pointed me out one man who they said ten or twelve years ago had given up drink and bad practices, and so on, and who was now, by thrifty habits, worth 30,000 rupees—a nice, intelligent man.

There is no reason why they should not be associated in the government or management of their own affairs. They understand, and what they like in the Salvation Army is that we put them up.

We say, 'Let nobody ask what is his caste; he who worships God belongs to God,' and we say to them, 'We will take a low caste man, and if he has the tact, the talents, and the training necessary, we will make him a Brigadier, we will make him a Colonel, we will make him a Commissioner in the Salvation Army.'

### SCAVENGER TO COMMANDER

A general was passing in Simla the other day, and he spoke to one of our Officers, and said 'I stopped at one of your Meetings, and there was somebody there who knew Hindustani rather well talking; who was that?' and the Officer replied, 'Commissioner Tucker.' Then the general said, 'But behind him stood a man who was holding a Flag, a fine-looking man, dressed like the Commissioner with a red jacket—their jackets just the same—and then he spoke, and he spoke very nicely; who was he?' and our Officer's reply was, 'He was the sweeper of our Headquarters—a scavenger.' 'What a wonderful Army yours is!' The man was a Sergeant at that time, and to-day he is a Captain put in control and command.

The depressed classes are the very sheet anchor of the British Government in India.

### THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—BEST IN THE WORLD

The Britisher, as a rule, has the iron hand in the velvet glove. Sometimes there is a little too much glove, and sometimes a little too little. Sometimes the iron pokes out, and sometimes the iron is missing, which is worse; but as a rule the Britisher is a wonderful administrator. I have lived in the American Republic and in different countries in Europe. I have travelled up and down throughout Europe, and I venture to say we have one of

the best Governments in India. I would not like to start on any reforms with the idea that the Government of India is a bad Government. I believe it is one of the best Governments in the world, and it has an enormous advantage over so many Governments in the world to-day that it is an honest Government.

### INDIA ADVANCING

Do you think, speaking generally, the people of India, the masses of India, are advancing in general prosperity?

Certainly.

Therefore you would say that even under what is called an apathetic rule the welfare of the people is advancing?

Yes; the Britisher does listen to the people; he is fair, and will try to do his best. You have tremendous clashing of interests in India, religious interests, political interests, mercantile interests—commercial and agricultural—all clashing with one another, and to have a fair man who is above it all is a great thing if he will only listen to the voice of all the Indians around him. My criticism of him would be that sometimes he does not listen enough. I have never found an Indian, whether he is a high caste man or a sweeper, unreasonable. Say to him, 'Come along, let us sit down and talk the thing over together.' I repeat that I have never found them unreasonable — in fact, I have found them highly reasonable.

### OPPRESSION OF UNTOUCHABLES

Sir J. D. Rees: May I ask you a question which your experience would enable you to give a very valuable opinion on. Do you find in India anything like corporate, collective oppression of the lower castes and classes by the upper castes and classes?

In some villages, certainly, but generally there is an enormous improvement. There is now a general recognition—an increasing recognition—that the lower classes

are also men of intelligence, and that there is something wrong about the system which still exists in some places, where the poor man puts his money in the middle of the road and the shopkeeper puts the food there and takes away the money. In the schools we have a great deal of trouble; we cannot get a low caste child into most of the schools where the high caste children go. I am not opposed to separate schools, and I think they are a good thing.

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